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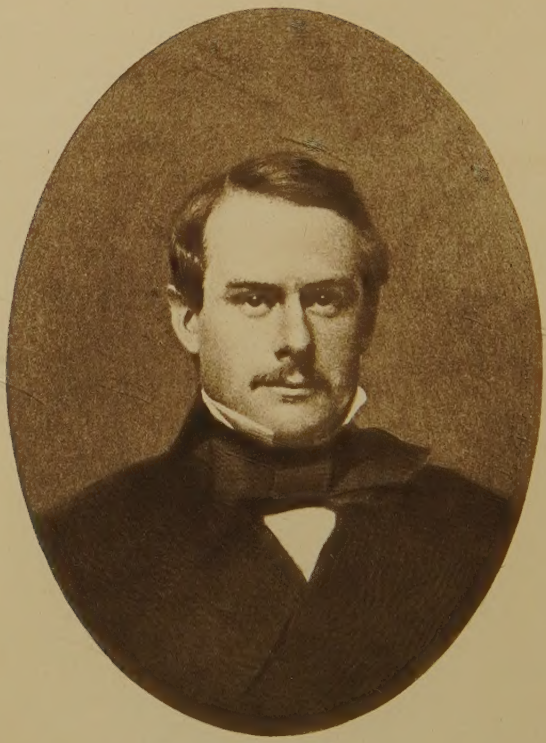

Charles F. Adams 2d.

A CYCLE OF ADAMS LETTERS 1861–1865

EDITED BY
WORTHINGTON CHAUNCEY FORD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME II

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A CYCLE OF ADAMS LETTERS
1863 (CONTINUED)

A CYCLE OF ADAMS LETTERS

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Mother

Camp of 1st Mass. Cav'y
Potomac Creek, May 12, 1863

. . . . . .

It is by no means a pleasant thought to reflect how little people at home know of the *non*-fighting details of waste and suffering of war. We were in the field four weeks, and only once did I see the enemy, even at a distance. You read of Stoneman's and Grierson's cavalry raids, and of the dashing celerity of their movements and their long, rapid marches. Do you know how cavalry moves? It never goes out of a walk, and four miles an hour is *very* rapid marching — "killing to horses" as we always describe it. To cover forty miles is nearly fifteen hours march. The suffering is trifling for the men and they are always well in the field in spite of wet and cold and heat, loss of sleep and sleeping on the ground. In the field we have no sickness; when we get into camp it begins to appear at once.

But with the horses it is otherwise and you have no idea of their sufferings. An officer of cavalry needs to be more horse-doctor than soldier, and no one who has not tried it can realize the discouragement to Company commanders in these long and continuous marches. You are a slave to your horses, you work like a dog yourself, and you exact the most extreme care from

your Sergeants, and you see diseases creeping on you day by day and your horses breaking down under your eyes, and you have two resources, one to send them to the reserve camps at the rear and so strip yourself of your command, and the other to force them on until they drop and then run for luck that you will be able to steal horses to remount your men, and keep up the strength of your command. The last course is the one I adopt. I do my best for my horses and am sorry for them; but all war is cruel and it is my business to bring every man I can into the presence of the enemy, and so make war short. So I have but one rule, a horse must go until he can't be spurred any further, and then the rider must get another horse as soon as he can seize on one. To estimate the wear and tear on horseflesh you must bear in mind that, in the service in this country, a cavalry horse when loaded carries an average of 225 lbs. on his back. His saddle, when packed and without a rider in it, weighs not less than fifty pounds. The horse is, in active campaign, saddled on an average about fifteen hours out of the twenty four. His feed is nominally ten pounds of grain a day and, in reality, he averages about eight pounds. He has no hay and only such other feed as he can pick up during halts. The usual water he drinks is brook water, so muddy by the passage of the column as to be of the color of chocolate. Of course, sore backs are our greatest trouble. Backs soon get feverish under the saddle and the first day's march swells them; after that day by day the trouble grows. No care can stop it. Every night after a march, no matter how late it may be, or tired or hun-

gry I am, if permission is given to unsaddle, I examine all the horses' backs myself and see that everything is done for them that can be done, and yet with every care the marching of the last four weeks disabled ten of my horses, and put ten more on the high road to disability, and this out of sixty — one horse in three. Imagine a horse with his withers swollen to three times the natural size, and with a volcanic, running sore pouring matter down each side, and you have a case with which every cavalry officer is daily called upon to deal, and you imagine a horse which has still to be ridden until he lays down in sheer suffering under the saddle. Then we seize the first horse we come to and put the dismounted man on his back. The air of Virginia is literally burdened today with the stench of dead horses, federal and confederate. You pass them on every road and find them in every field, while from their carrions you can follow the march of every army that moves.

On this last raid dying horses lined the road on which Stoneman's divisions had passed, and we marched over a road made pestilent by the dead horses of the vanished rebels. Poor brutes! How it would astonish and terrify you and all others at home with your sleek, well-fed animals, to see the weak, gaunt, rough animals, with each rib visible and the hip-bones starting through the flesh, on which these "dashing cavalry raids" were executed. It would knock the romance out of you. So much for my cares as a horse-master, and they are the cares of all. For, I can safely assure you, my horses are not the worst in the regi-

ment and that I am reputed no unsuccessful chief-groom. I put seventy horses in the field on the 13th of April, and not many other Captains in the service did as much. . . .

The present great difficulty is to account for our failure to win a great victory and to destroy the rebel army in the recent battle. They do say that Hooker got frightened and, after Sedgwick's disaster, seemed utterly to lose the capacity for command — he was panic stricken. Two thirds of his army had not been engaged at all, and he had not heard from Stoneman, but he was haunted with a vague phantom of danger on his right flank and base, a danger purely of his own imagining, and he had no peace until he found himself on this side of the river. Had he fought his army as he might have fought it, the rebel army would have been destroyed and Richmond today in our possession. We want no more changes, however, in our commanders, and the voice of the Army, I am sure, is to keep Hooker; but I am confident that he is the least respectable and reliable and I fear the least able commander we have had. I never saw him to speak to, but I think him a noisy, low-toned intriguer, conceited, intellectually "smart," physically brave. Morally, I fear, he is weak; his habits are bad and, as a general in high command, I have lost all confidence in him. But the army is large, brave and experienced. We have many good generals and good troops, and, in spite of Hooker, I think much can be done if we are left alone. Give us no more changes and no new generals!

As for the cavalry, its future is just opening and

great names will be won in the cavalry from this day forward. How strangely stupid our generals and Government have been! How slow to learn even from the enemy! Here the war is two years old and throughout it we have heard but one story — that in Virginia cavalry was useless, that the arm was the poorest in the service. Men whom we called generals saw the enemy's cavalry go through and round their armies, cutting their lines of supply and exposing their weakness; and yet not one of these generals could sit down and argue thus: "The enemy's cavalry almost ruin me, and I have only a few miles of base and front, all of which I can guard; but the enemy has here in Virginia thousands of miles of communication; they cannot guard it without so weakening their front that I can crush them; if they do not guard it, every bridge is a weak point and I can starve them by cutting off supplies. My cavalry cannot travel in any direction without crossing a railroad, which the enemy cannot guard and which is an artery of their existence. A rail pulled up is a supply train captured. Give me 25,000 cavalry and I will worry the enemy out of Virginia." None of our generals seem to have had the intelligence to argue thus and so they quietly and as a fixed fact said: "Cavalry cannot be used in Virginia," and this too while Stuart and Lee were playing around them. And so they paralyzed their right arm. Two years have taught them a simple lesson and today it is a recognized fact that 25,000 well appointed cavalry could force the enemy out of Virginia. How slow we are as a people to learn the art of war! Still, we do learn.

But the troubles of the cavalry are by no means over. Hooker, it is said, angrily casting about for some one to blame for his repulse, has, of all men, hit upon Stoneman. Why was not Stoneman earlier? Why did not he take Richmond? and they do say Hooker would deprive him of his command if he dared. Meanwhile, if you follow the newspapers, you must often have read of one Pleasonton and his cavalry. Now Pleasonton is the *bête noire* of all cavalry officers. Stoneman we believe in. We believe in his judgment, his courage and determination. We know he is ready to shoulder responsibility, that he will take good care of us and won't get us into places from which he can't get us out. Pleasonton also we have served under. He is pure and simple a newspaper humbug. You always see his name in the papers, but to us who have served under him and seen him under fire he is notorious as a bully and toady. He does nothing save with a view to a newspaper paragraph. At Antietam he sent his cavalry into a hell of artillery fire and himself got behind a bank and read a newspaper, and there, when we came back, we all saw him and laughed among ourselves. Yet mean and contemptible as Pleasonton is, he is always *in* at Head Quarters and now they do say that Hooker wishes to depose Stoneman and hand the command over to Pleasonton. You may imagine our sensations in prospect of the change. Hooker is powerful, but Stoneman is successful. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, May 14, 1863

THE telegraph assures us that Hooker is over the Rappahannock and your division regally indistinct "in the enemy's rear." I suppose the campaign is begun, then. Honestly, I'd rather be with you than here, for our state of mind during the next few weeks is not likely to be very easy.

But now that things are begun, I will leave them to your care. Just for your information, I inclose one of Mr. Lawley's letters from Richmond to the London Times. It is curious. Mr. Lawley's character here is under a cloud, as, strange to say, is not unusual with the employés of that seditious journal. For this and other reasons I don't put implicit trust in him, but one fact is remarkably distinct. His dread of the shedding of blood makes him wonderfully anxious for intervention. A prayer for intervention is all that the northern men read in this epistle, and Mr. Lawley's humanity does n't quite explain his earnestness. . . .

It was a party of only eleven, and of these Sir Edward [Lytton] was one, Robert Browning another, and a Mr. Ward, a well known artist and member of the Royal Academy, was a third. All were people of a stamp, you know; as different from the sky-blue, skim-milk of the ball-rooms, as good old burgundy is from syrup-lemonade. I had a royal evening; a feast of remarkable choiceness, for the meats were very excellent good, the wines were rare and plentiful, and the company was of earth's choicest.

Sir Edward is one of the ugliest men it has been my good luck to meet. He is tall and slouchy, careless in his habits, deaf as a ci-devant, mild in manner, and quiet and philosophic in talk. Browning is neat, lively, impetuous, full of animation, and very un-English in all his opinions and appearance. Here, in London Society, famous as he is, half his entertainers actually take him to be an American. He told us some amusing stories about this, one evening when he dined here.

Just to amuse you, I will try to give you an idea of the conversation after dinner; the first time I have ever heard anything of the sort in England. Sir Edward is a great smoker, and although no crime can be greater in this country, our host produced cigars after the ladies had left, and we filled our claret-glasses and drew up together.

Sir Edward seemed to be continuing a conversation with Mr. Ward, his neighbor. He went on, in his thoughtful, deliberative way, addressing Browning.

"Do you think your success would be very much more valuable to you for knowing that centuries hence, you would still be remembered? Do you look to the future connection by a portion of mankind, of certain ideas with your name, as the great reward of all your labor?"

"Not in the least! I am perfectly indifferent whether my name is remembered or not. The reward would be that the ideas which were mine, should live and benefit the race!"

"I am glad to hear you say so," continued Sir Edward, thoughtfully, "because it has always seemed so

ROBERT BROWNING

to me, and your opinion supports mine. Life, I take to be a period of preparation. I should compare it to a preparatory school. Though it is true that in one respect the comparison is not just, since the time we pass at a preparatory school bears an infinitely greater proportion to a life, than a life does to eternity. Yet I think it may be compared to a boy's school; such a one as I used to go to, as a child, at old Mrs. S's at Fulham. Now if one of my old school-mates there were to meet me some day and seem delighted to see me, and asked me whether I recollected going to old mother S's at Fulham, I should say, 'Well, yes. I did have some faint remembrance of it! Yes. I could recollect about it.' And then supposing he were to tell me how I was still remembered there! How much they talked of what a fine fellow I'd been at that school."

"How Jones Minimus," broke in Browning, "said you were the most awfully good fellow he ever saw."

"Precisely," Sir Edward went on, beginning to warm to his idea. "Should I be very much delighted to hear that? Would it make me forget what I am doing now? For five minutes perhaps I should feel gratified and pleased that I was still remembered, but that would be all. I should go back to my work without a second thought about it.

"Well now, Browning, suppose you, sometime or other, were to meet Shakespeare, as perhaps some of us may. You would rush to him and seize his hand, and cry out, 'My dear Shakespeare, how delighted I am to see you. You can't imagine how much they think and talk about you on the earth!' Do you suppose Shake-

speare would be more carried away by such an announcement than I should be at hearing that I was still remembered by the boys at mother S's at Fulham? What possible advantage can it be to him to know that what he did on the earth is still remembered there?"

The same idea is in LXIII of Tennyson's In Memoriam, but not pointed the same way. It was curious to see two men who, of all others, write for fame, or have done so, ridicule the idea of its real value to them. But Browning went on to get into a very unorthodox humor, and developed a spiritual election that would shock the Pope, I fear. According to him, the minds or souls that really did develope themselves and educate themselves in life, could alone expect to enter a future career for which this life was a preparatory course. The rest were rejected, turned back, God knows what becomes of them, these myriads of savages and brutalized and degraded Christians. Only those that could pass the examination were allowed to commence the new career. This is Calvin's theory, modified; and really it seems not unlikely to me. Thus this earth may serve as a sort of feeder to the next world, as the lower and middle classes here do to the aristocracy, here and there furnishing a member to fill the gaps. The corollaries of this proposition are amusing to work out.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

Potomac Creek Bridge, Va.
May 24, 1863

YOURS and Henry's of May 1st with the accompanying volumes of Cust reached me last evening. One of your

May letters is still missing. The volumes of Cust are most acceptable. They are written with more spirit than I should expect in so old a man, and his military characters of leading Generals are really in their way admirable — pen and ink sketches of the best class. It is really a most useful book for me and a most admirable selection. If I remain long a soldier it will be of no small use in my education. Did I thank you for "The Golden Treasury"? It's strange. I laughed as I opened it, it seemed such an odd book for a camp and the field; but strangely enough I find that I read it more than any book I have, and that it is more eagerly picked up by my friends. It is very pleasant to lie down in all this dust and heat and to read some charming little thing of Suckling's and Herrick's.

I laughed heartily over your and Henry's accounts of Earl Russell's diplomacy and the John Bull diplomacy. How strange, and he a man who will figure in history. John Bull backed you right down and made you explain and eat your humble pie, and every one admired his bold position and laughed at your humiliation; and then comes the secret history and Bottom, that roaring lion, becomes Bottom the sucking dove, and winks at the alarmed Plenipotentiary and says, "it is only I, Bottom the joiner." And so after all, that high toned descendant of all the Bedfords is no better than some men we do not admire nearer home. But I cannot but wonder at Russell's course. Any day may force him into real collision with you; the danger of this is imminent; and if it comes, what a terrible handle he has given you. You could expose him to two con-

tinents, and your silence now would make the exposure more galling. It seems to me that the noble Earl is now under heavy bonds for his good behavior for the remainder of your term. I think the last part of that term is going to be far more pleasant than the first.

I am very hopeful and sanguine, though no longer confident. In spite of a wretched policy in Washington which perpetually divides and dissipates our strength; and in spite of the acknowledged mediocrity of our Generals, our sheer strength is carrying through this war. In this Army of the Potomac affairs are today truly deplorable, and yet I lose and the army loses no heart — all underneath is so sound and good. We know, we *feel*, that our misfortunes are accidents and that we must work through them and the real excellence which we daily see and feel must come to the surface. The truth in regard to the late battles is gradually creeping out, and the whole army — Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry and Engineers — feel and know that they won the one decided victory of the war and that Hooker threw it away. Hooker today, I think, stands lower in the estimation of the army than ever did the redoubtable John Pope; but what can we do? Sickles, Butterfield and Hooker are the disgrace and bane of this army; they are our three humbugs, intriguers and demagogues. Let them be disposed of and the army would be well satisfied to be led by any of the corps commanders. We do not need geniuses; we have had enough of brilliant generals; and give us in the due course of promotion an honest, faithful, common-sensed and hard-fighting soldier, *not* stupid, and we feel

sure of success. There are plenty to choose from — Sedgwick, Meade, Reynolds, Slocum and Stoneman, any of them would satisfy. I do not dare to discuss our western prospects. If Vicksburg falls, I care very little what becomes of Richmond, and Grant seems to be doing well. I am sanguine but not as confident, for I cannot forget how McClellan was within four miles of Richmond when the reinforcements of the enemy poured in. Grant must be quick, for if we do not soon hear of the capture of Vicksburg, or of some point necessitating its final fall, I fear we shall hear a different and older story. However, let us hope for the best and fight it out.

Since I last wrote a week ago, nothing of moment has turned. We are still in this hot, exposed, dusty and carrion-scented camp and, as sure as fate will all be sick unless we move out of this region of poisoned atmosphere. We are under orders for early tomorrow morning and I do hope we shall get away. Anything is better, and already all the impetus of my four weeks campaign has expended itself.

We have been going through a course of cleanliness and inspection, getting the men and arms clean and neat, and bringing up our discipline. In hot weather this is very charming and when accompanied by the miserable slavery which is one of the traditions of discipline in this regiment, it makes a camp life of monotony, varied by ham and hard bread (literally my only fare for weeks past) in itself not attractive, as adventitiously disagreeable as may be. On the 9th of April last I had permission to leave camp and dined at Gen-

eral Devens'. On the 17th of May, after four weeks of field duty and not one hour of the whole six weeks off duty, I asked permission of Colonel Curtis to ride over to dine with an old friend at General Sedgwick's, it being a Sunday afternoon. After much hemming and hawing I was point-blank refused on some miserable reason, such as that I was the only officer in my company here, or something of that sort. With old schoolmates and acquaintances within sight by the dozen, Paul Revere, Sam Quincy and such as they, I have never seen one of them and, for all the good they do me, they might as well be with you. Of course such a system as this, while it does stop gadding on the part of officers, does not tend to make life pleasant or one's duties agreeable, and, proverbially timid as I am, I think I would rather fight three battles a week and be in the field, than thus rot and rust in camp. Curtis is a good officer and a better fellow and as strict in his own duty as in ours; but while I decidedly admire his faculty of saying "no" to his most intimate associates here, it certainly does not serve to make our pork and hard-bread more palatable. So here I am, attending daily to the needs of my men and horses, duly seeing that hair is short and clothes are clean, paying great attention to belts and sabres, inspecting pistols and policing quarters and so, not very intellectually and indeed with some sense of fatigue, playing my part in the struggle. . . .

The papers have just come with the news of Grant's successes. This, if all be true, settles in our favor the material issue of the war, and, in a military point of

view, I do not see how it can fail, with the recognized energy of our western Generals, to make the destruction of the confederacy as a military power a mere question of time. Our raids would seem to show that the Confederates have no reserve strength. If this be so, their line is like a chain the strength of which is equal to the strength of the weakest link. Broken at Vicksburg they must fall in Tennessee and can be forced out of Virginia. We shall see. Meanwhile let me congratulate you. The fall of Vicksburg will not tend, I imagine, to aggravate your diplomatic troubles.

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, May 29, 1863

WELL! the great blow came! We had to give up our hopes, and I groaned for at least five minutes. But hope springs eternal. On the whole we usually give Hooker the credit of having done the most brilliant thing yet effected by the army of the Potomac under any of its various generals. I am satisfied that the South shook under it to its very centre and will find it hard to bear up against the destruction of its depots, the loss of its ablest general and the crippling of its best army. De l'audace! toujours de l'audace! We want continual, feverish activity, and that is all. Worry them with cavalry raids! Give them all the plagues of Egypt! Let them have no rest, no hope! Revolutionize Louisiana. Lay waste Mississippi! By the time their harvests come, they will have no engines to draw it, no cars to carry it, no tracks to convey it on. And if at last

they succeed in getting their independence, it will only be to lie down and die. . . .

As for me, I have passed most of this week up at Cambridge with Mr. Evarts. We went there to see the University and to visit Will Everett, and we chose the Whitsuntide holidays for that purpose. You have met Mr. Evarts and you recollect, no doubt, that he wears his hat so that a plumb line dropped from its centre would fall about twelve inches behind his heels. His speech is Yankee and his whole aspect shouts American with stentorian lungs. Fortunately his conversation and mind make up for his peculiarities of dress and appearance, so that I was always relieved when he took his hat off, and opened his mouth.

Will Everett never appeared so well as when acting the host. . . . He was really extremely polite and obliging and did everything for us he could. He gave us an excellent dinner in his rooms, eight covers, and carried us about most perseveringly. He seems to be well thought of there, and he certainly has a very good set of friends, not very brilliant or noisy, but great scholars and pleasant fellows.

But the most humorous sight was when Mr. Evarts and I went about dining in Hall with the Fellows of the different Colleges. When I found myself the honored guest, sitting among the College dignitaries, I could not help a sort of feeling that I was in somebody else's place and should soon be found out and expelled. However, it is astonishing what good fellows these gowned individuals may be, and how well they do live. If you could have seen Mr. Evarts and me

after dinner at one of the little colleges, conducting a jovial and noisy game of whist, with cigars and brandy and soda-water, and a clergyman and a Fellow of an adjacent College known as Jesus, for our partners, you would have smiled among your sabres and pistols.

The truth is, we were deuced well treated at Cambridge and I enjoyed the visit immensely. We saw everything that was to be seen, and raked up all the dead celebrities, the shades of Milton and Cromwell, as well as the equally solemn shadows of present undergraduates. I wished to become a Fellow, but am afraid it can't be did. Seriously, I think I have learned enough in the world to be able to employ to much advantage a year or two of retirement. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, June 5, 1863

THE weeks dance away as merrily as ever they did in that dimly distant period when we were boys and you used to box my ears because your kite would n't fly and were the means of getting them boxed by disseminating at the tea-table truthless stories that I was painting myself a moustache with pear-juice — incidents of an early youth which you no doubt have forgotten, as I was the injured party, but which have remained deeply rooted in my associations with an ancient green-room called the dining-room in a certain house on a hill. At the present day, life is a pretty dull affair, but it passes quick enough. Still, before I die I would like to have one more good time such as I knew in former areas of the earth's history. . . .

While you, like the Emperor Charles of Spain, are cursing the Rebels and the weather, we are going on in the old track. I am tired of it and want to go home and take a commission in a negro regiment. We dawdle ahead here, going to dinners, races, balls, dropping a mild dew of remonstrances upon the British Government for allowing rebel armaments in their ports; riding in the parks; dining stray Americans and stately English; and in short groaning under the fardel of an easy life. Such a thing it is to be pampered.

We are in short at vacation, politically speaking. I expect it to last a fortnight longer, and then I rather think we shall see the winds rise again. I fancy there will be a good storm by the middle of August. If we were let alone, the two nations would do admirably, but the rebels are doing their best to create a row, and I should not wonder if they succeeded. I believe we should have been at home by this time if the Alexandra had n't been seized, and there are some ironclads now preparing, whose departure would certainly pack us off. There 's no telling what will happen, but I have no confidence in this Government. . . .

You will see perhaps that we 've been having an election over in France, which has not been very favorable to our friend Napoleon. European affairs get worse than ever. They will have business enough to occupy them, and the Lord grant that Puebla may hold out. If it can, or if it lasts only a few months or even weeks, and we are reasonably successful on the Mississippi, I think that Europe will turn with considerable dis-

gust from our affairs and will not again burn its fingers with them in our time.

As there does n't seem to be anything of interest in the periodical way to send you this week, I put into the envelope my little pocket Horace. It can't take much room and it may amuse you. You will find some few marks of mine in it, and certain odes where the leaf is turned down and pencil-marked, were the ones which Charles James Fox admired most. They are certainly not the best known. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Camp near Bealeton, Va.
June 8, 1863

. . . . . .

My last to you, I believe, was of Sunday, 24th May, and the next morning early we broke camp and again left Potomac Creek, this time let us hope for the last time. I should have been afraid to stay there much longer. The whole country for miles about that vicinity is full of decaying animal matter and one lives in an atmosphere of putrefaction. I had already begun to feel the malaria myself and I am sure that if the army remains there long the systems of the men will become so poisoned that, as at one time on the Peninsula, a man when wounded will always die. We marched away Monday, glad to go and very happy over the news from Vicksburg, which told us more than has since been confirmed. We got that day two thirds of the way to Bealeton, but went into camp early and passed a quiet evening, listening to the Rhode Island

band, and finished our journey next morning, establishing ourselves in a beautiful spot in an open oak wood, where we laid out a regular and remarkably pretty camp and disposed ourselves to be comfortable. There we remained until Saturday evening following, having a comparatively quiet time, breathing fresh air and recruiting ourselves and our horses. At times we were subject to alarms and to keeping saddled, but nothing came of them and so we lay on our backs, reading and sleeping and trying to nurse up our horses. Every spot has its troubles, however, and those of our beautiful oak wood were two — orders and bugle-calls and want of water. We were pestered to death by orders for the regulation of our hours — when we should groom and feed and water and graze and drill and every other act which constitutes camp life — until we came to the conclusion that Colonel Duffie, Commander, might be a good man, but he could not run a Division. As for water we could not and never did find any fit for our horses to drink. Still we were very comfortable here, feeding our horses and laying off under the shade of the oak trees. In the mornings I used to feel like a large stock-farmer as I got onto my horse and rode off to the field in which I had had my disabled horses turned out to graze, and there I would ride round and examine them and see to their progress and then return in time for a drill, which would bore me fearfully, and then lay off and read and sleep beneath the oaks.

Saturday evening they turned us out of this, after keeping us in a state of alarm all day. At first we were

under orders for Sunday morning and everything was arranged, our horses unsaddled and we going to bed. Then orders came to mount at once and go out on picket and we hastily made our preparations for a night break of camp and a night march. We got under way at about ten o'clock and towards one had reached a point from which our parties were to be sent out, and here we dismounted and presently lay down and went to sleep.

Sunday morning we settled down to our work. My squadron was in reserve and we drew back into the woods, unsaddled and got our breakfasts and began to feel comfortable in the fresh bright Sunday morning. We were thinking of a nap to make up for the last night, when an order came for us to at once withdraw our pickets and return to camp. So we saddled up and started in. By noon we had gotten in and just as our camp came in sight, a messenger came up with new orders for us to go right back and re-establish our line pickets. We gasped in amazement at the management of affairs, but turned round and marched back. At about two we were back at our reserve, and just where we were before, except that our reserve outposts had gone in by a different road and could n't be found. The result was that at six o'clock I was told that I must take my company and go out and re-establish the line. I did n't like the job, but there was no help; so once more I started off just at the decline of the day, in a new country and without guides to establish a six mile line of advanced pickets along the Rappahannock from Freeman's Ford to Sulphur Springs.

Of course I had the usually annoying time. Night came on just as I started from my reserve. To the next ford I had a guide and reached it without difficulty; but as I dismounted to post a vidette and was pointing out the ford, my horse turned round, kicked up his heels and ran away. The last I saw of him he was pelting over a distant hill and my man was laboring after him. Here was an improvement, but it could n't be helped and I could n't wait. So I sent a couple of men to try and catch the horse, took another from one of my men and went forward to re-establish our line. Now I had to go by direction. Of course we soon lost our way and found ourselves at large in the fields and woods. Fortunately we had a fine moon and so I pushed along knowing well that I could not get far without hitting on the river, or road, or Sulphur Springs. It was provoking, of course, but one learns to keep cool and go ahead in time, and so now I pushed along through fields and meadows and over hills until at last we struck the river. Then up and down a steep hill, a beautiful moonlight view of a winding river, a mill and a waterfall, seen through the tops of old oaks from a high, bold bluff, and there at our feet lay our second ford and post. Here I established the second party and Sulphur Springs, three miles up, alone remained. To this I sent the remainder of my force, while I went back to my reserve to send up an increased force. I found my way back and my horse had been recovered; so at eleven o'clock I had finished my work and at one the line was re-established.

I remained out on post for the next forty-eight

hours. Picket now is a very different thing from picket in January — no more cold hands and feet and utter misery, but now one can be ready and yet comfortable, and we slept near our horses, while a few men kept watch for the bush-whackers, an enemy feared far more by me than the enemy on our front. Monday morning I passed in the woods until noon reading Russell's Diary "North and South." How well that book stands time! Russell told the truth mildly and superficially; he neither saw deeply enough to get at the real good in us, nor did he probe the bad as he easily might have done. What a shameful, ludicrous time he records, and yet beneath all that humbug, cowardice and incompetence, which makes me weep and blush as one reads, how grand and heroic we who were there and of those days knew that it was at bottom. The enthusiasm, loyalty, and self-sacrifice of those days, the sudden upheaving against that which was wrong on the part of a whole great people we felt and knew; but in Russell's pages we see only the outside incompetence, self-aggrandisement and self-seeking which has so often nearly cost us our cause. This has been the people's fight, with only obstruction where they should have had help; incompetence, selfishness and dishonesty where they believed in all good qualities; they have found blood and money and have so far carried and are now carrying this struggle through by sheer force in spite of friends and foes. I do admire the people of the North more than I ever did before, and I do believe that history will do credit to their great deeds in this war. . . . Wednesday morning I returned to the graz-

ing business and went in for a quiet day; but at two o'clock an alarm came in from Sulphur Springs and we saddled up in haste. The enemy was crossing in force and skirmishing had begun.

June 14, 1863

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We saddled in haste and I was ordered to take my company down at once towards Sulphur Springs, gathering up our discomforted pickets as I went along, until I met the enemy, when I was to engage him and retreat on our reserve as slowly as possible. I must say I thought that this was ramming me in as I had less than fifty men; but off I started bound to do my best, though I must say I felt a little relieved when Major Higginson came up and joined me and I felt not wholly alone. For my only other officer at the time was Pat Jackson, a boy of eighteen and only a few weeks out from home — worse than nothing. Within half a mile we met the company which had been engaged, pretty well used up — both officers gone and a number of men; the rest flushed and hatless from their rapid retreat, but all steady and quiet under the command of Sergeant Jimmy Hart, an old rough and fighting man, and evidently there was lots of fight in them yet. They reported the enemy variously from 1000 to 1800 strong and in pursuit, but somehow they had n't seen them for the last few miles. They fell in in my rear and we pushed forward. Of course we expected a shindy and, as usual, when expected it did n't come. Every instant I expected to run onto the enemy's advanced guard or picket, and ordered my advance the

instant they caught sight of a vidette to drop their carbines and dash at him with their sabres; but none came in sight and finally we came out on the hill over the ford and hotel and, behold! the enemy was gone and the coast was clear. So we re-established the line and got back to the reserve in time to find the brigade under arms and out to support us.

On the whole it might have been improved but it was a good thing. It was a repetition of my experience last February at Hartwood Church on men of different stuff from the 16th Pennsylvania. The enemy came down some 600 strong to capture our picket force at Sulphur Springs. There we had thirty-three men under two officers posted with their nearest support two miles off, and that only ten men, and the reserve ten miles off. The enemy threw some three hundred men, as the negroes told us, across the river and came up to rout and capture our party. Lieutenant Gleason, who commanded, with more spirit than discretion, at once went in for a fight, though he believed there were at least 800 of them. Accordingly the rebs found a wolf where they looked for a hare. For as they came up the hill to the woods where Gleason lay he rammed his thirty men into the head of their column, knocking them clean off their legs and down the hill. So far was excellent and now, with his prisoners and booty, he should have at once arranged for a slow, ugly retreat, and the rebs would not have been anxious to hurry him too much. But no, he was there, he seemed to think, to fight and so presently the rebs came up and at them he went once more, and then of course, it was all up

with him and the road was open to the enemy clean back to us. He staggered them again, but they rallied — a sabre cut over the head brought him off his horse, the other officer got separated from his men — they fell into confusion, and after that they retreated, without order but still showing fight. The enemy, astonished at the fierceness of the resistance, followed but a short distance and then fell back across the river. They took one prisoner, a Sergeant who was dismounted, but was captured fighting like a devil with his back to a tree. Gleason escaped through the woods and came in with a handsome sabre cut and otherwise no loss; while, as we the next day discovered, they carried home quite a collection of lovely gashes.

I did not get back into camp until after eight o'clock and it was ten before we got settled and quiet. Next day a force came out to relieve us and we would have gone in had they not come out so late. As it was we waited till next day, resting our horses and ourselves and then on Friday the fifth we marched leisurely to the Brigade camp. We got into camp at one o'clock, expecting a little chance now to rest and refit, but that evening we were ordered to be ready to march at seven o'clock and march we did, though not far. They got us out and in column at nine P.M. and at ten sent us back with orders to be ready at two A.M., and so, having effectually spoilt our night, at two A.M. they had us up and at half past three we were on the march. The whole division marched down to Sulphur Springs and just at noon our regiment was pushed across the river and sent on to Jefferson, for no purpose that I then could

or now can see but to pick a fight. We went to Jefferson and looked round but saw no enemy, and presently they sent us on to Hazel River and I was ordered to take my squadron down to the river and "stir up the enemy's pickets." I did so, but the enemy's pickets when they saw me coming put boots and declined to be stirred, so I returned, capturing on my way home a secesh officer, whose horse I spied outside of a house in which, all unconscious of danger, he was getting something to eat. So towards evening we fell back on the road to the Springs.

We got there and crossed just at sunset, dirty, hungry, tired, and with weary and unfed horses. We did hope that here they would put us into camp; but with an hour's delay for feeding our horses, we were mounted again and marched clean back into camp, nearly twenty miles. It was an awful march and I never saw such drowsiness in a column before. Men went sound asleep in the saddle and their horses carried them off. It was laughable. I repeatedly lost the column before me while asleep and two of my four chiefs of platoons marched rapidly by me on their way to the head of the column, sound asleep and bolt upright. We reached camp at three A.M. of Sunday, having been gone just twenty-four hours, with twenty-two of them in the saddle. For once the next day réveillé was omitted by common consent and all hands slept until nine o'clock. We were pretty tired and looked jaded and languid. I certainly felt so, and could not muster the energy to write a letter.

Monday the eighth we set to work to repair damages.

Our horses were thin and poor, they needed shoes, our baggage needed overhauling and reduction. We all need new clothes, for we are curiously ragged and dirty and my clothes are waiting for me in Washington, but I cannot get them forward. How astonished you would be to see me in my present "uniform." My blue trousers are ragged from contact with the saddle and so covered with grease and dust that they would fry well. From frequent washing my flannel shirts are so shrunk about the throat that they utterly refuse to button and, so perforce, "I follow Freedom with my bosom bare." I wear a loose government blouse, like my men's, and my waistcoat, once dark blue, is now a dusty brown. I have no gloves and those boots of the photograph, long innocent of blacking, hang together by doubtful threads. These, with hair cropped close to my head, a beard white with dust and *such* a dirty face, constitute my usual apparel. Read this to Browning and ask him to write a poem on the *real* horrors of war.

In this condition last Monday we thought to take advantage of a day's quiet to start afresh, and in this hope we abided even until noon, when orders came for us to immediately prepare to move with all our effects. This was an awful blow to me, for I knew it would cost me my poor dog "Mac." He had followed me through thick and thin so far, but three days before he was taken curiously ill with a sort of dropsical swelling and now was so bad that he could not follow me. When we moved I got him into an ambulance in which Gleason was carried to Warrenton Junction, but there was no

one to take care of him, and I traced him down to Bealeton next day, following one of our officers, and there he disappeared. Poor Mac! I felt badly enough. He was very fond of me and I of him and it made me feel blue to reflect that all his friskings of delight when I came round were over and that he would sleep under my blanket no more. However, in campaigning we risk and lose more than the company of animals, and I could not let this loss weigh on me too heavily.

Our column got in motion at about five o'clock and we marched to Morrisville. What with various delays it was eleven o'clock before we got into camp and then we had had nothing to eat. At last this was forthcoming, such as it was. It was well past twelve before we got down to sleep and I for one was just dozing off — had not lost consciousness — when réveillé was somewhere sounded. "That's too horrid;" I thought, "it must be some other division." But at once other bugles caught it up in the woods around and, just as they began the first started off on "The Assembly" and the others chased after it through that and the breakfast call, until the woods rang and the division awoke under the most amazing snarl of simultaneous calls from Réveillé to "Boots and Saddle" that ever astonished troopers. But we shook ourselves and saddled our horses, and at two o'clock we were on the road. Heaven only knows where they marched us, but one thing was clear — after five hours hard marching we had only made as many miles and reached Kelly's Ford. We crossed at once and began to take our share in the fight of Tuesday, 9th.

I have n't time or paper to describe what we saw of that action, nor would my story be very interesting. We were not very actively engaged or under heavy fire and our loss did not exceed ten or a dozen. In my squadron one man was wounded; but the work was very hard, for we penetrated clean to the enemy's right and rear at Stevensburg and about noon were recalled to assist General Gregg, and from two A.M. to two P.M. the order to dismount was not once given. The day was clear, hot and intensely dusty; the cannonading lively and the movements, I thought, slow. I am sure a good cavalry officer would have whipped Stuart out of his boots; but Pleasonton is not and never will be that. In addition to the usual sights of a battle I saw but one striking object — the body of a dead rebel by the road-side the attitude of which was wonderful. Tall, slim and athletic, with regular sharply chiseled features, he had fallen flat on his back, with one hand upraised as if striking, and with his long light hair flung back in heavy waves from his forehead. It was curious, no one seems to have passed that body without the same thought of admiration. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

[*London,*] *June* 18, 1863

CALM still prevails, praise be to God! But next week I expect a change. A victory would do us good here in preparation for the struggle which is coming, but then it has so happened that this season of the year has been twice remarkable for defeats and disasters. So that I rather expect them again. Mr. Lawley has written

from Richmond a poetical account of the Chancellorsville affair, from which I gather several results, which he perhaps does not intend to dwell upon.

1. Lee at that battle had n't more than fifty thousand men.

2. He gave Jackson almost all these, probably three-fifths, to make his flank attack.

3. The question of supplies was of such enormous consequence to Lee that he was compelled to give up a whole division (Longstreet's) to hog-catching at Suffolk, when he himself had not men enough to man the heights at Fredericksburg.

4. By Lawley's admission, his loss was ten thousand, and that is, as I take it, at least one-fifth of his army, including his best general.

From all which I infer that Mr. Hooker had a narrower escape from becoming the greatest man living than even General McClellan. If he had done anything on God's earth except retreat; if in fact he had done anything at all, instead of folding his hands after the first crossing the river, he must have been successful. There never were such chances and so many of them for a lucky man to play for, but the audacious gentleman wanted precisely what we all thought he had too much of, viz. audacity. And on the whole, much as I should be pleased with victory, it would have been dearly bought by inflicting us with Joseph for our model hero.

Meanwhile I hope that Lee's new movement will at least procure you relief from your old camp. Speculations are weak, but we do generally imagine here

that Lee is compelled now by the same necessity that forced him to part with Longstreet's division at Fredericksburg. He must supply his army and is going to threaten Cincinnati and Ohio while he leaves you to break your teeth on the fortifications at Richmond. I guess that. But at any rate, all this looks jerky and spasmodic on his part, and my second guess is that friend Jefferson D[avis] finds that the Confederacy has got into damnably shallow water.

The world here drags on after its usual style, a miserable dangling, shuffling sort of existence that Englishmen call progress. Yesterday we had a pleasant dinner which the feminines will no doubt describe to you, at which Charles Dickens, John Forster, of "Goldsmith" and "The Statesmen," Louis Blanc, and other distinguished individuals were present; and a very jolly dinner it was. Apropos, I have at last found an artist who can really paint. I have asked, or rather made interest to get him to take the Chief, but I doubt if he will consent, as he is a Parisian and is only here on a visit. If he does consent, however, I shall assess you and John for your shares of the cost, unless the Chief insists upon taking it upon himself. Frith too will have to introduce the Minister in his picture of the wedding and if his study is good, that might be worth buying.

After two years delay, I have at last become a Club man, having been elected last week. My particular backer seems to have been your old acquaintance Lord Frederick Cavendish, and for the life of me I can't conceive why. Lord Fwed seems to be a very excellent fellow, but I am no believer in unselfishness in this

country. Nobody here has ever yet rushed into my arms and called me brother. Nor do I expect such a proceeding. Whether Frederick Cavendish, therefore, is impressed by the weight of debts of hospitality incurred in America, and is thus paying them off; or whether he feels his conscience touched by the vagaries of his brother Hartington; or whether he desires to show a general and delicate sympathy with our position; or whether Monckton Milnes has exerted an influence upon him; I don't know and can't guess. But the fact remains that he has been active in getting me in, and of course I am glad to have a Duke's son to back me. In other respects it makes little difference to me whether I am in or out of a Club, ex- [*rest of letter is lost.*]

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, June 19, 1863

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Our good friends in this country are always provided with a little later than the last news from America, which is equally sure to be very bad for us. We have just survived a complete capitulation of the whole army of General Grant. A few weeks since we went through the same process with all of you on the Rappahannock. Last year we had the same luck with General McClellan and all his force. The wonder is that anybody is left in the free states. Washington has been taken several times. I am not sure whether Boston has been considered in great peril or not. So little are the majority acquainted with our geography that such a

story is as likely to be believed as any of the rest. The only effect all this has upon us is to furnish just so many instances of the intense earnestness of the benevolence prevailing in these parts. The progress of the war has developed this in so many and such various forms that no possible disavowal of it in any future times can avail to shake our conviction. If there were no valid reasons at home for a farther prosecution of the war, I should feel that this manifestation of the temper of the ruling class towards us ought to convince us of its importance to our future safety against them. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO JOHN QUINCY ADAMS [1]

Middleburg, Va., 10 A.M.
Friday, June 19, 1863

WE were engaged at Aldie's Gap day before yesterday and very roughly used. I went into action with ninety four men in my squadron and fifty seven in my Company and came out with between thirty and forty in my squadron and just twenty five in my Company. My Company lost thirty two out of fifty seven — nine killed, twelve wounded and eleven missing; the squadron loss was sixty one out of ninety four. All the killed were of my Company. My poor men were just slaughtered and all we could do was to stand still and be shot down, while the other squadrons rallied behind us. The men fell right and left and the horses were shot through and through, and no man turned his back, but they only called on me to charge. I could n't charge, except across a ditch, up a hill and over two high stone

[1] A pencilled letter.

walls, from behind which the enemy were slaying us; so I held my men there until, what with men shot down and horses wounded and plunging, my ranks were disordered and then I fell slowly back to some woods. Here I was ordered to dismount my men to fight on foot in the woods. I gave the order and the men were just off their horses and all in confusion, when the 4th N.Y. on our right gave way without a fight or an instant's resistance, and in a second the rebs were riding yelling and slashing among us. Of course, resistance was impossible and I had just dismounted my squadron and given it to the enemy. For an instant I felt desperate and did n't care whether I was captured or escaped, but finally I turned my horse and followed Curtis and Chamberlain in a stampede to the rear. Here I lost my missing men, for almost all my men were captured, though some afterwards escaped. In twenty minutes and without fault on our part I lost thirty two as good men and horses as can be found in the cavalry corps. They seemed to pick out my best and truest men, my pets and favorites. How and why I escaped I can't say, for my men fell all around me; but neither I nor my horses was touched, nor were any of my officers or their horses. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to John Quincy Adams

Aldie, Va., June 25, 1863

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But what is coming? I fear that universal lack of confidence in every one, from the President through Gen-

eral Hooker downwards, is the distinguishing feature of the army now. Things are certainly much changed for the worse since our regiments first arrived in Virginia ten months ago. Lack of confidence has steadily grown upon us. In Hooker not one soul in the army that I meet puts the slightest, though it may be that I meet only one class. All whom I do see seem only to sadly enquire of themselves how much disaster and slaughter this poor army must go through before the Government will consider the public mind ripe for another change. Meade or Reynolds seems to be the favorite for the rising man and either is respectable and would be a great improvement on the drunk-murdering-arson dynasty now prevailing, of Hooker, Sickles and Butterfield. Meanwhile the golden moments are flying and we are lying here doing nothing. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

June 25, 1863

As I have regularly announced, the season of calm has again given way in this region to the new period of squally weather. I have looked forward to this time so long that "impavidum ferient ruinae"; I am prepared in mind for everything.

The prosecution, by means of which the two countries have been kept quiet so long, has come to an end. Not only has the decision gone against us, but the ruling of the venerable and obtuse Jamblichus who has slumbered upon the bench for many years and has not a conception of what has been vulgarly called the spirit

of progressive civilization in jurisprudence; the ruling, as I was proceeding to observe, has triumphantly overset the little law that has ever been established on this matter and leaves us all at sea, with a cheerful view of an almighty rocky lee shore. What will be the result of yesterday's work I can't say, but I can guess. Our present position is this. There is no law in England which forbids hostile enterprises against friendly nations. The Government has no power to interfere with them. Any number of Alabama's may now be built, equipped, manned and despatched from British ports, openly for belligerent purposes and provided they take their guns on board after they've left the harbor, and not while in dock, they are pursuing a legitimate errand.

Of course this is crowner's quest law; crazy as the British constitution; and would get England soon into war with every nation on the sea. The question now is whether the Government will mend it. Mr. Cobden told me last night that he thought they would. I amuse myself by telling all the English people who speak to me on the subject, that considering that their maritime interests are the greatest in the world, they seem to me to have been peculiarly successful in creating a system of international law which will facilitate in the highest possible degree their destruction, and reduce to a mathematical certainty their complete and rapid ruin. And I draw their attention to the unhappy, the lamentable, the much-to-be-deprecated, but inevitable result of yesterday's verdict, that you could n't rake up on the American continent twelve citizens of the United States, who could be induced by

any possible consideration to condemn a vessel which they had the slightest hope of seeing turned into a pirate against British commerce. I think these arguments are far the most effective we can use. And I think the people here will soon be keenly alive to these results.

Meanwhile what is the effect of all this upon us? It brings stormy weather certainly, but our position is in one respect rather strengthened by it. Public opinion abroad and here must gravitate strongly in our favor. This Government is placed in a position in which it will be very difficult for it to ignore its obligations. With the question between the English Government and its Courts, we have nothing to do. Our demands are on the Government alone, and if the English laws are not adequate to enable her to maintain her international obligations, *tant pis pour elle.* She's bound to make new ones.

But there is another source of anxiety to us of late, though not so serious. A gentleman who is regarded by all parties here as rather more than three-quarters mad, a Mr. Roebuck, has undertaken the Confederate cause, and brought a motion in Parliament which is to be discussed in a few days. Not finding his position here sufficiently strong, he has gone over to Paris and has seen the Emperor who, he says, told him he was willing and earnest to press the question of mediation, if England would join him. So Mr. Roebuck has come back, big with the fate of nations, and we shall see whatever there is to see.

The truth is, all depends on the progress of our

armies. Evidently there is a crisis coming at home, and events here will follow, not lead, those at home. If we can take Vicksburg — so! If not, then — so! . . .

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, June 26, 1863

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We are gradually working through the season here, which, owing to the marriage of the Prince of Wales at so early a date, has made itself as long as two ordinary ones. I am sure I wish it over, particularly as the feeling toward America in the highest circles is growing more and more unequivocal. Even the accounts of our successes do not have any good effect. They call it very *bad* news. I suppose we must all make up our minds to bear everything during the remainder of our stay, for the sake of the country. Personally, I cannot say that I have experienced any discomfort. At Court last week I was received with rather marked civility. But it is not pleasant to have the feeling that there is this ill-will to your country all around you. I suppose this to be an incident of diplomatic life everywhere and I now see it here in other cases than my own. Neither Russia nor Prussia is much more relished than the United States. Indeed there is a prevailing feeling of distrust as if we were on the eve of great troubles in Europe. Stocks are falling and active preparations in arming are going on. Napoleon is suspected of schemes eastward and westward, whilst England is not unlikely to be dragged into a war against her will, simply because there is no party strong enough to hold its own

against the popular passions. In the midst of all this I cannot sometimes but cherish the wish that our arms would move a little faster. We are still in suspense about Vicksburgh and Port Hudson. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, July 3, 1863

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MATTERS go on here in the usual way. There has been a new discussion of our affairs in Parliament, which has ended by no means to our disadvantage. Mr. Roebuck has chosen to speak in very plain English what he thinks and feels about us. Other people who really agree with him in their hearts are ashamed to acknowledge it as he does, and so they retreat into silence. Mr. Roebuck moreover has assumed the post of representative of the French Emperor, and has talked to the House of Commons in a French sense. This is a pretty sure way to set the genuine sons of John Bull against every thing he may say. Moreover, Mr. Roebuck has had the bad luck to be practically disavowed by the sovereign whom he was assuming to serve, which exposes him to ridicule and contempt. The end is, to spoil his game. The rebel cause cannot be restored this season by any action had in its favor on this side of the water. It may yet be helped by events on the other, should their last desperate enterprise be crowned with any success. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

July 3, 1863

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WE too have had our excitements this week, as it was the time of the regular annual motion for recognition by the English copper-heads. There was a hot debate in Parliament, but the Southern spokesman succeeded in tripping himself up, and inflicting upon himself and his party a vigorous punishment that they will remember as long as they live. He has triumphantly seated himself as umpire over a dusky chaos in which Napoleon, the English Government, our own country and the rest of the world, are promiscuously calling each other to account for something somebody said or did n't say, or did, or did n't do. Mr. Roebuck's decisions certainly do more embroil the fray. What is however of more consequence to us is that he has drawn public attention entirely from the question of intervention, and substituted a question of veracity between himself and the Emperor, a question of dignity between Parliament and the Emperor, a question of honor between the Ministry and the Emperor, and any quantity of other side questions, upon which public curiosity is greatly excited. But so far as our affair is concerned, Mr. Roebuck has done us more good than all our friends. . . .

I think unless the American news is highly disastrous, we shall again sink into placid rest here. The Alexandra is postponed till Autumn and will probably have to come before the House of Lords as final appeal next

year. Parliament will adjourn by the end of this month, it is supposed. Everybody is to leave town on the 15th and we expect to get away as soon as Parliament does. Lord Palmerston is ill with gout, and, as I think, breaking up. I doubt if he'll have strength to stand another session. Everything promises unusual political quiet for the autumn, but the elements of confusion on the continent are so awkward that I rather expect trouble next year. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

Camp of 1st Mass. Cav.
near St. James College, Md.
July 12, 1863

ONE more line to be forwarded to London to tell you I am still safe, well and sound. Once more we are with the cavalry and in the front and under the command of the damndest fool I ever saw or read of, one ——. For two days we have been skirmishing gently with trifling casualties, but I think our share of the fighting for this bout is pretty much over and now the infantry will walk in for a few field days of slaughter and then "tomorrow to new fields and pastures new" over in Virginia. Of course you know well enough that your newspapers tell you nothing but lies and that "the cavalry" as depicted by them is all a figment of the poet's brain. If you don't I tell you so now and know it in future. We have done our work decently, but Pleasonton is, next to Hooker, the greatest humbug of the war, and Kilpatrick is a brave injudicious boy,

much given to blowing and who will surely come to grief. The army has done nobly and is in fine condition, but as to Lee's being routed, he has lots of fight left and this war is not over yet, and there will still be many shrewd blows. Though not elated I am confident and most happy in that novel sensation. All is going well and day, I believe, breaks at last. . . .

I tell you the Army of the Potomac is a magnificent army, but what shall we say of the great State of Pennsylvania? They left that army to fight it out, and win or lose with Lee, without the aid of a man or a musket, and before the battle devoted their energies to running away, or buying immunity for their precious goods by giving aid and comfort to the enemy and, after the battle, turned to with all their souls to make money out of their defenders by selling soldiers bread at twenty-five cents a loaf and milk at fifteen cents a canteen — in one case charging a hospital $19.00 for forty loaves of bread. Facts, John, facts. They are a great people! . . .

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, July 17, 1863

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At the time I wrote you last week, our benevolent English friends had made up their minds that General Lee had insulated Washington and taken possession of the Capitol. Our friend Mason with portentous gravity had announced at a dinner table filled with sympathisers, that at the moment he was speaking he had no doubt that such was the fact. There was a general

anxiety and looking out for the next news. On Monday evening, at Lady Derby's reception, both his Lordship and Lord Granville, chieftains of opposite parties, hailed me with equal eagerness to know when I expected later advices. On that same evening, poor Mr. Roebuck, who had prepared his original motion with some reference to a grand "coup de théatre," was obliged to abandon it, because nothing had turned out as he expected, and the audience would not consent to wait any longer. At last came the intelligence, but, lo! it did not answer the highly wrought expectation. It did not look as if Lee had made much progress to the desired point. The best that could be said was that the issue was not decisive. On the whole it was judged most prudent to wait for further news. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

[*London,*] *July* 17, 1863

WE are in receipt of all your sanguinary letters, as well as of news down to the 4th, telling of Cyclopean battles, like the struggles of Saturn and Terra and Hyperion for their empire, lasting through sunrise after sunrise, in an agony such as heralds the extinction of systems. It's a pity that we 're civilized. What a grand thing Homer would have made of it; while in our day, men only conceive of a battle as of two lines of men shooting at each other till one or the other gives way. At this distance, though, even now it's very grand and inspiring. There's a magnificence about the pertinacity of the struggle, lasting so many days, and closing, so far as we know on the eve of our single national

anniversary, with the whole nation bending over it, that makes even these English cubs silent. Dreadful I suppose it is, and God knows I feel anxious and miserable enough at times, but I doubt whether any of us will ever be able to live contented again in times of peace and laziness. Our generation has been stirred up from its lowest layers and there is that in its history which will stamp every member of it until we are all in our graves. We cannot be commonplace. The great burden that has fallen on us must inevitably stamp its character on us. I have hopes for us all, as we go on with the work. . . .

The peculiar attraction of our position is one that is too subtle to put one's hand upon, and yet that we shall be sure to miss extremely when we leave it. The atmosphere is exciting. One does every day and without a second thought, what at another time would be the event of a year, perhaps of a life. For instance, the other day we were asked out to a little garden party by the old Duchess of Sutherland at Chiswick, one of the famous nobleman's places in England. Dukes and Duchesses, Lords and Ladies, Howards and Russells, Grosvenors and Gowers, Cavendishes, Stuarts, Douglases, Campbells, Montagues, half the best blood in England was there, and were cutting through country dances and turning somersets and playing leap-frog in a way that knocked into a heap all my preconceived ideas of their manners. To be sure it was only a family party, with a few friends. You may be certain that I took no share in it. A stranger had better not assume to be one of the Gods.

Or again! I have just returned from breakfasting with Mr. Evarts, and we had Cyrus Field, Mr. Blatchford and his wife, and Mr. Cobden at table. The conversation was not remarkable to me; so little so that I should probably make only a bare note of it. But Cobden gave a vigorous and amusing account of Roebuck, whom he covered with epithets, and whose treatment of himself he described, going over some scenes in Parliament when Sir Robert Peel was alive. He sketched to us Gladstone's "uneasy conscience" which is always doubting and hesitating and trying to construct new theories. Cyrus Field rattled ahead about his telegraph and told again the story of his experiences. Mr. Evarts talked about England and the policy of the country, for he goes home today, and indeed left us only to fire a parting shot into Gladstone. We discussed the war news and Bancroft Davis came in, arguing that Lee's ammunition must be exhausted. Cobden was very anxious about the battles, and varied his talk, by discussing a movement he proposes to make in Parliament before it rises. He rather regrets that they did n't force Roebuck's motion to a division, and wants to get in a few words before the close.

So we go on, you see, and how much of this sort of thing could one do at Boston! And the camp could only make up for it in times of action. Even the strangely hostile tone of society here has its peculiar advantage. It wakes us up and keeps our minds on a continual strain to meet and check the tendency. To appear confident in times of doubt, steady in times of disaster, cool and quiet at all times, and unshaken

"DON ROEBUCCO, THE SMALLEST MAN 'IN THE HOUSE'"
(From *Punch*, 1846)

under any pressure, requires a continual wakefulness and actually has an effect to make a man that which he represents himself to be. Mr. Evarts is grand in these trials, and from him and Mr. Seward and the Chief, one learns to value properly the power of momentum.

All this to you seems, I suppose, curious talk, to one who has just got through with the disgusts of one campaign and is recruiting for another, as I suppose you are doing now. We are very anxious about you as you may suppose, but trust that your regiment is too much used up to fight much more without rest. Besides, in the confusion and excitement of the great struggle, we are glad to counteract anxiety by hope. And though our good friends down town do persist in regarding the news as favorable to the South, we on the whole are inclined to hope, and to feel a certain confidence that friend Lee has got his swing. There is also the usual rumor of the fall of Vicksburg, as the *very* last telegram by the steamer, but we do not put much confidence in stories of that sort. Meade's despatch at eight o'clock on the evening of the 3d is all the news that I put any faith in. And with that I am patient. . . .

Politically we are trying to get everything in trim in order to have all clear during the next three months when England is without a Government and drifts. There is only one serious danger, and against that we are doing our best to guard. If you could win a few victories, it would be the best guaranty for good behavior, and I am free to say that England has remained quiet as long as we could reasonably expect, knowing

her opinions, without solid guaranties of ultimate success on our part. . . .

I shall send you your friend W. H. Russell's Gazette if he has as blackguard a notice of us in it as he usually does.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HENRY ADAMS

Harpers Ferry, Virginia
July 18, 1863

I SEIZE an instant which I have stolen from picket to scrawl you a line enclosing this letter from Major Higginson. He gave it to me weeks and weeks ago, just before this campaign began and it has rested in my valise. A thousand thanks to you all for your letters. You do not know how welcome they are to me in this terrible campaign. Yesterday I got yours of June 18th and 25th — six letters in all. I note what you say of victories. Have you enough? or would you like Charleston and Mobile? They will come soon. I have been cheering myself in darkness, hunger, cold and rain for the last three days by thinking of you all day, for today the news of Gettysburg and Vicksburg should flash in upon you as you sit there scared by the last advices and cowering in apprehension of those to come. I would give much to see you today or tomorrow as the real day dawns upon you. Write to me and tell me where you were, and how you were all feeling, and what each said and did, when at last you were assured that, not only had we gotten in our great southwestern blow, but had magnificently foiled their great eastern one. You must have had a terrible scare, but it's all right now and we have made another great step. . . .

We hear nothing of the prisoners of Aldie and Ja. J. Higginson is still we presume, in the Libby. The last seen of him, as the rumor runneth, was by one of our men who was taken and escaped, who reports Jim trudging briskly along in front of his own horse, on which a fiery Southron was mounted, who from time to time accelerated Jim's gait by threats and gestures. Such, alas! is war.

My love to each and all and I promise many letters when once more a day of quiet comes. I am not one of the sanguine now, and I no longer believe in a collapse of the rebellion. These Southerners are a terrible enemy and dangerous while there is a single hope left; but our recent successes and their recent defeats, combined with the loss of Jackson, makes me hope that the crisis is over. We shall have sharp fighting yet and enough of it, but, if all goes well, I do not see why I may not reasonably hope to be with you in England in a year from this time. God grant I may, for I do want to see you all very much, and I am tired and sick of fighting and hardship.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Camp of the 1st Mass. Cavy
Hillsboro, Va., July 22, 1863

. . . . . .

Here we are and we enjoy this as more of a settled rest than we have had since the 30th of May. So I pulled out your old letters and read them over, re-read them with Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson and Morris Island still ringing in my ears, and with our wondrous

successes of July absorbing my thoughts. Does Europe want more? If it does I think it will get more, but I am lost in astonishment at the strength the North is developing. Can the South stand up against it? War is a dangerous game and the South has all that desperate courage which makes one a majority; so, while there is a single chance left I feel no safety. But for the last few days I had dwelt much during long marches on our relative positions as compared with two years ago. Two years ago at this time we fought the stampede of Bull-Run, and the two years that have passed have proved exactly the time necessary to develop our strength. Do you realise what prodigious victories we have won this summer? Men and money are the sinews of war. While we have reduced gold fifty per cent in five months, we have settled the question of a negro soldiery, and at last enforced the draft, thus opening an unlimited supply of recruits. Two years have thus brought us to just what we never had before, plenty of money and plenty of men. The negro regiment question is our greatest victory of the war so far, and, I can assure you, that in the army, these are so much of a success that they will soon be the fashion. General Andrews, formerly of the 2nd Massachusetts and one of the bravest and most reliable officers in the service, is organizing a corps of these soldiers in South Carolina, and he writes to officers here that, though he went out with all a conservative's prejudices against their use, he has seen them do well under indifferent officers and he is confident that under good officers they will make troops equal to the best. This is a great deal from

Andrews. I almost wish I had gone into that movement, but perhaps it's just as well.

As to the conscription, the army is delighted with that and only regrets that it had no chance to discuss the matter with the gentlemen of New York. We, who have borne the heat and burden of the day, are tired and disgusted at seeing men bought by immense bounties, leaving home one day to return a hero the next, ovations to regiments with unthinned ranks. The three years men received no bounty. Now we do so much want to see all those who kiss our Lady Peace at home come in for a share of our laurels. So the army feels none the less pleased because it sees an iron hand on the rioters at home.

But having finished with our moral victories, I have not begun on our physical. Probably I can tell you little about those except that I really at last believe that we are learning to outfight the rebels on even fields, in spite of their dash and fanatical desperation. Does Europe want more? Europe however seems to me now out of the question. I may look at these things from too much of an army point of view, just as you take everything from your London watch-tower; but it does now seem to me that if any European nation, and especially England, and next to her France, wants hard knocks with little gain, they need only to meddle with us. Two years ago our soldiers would have dreaded foreign armies and especially French "*Zouaves.*" That's played out. If the Mexicans can make a fight, we can win a victory. Eighty thousand French soldiers might *now* make an impression through a

campaign which would use them up; but in case of a war with us the whole English standing army could not save Canada from being overrun. How I would like to raid it through Canada, and how we would astonish the regular cavalry of Europe.

You will laugh at all this and say: "Why, victory has turned his head! How he does crow!! And that too before he's out of the woods." Not at all. It is not success in the field which delights me, it is feeling and seeing the strength behind me which this rebellion has just sufficed to call forth. Europe looked to see us exhausted and calling for mediation, without money and without recruits, and behold! the whole African race comes forward to fill our ranks at just the moment when by a wise conscription we are for the first time strong enough without them, and all this time the very war which was to destroy us reduces gold from 175 to 125. At last, oh Lord! at last!! Three months ago powerful and energetic foreign intervention would have saved Vicksburg to the South, cost us New Orleans and cost us the Mississippi. Today we have all these and will not lose them easily and, if European nations care to interfere, they may injure us in a small degree as we shall injure them; but, thank God! we have secured the material issues of this great struggle. For the rest I would the South East might have its own way and depart in peace. I am tired equally of them and of this war.

You cannot tell how I long to hear from you and to know how all this affects you in London. I know it must make you very happy, but how does it affect you socially? . . .

July 23

As we still continue here I may as well lucubrate a little further. I notice that you and Henry dwell a great deal upon the apparent exhaustion of the rebel resources and their lack of men and supplies. As I yesterday dwelt on our successes, I will today give my experiences on their reverses, and that experience is by no means that of the newspaper reporters. I have lately seen and talked with considerable numbers of rebel prisoners, beside passing over some rebel territory, and that, too, in "desolated" Virginia. That the rebels have no money or currency is very apparent, but I see no evidence that they are either starving or destitute. Wherever we have been in Virginia we find cattle and corn in abundance, and the people seem comfortable. We find few men and few blacks but no suffering. I see that all accounts agree in placing the flower of the rebel army in Virginia. This may well be, for finer fighting material it would be hard to find. I am struck by their immensely improved condition since a year ago at Antietam. Judging by my means of observation, and I saw great numbers of prisoners, having myself at one time charge of a squad of five hundred from every Southern State, I should say that Lee's army at Gettysburg was in every respect superior to the Army of the Potomac, superior in numbers, better officered, a better fighting material, as well armed, hetter clothed and as well fed. The spirit of his army was much better than that of ours, and I saw no evidence of their ever having been on short rations or demoralised by want or misfortune. Their tone was the very best. All said

they were sick of the war, but scouted the idea of going home or giving it up until they had won their cause. I must say my opinion of the confederates and Southrons improved on near acquaintance in the early days of July.

You will ask why we were not defeated then at Gettysburg? We just escaped it by the skin of our teeth and the strength of our position. This regiment came into the field on the evening of the second day and in the midst of the battle. At sunset we were whipped and night saved the army. I never felt such sickening anxiety. We went into camp a mile and a half from the front and in rear of the right wing, in a wood. At sunset the enemy outflanked us and our men began to give way. Presently they came swarming through our camp in demoralised squads — wounded and well, officers and men — so that we were forced out and obliged to move back. Then it was resolved to fall back that night twenty miles, but fortunately at midnight this determination was reconsidered, our position was strengthened and next day the enemy were fairly whipped out.

Now, for the future, how do things stand? I *guess* Lee has 60,000 men left, but he is outflanked at the South West and at Charleston, and he must still make head against the large and now confident army. Southern affairs do seem desperate. They seem to me in just that condition from which genius alone could restore them and here is where, to my mind, the rebels have sustained their most vital loss. Stonewall Jackson would have given them this chance had he lived. In

Virginia alone since the war began have they held their own, and what have they done in Virginia which they did not owe to Jackson? Now his loss to them seems to me to be irreparable and almost decisive. In a single campaign the South has lost Jackson and Vicksburg, and if they are not desperate, I do not know what can bring them to it. I do believe Jackson had genius and in that respect stands alone in the annals of this most stupid and uninspired of struggles. Certainly his death excited throughout this army a deep regret which was lost only in a sense of intense relief. Today I am sure, as Americans, this army takes a pride in "Stonewall" second only to that of the Virginians and confederates. To have fought against him is next to having fought under him.

As for Lee, how can we have faith in him? He might have crushed Burnside at Fredericksburg and yet he let him escape. Hooker got away, but then Lee was glad enough to let him go, for, at the start, Lee was surprised, out-generaled, and on the verge of utter destruction. Jackson seemed to have saved the army which Lee jeopardized. As to Lee's two invasions, he cannot brag much on Antietam, for Jackson almost destroyed Pope only to enable Lee to get pounded to a mummy in Maryland. And now finally at Gettysburg, with every chance in his favor, and against a dispirited army and a new General, he has incurred a disaster to the Southern army which belittles our defeat at Fredericksburg or their own at Malvern Hill. Thus I cannot share in the general admiration of Lee. Jackson was his right hand man and his right hand is gone.

For the rest I do not see that they are stronger in Generals than we. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

[*London,*] *July* 23, 1863

I POSITIVELY tremble to think of receiving any more news from America since the batch that we received last Sunday. Why can't we sink the steamers till some more good news comes? It is like an easterly storm after a glorious June day, this returning to the gloomy chronicle of varying successes and disasters, after exulting in the grand excitement of such triumphs as you sent us on the 4th. For once there was *no* drawback, unless I except anxiety about you. I wanted to hug the army of the Potomac. I wanted to get the whole of the army of Vicksburg drunk at my own expense. I wanted to fight some small man and lick him. Had I had a single friend in London capable of rising to the dignity of the occasion, I don't know what might n't have happened. But mediocrity prevailed and I passed the day in base repose.

It was on Sunday morning as I came down to breakfast that I saw a telegram from the Department announcing the fall of Vicksburg. Now, to appreciate the value of this, you must know that the one thing upon which the London press and the English people have been so positive as not to tolerate contradiction, was the impossibility of capturing Vicksburg. Nothing could induce them to believe that Grant's army was not in extreme danger of having itself to capitulate. The Times of Saturday, down to the last moment, de-

clared that the siege of Vicksburg grew more and more hopeless every day. Even now, it refuses, after receiving all the details, to admit the fact, and only says that Northern advices report it, but it is not yet confirmed. Nothing could exceed the energy with which everybody in England has reprobated the wicked waste of life that must be caused by the siege of this place during the sickly season, and ridiculed the idea of its capture. And now the announcement was just as though a bucket of iced-water were thrown into their faces. They could n't and would n't believe it. All their settled opinions were overthrown, and they were left dangling in the air. You never heard such a cackling as was kept up here on Sunday and Monday, and you can't imagine how spiteful and vicious they all were. Sunday evening I was asked round to Monckton Milnes' to meet a few people. Milnes himself is one of the warmest Americans in the world, and received me with a hug before the astonished company, crowing like a fighting cock. But the rest of the company were very cold. W. H. Russell was there, and I had a good deal of talk with him. He at least did not attempt to disguise the gravity of the occasion, nor to turn Lee's defeat into a victory. I went with Mr. Milnes to the Cosmopolitan Club afterwards, where the people all looked at me as though I were objectionable. Of course I avoided the subject in conversation, but I saw very clearly how unpleasant the news was which I brought. So it has been everywhere. This is a sort of thing that can be neither denied, palliated, nor evaded; the disasters of the rebels are unredeemed by even any hope

of success. Accordingly the emergency has produced here a mere access of spite, preparatory (if we suffer no reverse) to a revolution in tone.

It is now conceded at once that all idea of intervention is at an end. The war is to continue indefinitely, so far as Europe is concerned, and the only remaining chance of collision is in the case of the ironclads. We are looking after them with considerable energy, and I think we shall settle them.

It is utterly impossible to describe to you the delight that we all felt here and that has not diminished even now. I can imagine the temporary insanity that must have prevailed over the North on the night of the 7th. Here our demonstrations were quiet, but, ye Gods, how we felt! Whether to laugh or to cry, one hardly knew. Some men preferred the one, some the other. The Chief was the picture of placid delight. As for me, as my effort has always been here to suppress all expression of feeling, I preserved sobriety in public, but for four days I've been internally singing Hosannahs and running riot in exultation. The future being doubtful, we are all the more determined to drink this one cup of success out. Our friends at home, Dana, John, and so on, are always so devilish afraid that we may see things in too rosy colors. They think it necessary to be correspondingly sombre in their advices. This time, luckily, we had no one to be so cruel as to knock us down from behind, when we were having all we could do to fight our English upas influence in front. We sat on the top of the ladder and did n't care a copper who passed underneath. Your old friend Judge Goodrich

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON

was here on Monday, and you never saw a man in such a state. Even for him it was wonderful. He lunched with us and kept us in a perfect riot all the time, telling stories without limit and laughing till he almost screamed.

I am sorry to say, however, that all this is not likely to make our position here any pleasanter socially. All our experience has shown that as our success was great, so rose equally the spirit of hatred on this side. Never before since the Trent affair has it shown itself so universal and spiteful as now. I am myself more surprised at it than I have any right to be, and philosopher though I aspire to be, I do feel strongly impressed with a desire to see the time come when our success will compel silence and our prosperity will complete the revolution. As for war, it would be folly in us to go to war with this country. We have the means of destroying her without hurting ourselves.

In other respects the week has been a very quiet one. The season is over. The streets are full of Pickford's vans carting furniture from the houses, and Belgravia and May Fair are the scene of dirt and littered straw, as you know them from the accounts of Pendennis. One night we went to the opera, but otherwise we have enjoyed peace, and I have been engaged in looking up routes and sights in the guide book of Scotland. Thither, if nothing prevents and no bad news or rebel plot interferes, we shall wend our way on the first of August. The rest of the family will probably make a visit or two, and I propose to make use of the opportunity to go on with Brooks and visit the Isle of Skye and

the Hebrides, if we can. This is in imitation of Dr. Johnson, and I've no doubt, if we had good weather, it would be very jolly. But as for visiting people, the truth is I feel such a dislike for the whole nation, and so keen a sensitiveness to the least suspicion of being thought to pay court to any of them, and so abject a dread of ever giving any one the chance to put a slight upon me, that I avoid them and neither wish them to be my friends nor wish to be theirs. I have n't the strength of character to retain resentments long, and some day in America I may astonish myself by defending these people for whom I entertain at present only a profound and lively contempt. But at present I am glad that my acquaintances are so few and I do not intend to increase the number.

You will no doubt be curious to know, if, as I say, I have no acquaintances, how I pass my time. Certainly I do pass it, however, and never have an unoccupied moment. My candles are seldom out before two o'clock in the morning, and my table is piled with half-read books and unfinished writing. For weeks together I only leave the house to mount my horse and after my ride, come back as I went. If it were not for your position and my own uneasy conscience, I should be as happy as a Virginia oyster, and as it is, I believe I never was so well off physically, morally and intellectually as this last year.

I send you another shirt and a copy of the Index, the southern organ, which I thought you would find more interesting this week than any other newspaper I can send. It seems to me to look to a cessation of *organised*

armed resistance and an ultimate resort to the Polish fashion. I think we shall not stand much in their way there, if they like to live in a den of thieves.

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, July 24, 1863

The last steamers brought us startling intelligence. Vicksburg fallen! There has been nothing like it since New Orleans. One was the complement of the other. It sounds the knell of the confederation scheme. Great has been the disappointment and consternation here! Just at the moment, too, when they were hoping and believing its complete establishment and recognition at hand. Could anything be more provoking. The Salons of this great metropolis are in tears; tears of anger mixed with grief. They moreover refuse to be comforted. They madly struggle with the event, denying that it was possible. Fate cannot be so cruel!

Mr. Seward was kind enough to send me a special telegram announcing the event, which reached me at breakfast on Sunday morning. I tried to bear up under the intelligence with a suitable degree of moderation. Not having any idea how deeply our English friends would take it to heart, I ventured to indulge a slight sense of satisfaction. Fortunately I went to church in the city, where nobody knew me, and therefore nobody could be scandalised. It would have been hard on them, you know, to be joyful in the midst of their sorrow. Doubtless they would have been as much offended as they showed themselves on reading my famous letter exposing their secret practises. I took care to look

resigned. The only persons whom I met were Americans, excepting perhaps Mr. Browning, and to him as to them I disclosed my secret. He, like them, appeared not to be depressed, but rather elated. Luckily, there was nobody at hand to mark the impropriety.

Five days have passed away. Another steamer has brought intelligence quite confirmatory, but not sufficient to overcome the determined incredulity that has succeeded the first shock. I recollect it was very much so with New Orleans. The only difference was that the passions had not then become so deeply enlisted in the struggle. . . .

Parliament is just now coming to an end. This is the third session since the breaking out of our troubles, and its position has not yet been essentially varied towards America. On looking back and remembering how I felt on each return of the body, it seems to me as if we had reason for gratulation that we are yet in peace with this country. The great causes of apprehension have died away. The cotton famine and Lancashire distress have not proved such serious troubles as we had feared. Great Britain has not in her domestic condition any cause to seek for violent or extraordinary remedial measures. The country is highly prosperous. I am well pleased that it should remain so, if it will only consent to indulge its predilections and its lamentations in words addressed to the empty air. Vox, et praeterea nihil!

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, July 31, 1863

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It is intensely painful in the midst of such great prosperity here to read the shocking details of slaughter and destruction in our newspapers. Still more annoying is it to think how by the folly of these rogues we are playing into the hands of the malevolent in Europe. The privileged classes all over Europe rejoice in the thoughts of the ruin of the great experiment of popular government. I yet trust they count without their host. No thanks, however, to the madmen who try to work this mischief. The penalty we are paying for the great error of our ancestors is a most tremendous one. All I can pray for is that we do so once for all. To permit our posterity to run the risk of repeating it for the same fault on our part would be criminal indeed.

The London Times last Monday graciously allowed the people of England to believe that Vicksburg had actually fallen. The notion that General Lee was in possession of Washington and Baltimore is not quite so strong as it was, but I am not sure that it has been dissipated yet by any positive denial in that press. There was a general sense of the happening of some lamentable disaster here, the nature and extent of which had not been fully defined. The clearest evidence of this was found in the stock market, where a panic took place among the holders of the rebel loan. It fell from three per cent discount to seventeen, and

has not stopped yet. I should not be surprised if some bankruptcies were to follow. People here must pay something for their pro-slavery sympathies. What a pity that the sum of their losses could not have been applied to the emancipation of the slaves! In that case England would have maintained her character for philanthropy, which has gone down, as it is, quite as far and as fast as the rebel loan. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

Camp of 1st Mass. Cav'y
Amissville, Va., August 2, 1863

. . . . . .

So it is in campaign, if an officer would do his work — day after day in the saddle, up early, late in camp; then a couple of mails with a dozen letters marked official and two private ones; demands for returns, appeals from the families of men dead, or from the sick and wounded; then a day's rest and at once the company books are brought out and its clerks set to work, and the sabre yields to the pen. Yesterday from morning to night I was as busy as I knew how to be. I wrote six letters — all business — and made out or caused to be made out and signed well nigh innumerable reports, descriptive lists and papers generally. It is really quite a vexation. In camp ten minutes a day will keep a company commander up with his work on paper; but in the field it accumulates so much that when a rare day of quiet comes he has to work harder than ever I worked on a quarter day in my office. My arrears are not yet made up, but I am too sensible of the

extreme regularity of your letters to me to omit sending a note to you as often as I can take out a pen.

We are all well, I believe, or at least I am. In fact, never since I have been in the Army have I been so well as during the last month, but my companions are growing beautifully small as one by one they leave or play out. A year ago the 22d of this month this regiment landed in Virginia. Of all the officers we then had I am the only one who has always been with the regiment in all its active service and in every march and action from that time to the present, and, of all those officers, but six, including Colonel Sargent who returned yesterday, are with us now; of the officers who came up from Hilton Head only three. In fact, in eight companies there are but five line officers left for duty now; but then the companies are small, as mine, for instance, which puts fourteen troopers all told in the squadron ranks. Promotion is rapid in the Union army.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to Henry Adams

Camp of 1st Mass. Cav'y
Amissville, Va., August 2, 1863

Your letters have reached me of late slowly, but tolerably surely and you cannot imagine how welcome they have been. John is the only person on this side of the water who ever writes to me now, and he is not very regular. Lou has not written me a line since the 1st of May. Of course I well know that writing to me now is a labor of love and a decidedly unequal bargain, for I have neither time nor conveniences to do my share in a correspondence; but on the other hand letters are

more than ever before prized by me, for now they constitute absolutely my only link with the world and my own past, and moreover my only pleasure. After long marches and great exposure, when you have been forced to drag your tired body up onto your tired horse day after day; when you have been hungry, thirsty and tired, and after breakfasting before sunrise have gone supperless to sleep in a rain storm long after night; when you have gone through all that man can go through, except the worst of all sufferings — cold — then to get into camp at last and hear that a mail has come! People at home don't know what it is. You should see the news fly round the camp and the men's faces light up, and how duty, discipline, everything, at once gives way to the reading of the letters. It's like fresh water in an August noon; and yet of all my family and friends you in London, and now and then John, are the only living souls who ever do more than just answer my letters to them. But you are all models of thoughtfulness in this respect and, while you will never know how much pleasure your letters have given me, I can never express to you how much their regularity has touched and gratified me.

August 8, 1863. *Sulphur Springs*

A little tour of picket has cut the thread of my letter. I went out early Monday morning and got in yesterday at noon. By the way, that reminds me of the conversation you mention you had with Sir Edward Cust, in which he spoke with pleasure of picket. The General's memory does not betray him. Summer picket

is the pleasantest work we have to do, and is really charming. Winter picketing is terrible, and neither he nor any man can extract any pleasure from it. I hardly had my share fall to me last winter, but I did enough. A cold, snowy day, followed by fourteen hours of night, during which miserable men, with numb fingers and freezing feet, sit motionless on jaded horses, ever listening for an enemy who will not come except when he is n't expected, is no idea of mine of pleasure. Summer is very different. During the last week I have been picketing the Hazel River, just above its junction with the Rappahannock. The weather has been very fine, hot, but glorious for August. The enemy was just the other side of the river and just active enough to keep up one's excitement, and my command was an independent one of about 150 men. At the fords the enemy were disposed to be very sociable, and as the river was hardly ten yards broad, nothing but orders interfered with our intercourse. Here, away from the nuisance of the infantry, we again got milk and eggs and butter, chickens, pigs and sheep, and we lived better than we have for many a day. The anxiety wears a little on one, for though one soon gets accustomed to the proximity of the enemy, the necessity of continued vigilance and perpetual preparation gets wearisome at last. Still it is very pleasant, this getting away from camps, brigades and infantry, away from orders, details and fatigue duty, out to the front with no army near, the enemy before you and all quiet along your line.

I was quite interested in what you reported General Cust as saying of the European cavalry, and it rather

surprised me. I knew the Germans were good, but so I thought were the English also. We ourselves however come up to his mark of excellence in the Germans in the care of our horses; at least in our regiment, which is rather exceptional in most respects. If we are to march at sunrise we are called before the first break of day. Immediately after réveillé roll-call the horses are groomed and then fed. The men then get their breakfasts. We march in columns of fours or, if the road is narrow, twos, and by squadrons. We even in spite of hard work keep up some finery. Ah, what a squadron I had on the morning of the 17th of June!! Any man might have been proud of it. First rides the chief of squadron and immediately behind him are the four bugles, mounted on their white horses and with their trumpets slung over their shoulders. Then comes the first chief of platoon, by the side of the Sergeant guide, and then the column, in closed up ranks of fours. In the rear the 2d Captain. On the march no man is allowed to fall out or straggle, without the permission of the 2d Captain, and in my squadron this rule is rigidly enforced. We rarely halt during our march and average usually three miles an hour. We have few rules of dress, simply enforcing dark hats or caps and dark blue blouses, with light blue trousers; but, I am sorry to say that in all these respects our regiment is far ahead of the average of our cavalry, which, while it straggles through a country like a cloud of locusts, looks like a mob of ruffians, and fights and forages like a horde of Cossacks. I speak now of the mass. The regulars are better and some of the volunteers, but the

mass of the last would excite the special wonder and extreme mirth of European officers of the line until they met them in campaign. Nothing is known of our cavalry abroad, and it is only just now rising into a system; but some day when I have leisure I don't know but I'll write you a letter about them for the edification of Sir Edward and his friends in the English army. . . .

We are encamped just south of the Rappahannock at Sulphur Springs. Contrary to the hopes I expressed, all indications point to a lengthy stay. Doubtless it is, in its own good way, for the best, but I fear it insures us of more terrible battles and another autumn and winter, if not spring and summer campaigns. This delay is on the ground of rest necessary for the army in the heat of August, but I doubt whether the army absolutely needs, or at all desires this rest. My means of observation are very small, and sources of information unreliable; but I fear there is much discontent and dissatisfaction in the army with Meade and with the general management. The army, I can't but believe, is anxious to go ahead and finish up the war. Some high officers, who have much to say in general, are not so anxious to go ahead or to see the time when their services can be dispensed with and they be reduced from Generals of Volunteers to Captains of regiments, so they do not care to see too much vigor infused into our operations. Meade, of course, is not one of these, but their councils have been felt, for he is junior to several such and a modest and naturally diffident man, who is not yet warm in his seat or thoroughly master in

his own house. Hence his Councils of War and the lack of vigor in his operations after the 3d of July. The man's very good qualities have stood in his way and in ours. He felt inexperienced and the tools felt strange in his hands. Hence much dissatisfaction with him throughout the army, in which McClellan's name is again freely heard, and I doubt not that Meade's resignation has, once at least, been tendered. But patience! I for one have faith in Meade; a little time works wonders. He will feel at home next time in his seat, and custom will have made his tools familiar to his hand. We know him to be honest and thoroughly brave and reliable, and he is a good judge of men, having collected already round him young men like Humphreys and Warren — the very best of our army. On the whole, with only patience and no more changes, I do not think we incur any danger by our delay here in Virginia. How it may affect the general prospect, you can tell me. For us, unless genius springs up among them, the rebel army is doomed and desperation alone won't save them. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Mother

Camp of the 1st Mass. Cav'y
Sulphur Springs, August 9, 1863

. . . . . .

They're not very unlike us and really pleasant, sociable men — their cavalry, now that we have whipped them out of their conceit. There's much better feeling between Yankees and Southerners now than there ever was before, and now we meet on very pleasant terms.

Not so with the non-combatants, only! don't they hate us? and I must say with cause. Everywhere war is horrid — no more so here than elsewhere, and we are not so bad as other nations, as we see from the fact that of all our troops the Germans, as ruffians, thieves and scourges, are most terribly dreaded by all natives of Virginia. They say they don't fear the Cavalry, but they dread the Infantry and the Germans. They turn pale at the name of the 11th Corps. As for me, I can only say if they don't fear the cavalry, I don't want to see those they do fear, as I see only Cavalry, and I daily see from them acts of pillage and outrage on the poor and defenceless which make my hair stand on end and cause me to loathe all war. We owe a high debt to Colonel Williams for the high stand he took on this subject in our regiment, a stand at the start which enables us now, amidst universal demoralization and pillage around us, to hold our men substantially in check. Poor Virginia! She has drunk deep of the cup and today she is draining the last bitter dregs. Her fighting men have been slaughtered; her old men have been ruined; her women and children are starving and outraged; her servants have run away or been stolen; her fields have been desolated; her towns have been depopulated. The most bitter against Virginia would, were they here, say it was enough. They have come to be thankful for a little thing at last. It was sad enough the other day when I was on picket out here. Kilpatrick's ruffians had just gone through the country when we came out and relieved them, and presently I was sent down to Hazel River with my squadron.

The first day an old woman came groaning up and said that my men were chasing her four sheep, all that she had left. I told her I would see to it, but meanwhile two of the four were gone. I ordered all killing of stock at once to stop, and did it savagely, for the old woman bored me. Early next morning up she panted again. Two of my men were chasing the two sheep left. Hereat I had roll-calls and cursed and swore and denounced vengeance on the first man I could catch, but I could n't fix on any one. Meanwhile I thought things were getting as bad in this regiment as in the others and felt rather ashamed of myself. That evening the old woman sent me a present of butter and milk. I remarked to Flint "coals of fire" and sent her back some sugar. But next day she hobbled into camp and the truth came out, the bitter truth. Far from being coals of fire the milk and butter was an expression of gratitude to be continued every evening while I remained, and oh! she did "hope I was n't going away; my men behaved *so* well, she felt *so* safe with them there. She was seventy-four years old, but those who had been there before had broken into her house in the night, and broken into her closets and drawers, and stolen all her meat and provisions, and abused and threatened her; and she had n't been able to sleep for nights, and last night, when she heard that I was there she had slept so well, and she did hope I was going to stay," and so on, from which I discovered that she thought it first rate treatment that my men only killed her sheep and did n't rifle her dwelling and beat her. And this is the Cavalry which the Virginians say they 're "not afraid

of"; only the Infantry and (a shudder) "the Germans." It's awful here now in these respects and this country is just going to be cleaned out. As for me I expect we shall earn a lofty reputation as philanthropists if we only allow our men to take horses and cattle. One of the charges against McClellan was that he gave guards to the houses of prominent Virginians. He never did anything of which he has more cause to be proud, and those who advance that against him as a charge are either demons or ignoramuses in the horrors of war. If I could have my say there should be a guard at every house and barn within the lines of the army, and the taking an article of property from any, even the most offensively outspoken, rebel, should be instantly punished by death. I would also punish straggling with death. I would do this on strictly humane principles. The horrors of war are not all to be found in the battle-field and every army pillages and outrages to a terrible extent. By establishing guards and making straggling the highest military offense, you not only divest war of its main horrors, so far as all non-combatants are concerned, but you stop the greatest cause of demoralisation in all armies, and, by keeping men in the ranks, bring your whole force effectively before the enemy. In the Maryland campaign last year McClellan's army left behind 12,000 fighting men — stragglers, plundering the land. So it goes. Traditionally I rate Cromwell's army above any other in history because in those respects he had it so completely in hand; but, as a rule, the English are very brutal and bad in those respects. Napoleon's army

lived on pillage, but did not straggle. They say the Germans are the worst and most cruel of all, as *vide* the thirty years war. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, August 24, 1863

. . . . . .

I AM sure I heartily join you in the wish that this fearful conflict was over. No more wanton and wicked struggle was ever initiated by profligate and desperate men than this against a government which had only been too lenient and generous to them. A terrible retribution has fallen upon them, it is true; but the mischief is that it has brought with it much of calamity to those who had no share of the responsibility for bringing it on. I cannot now see how the war can be safely ended until the motive which led to its commencement is made to vanish. I am made an abolitionist as earnest for immediate action as any one. The President can really effect the thing under the war power, as a condition of pacification in the ultimate resort. He can bring on that resort by a general arming of all the blacks. He has the power in his hands. There is no time to be lost, for he may be anticipated by a combination of the repentant class of slave owners with their old democratic allies of the north to attempt to re-establish the Union as it was. This is the last avenue of escape from the natural consequences of the war. I fancy these men will not have the shrewdness to avail themselves of it in season. Not that I doubt the fact that in any event slavery is doomed. The only differ-

ence will be that in dying it may cause us another sharp convulsion, which we might avoid by finishing it now. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Camp of the 1st Mass. Cav'y
Warrenton, Va., September 5, 1863

I write today simply to keep up my sequence of letters, for I have no more to say than I had last week. Again we have moved camp and we now find ourselves in our old place near Warrenton. Our week of outlying picket was very uneventful so far as this regiment was concerned, although one day the enemy did catch a patrol of some fifty of the 6th Ohio and play the very devil with them, running them down to our very pickets and killing, wounding or capturing two-thirds of their number. They hurried us out to attend to matters and we pelted up to the scene of action, but the enemy were gone long before we got there, though we did n't spare horse-flesh, and it only remained for us to pick up the pieces and come in. The rebs did the thing very neatly — the old story, an ambush, a large party in reserve, an unexpected sally, headlong flight and vigorous pursuit, the whole closing with an unmolested retreat in possession of plunder, horses and prisoners. In going out I had charge of the advance and, as we pushed rapidly along by dead horses and wounded men, I was glad to see one thing I never saw before — women caring for our wounded. They were Virginians, and only the week before our regiment searched their house for one of their two brothers in the confederate Army; but

now we found the old father and four daughters, two miles this side of their home, near which the surprise took place, doing what they could for one of our Sergeants who had fallen by the road-side. The man died next morning. Only one man had been killed outright at the first fire, and he was neatly laid out by the side of the road, stripped to his underclothes in most approved fashion. We picked up the dead and wounded and returned to camp. . . .

You seem to feel great fears of the low countries for campaigning, but the summer is passed and few collections of men four hundred strong could have enjoyed better health than this regiment. The Virginia climate has now nothing new for us, as our campaigns began now some days more than a year ago. For myself I am free to say I consider Virginia as possessing in natural attributes more that would belong to an earthly Eden than any region I ever set foot in. The climate is wonderfully fine, the soil naturally fertile, the rivers are beautiful to a degree, the mountains fine and the valleys almost perfection. So much of it man has not been able to destroy or to disguise. This war, if we remain one country, has blasted and is going to redeem Virginia. It has effectually destroyed a pernicious system of labor and a new one must supply its place. Then, some day, it may be as prosperous as New England, and, if it ever is, it will be a land of milk and honey.

As to unhealthiness I see nothing of it. The unhealthiness of armies arises not from climate but from filth. I see that the new correspondent of the Times begins with the wonderful filth of our soldiers. I can

only suppose that he compares foreign armies in garrison with ours in campaign, for I do not believe that foreign soldiers are cleaner than ours in the field. Statistics of mortality from camp disease in the Crimea as compared with any episodes of our war I think will not show such to be the case. Is the Crimea or Turkey so much more unhealthy than Morris Island, New Orleans and Vicksburg? Still an army, any army, does poison the air. It is a city without sewerage, and policing only makes piles of offal to be buried or burned. Animals die as they do not die in cities and, if buried, are apt to be insufficiently so. Then animals are slaughtered for beef and so, what with fragments of food and scraps of decaying substances, all festering under a mid-summer sun, an army soon breeds a malaria which engenders the most fatal of fevers. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, September 16, 1863

WHEN I came to the end of my long volume of travels, I intimated to you that I had found things here in a very bad way on my return. We were in fact in the middle of the crisis which I have so often warned you would be the dangerous and decisive one; and now it was going against us.

You have heard much of the two iron-clads now building at Liverpool; formidable vessels which would give us trouble. Ever since their keels were laid, now some eighteen months since, we have been watching them with great anxiety. Luckily they were not at first pressed forward very rapidly, and the delay has given

us just the time we needed. But we have never attempted to disguise to the people here, what would be the inevitable result of their being allowed to go, and both Mr. Evarts and all our other supernumerary diplomats have urged with the greatest energy some measure of effective interference. This had been so far successful that we had felt tolerably secure under what appeared to be decisive assurances. As the summer wore on, the vessels were launched and began to fit for sea. Our people, as in the case of the Alabama and Alexandra, were busy in getting up a case, and sent bundles of depositions and letters into the Foreign Office. This was the position of affairs when I left London, and although I am violating the rules by telling you about it, I suppose the facts are so public and so well understood that there would be no great harm if anyone knew it. But what has since passed is as yet known to but few and not understood even by them, in which number I include myself.

The law officers of the Crown were funky, as the boys say here. They were not willing to advise the seizure of the vessels under the Neutrality Act. In this respect I think they were right, for although there was perhaps a case strong enough to justify the arrest of the vessels, it was certainly not strong enough to condemn them, and it would have been too absurd to have had another such ludicrous sham as the trial of the Alexandra, where Mr. Evarts acted as drill-sergeant, and the prosecution was carried just so far and no farther than was necessary to show him that everything was on the square. The result, as declared by

Chief Baron Pollock, was the most amusing example of the admired English system that has yet taken place, and if my ancient Anglomania, which swallowed Blackstone, and bowed before the Judges' wigs, had not yielded to a radical disbelief in the efficacy of England already, I believe this solemn and ridiculous parade of the majesty and imperturbability of English justice would have given such a shock to my old notions as they never would have recovered from.

The law-officers were right therefore, in my opinion, in wishing to escape this disgrace, for unless the work was to be done in a very different spirit from the last job, it would be a disgrace, and they knew it. In fact this was no longer a case for the Courts. Any Government which really assumes to be a Government, and not a Governed-ment, would long ago have taken the matter into its own hands and made the South understand that this sort of thing was to be stopped. But this form of Government is the snake with many heads. It may be accidentally successful, and so exist from mere habit and momentum; but it is as a system, clumsy, unmanageable, and short-lived. You will laugh at my word *short-lived*, and think of William the Conqueror. You might as well think of Justinian. This Government, as it stands today, is just thirty years old, and between a reformed Government under the Reform Bill and an aristocratic Government and nomination boroughs, there is as much difference as between the France of Louis Philippe and the France of Louis Quinze.

At any rate, the English having in their hatred of

absolute Government rendered all systematic Government impossible, now inflict upon us the legitimate fruits of their wisdom. On a question which is so evident that no other Government ever hesitated to acknowledge its duties; not even England herself in former days; it now comes to a dead-lock. The springs refuse to work. The cog-wheels fly round wildly in vain, and Lord Russell, after repeated attempts to grind something out of his poor mill, at last is compelled to inform us that he is very sorry but it won't work, and as for the vessels, Government can't stop them and won't try.

It was just after the receipt of this information that I reached London. You may imagine our condition, and the little disposition we felt to shirk the issue, when the same day brought us the story of Gilmore's big guns and Sumter's walls. In point of fact, disastrous as a rupture would be, we have seen times so much blacker that we were not disposed to bend any longer even if it had been possible. The immediate response to this declaration was a counter-declaration, short but energetic, announcing what was likely to happen, Lord Russell is in Scotland and this produced some confusion in the correspondence, but it was rapid and to me very incomprehensible. My suspicion is that they meant to play us, like a salmon, and that the note of which I speak fell so hard as to break the little game. At all events, within three days came a short announcement that the vessels should not leave.

Undoubtedly to us this is a second Vicksburg. It is our diplomatic triumph, if we manage to carry it

through. You will at once understand how very deeply our interests depend on it, and under the circumstances, how great an achievement our success will be. It would in fact be the crowning stroke of our diplomacy. After it, we might say our own minds to the world and do our own will. A public life seldom affords to a man the opportunity to perform more than one or two brilliant rôles of this description, and no more is needed in order to set his mark on history. Whether we shall succeed, I am not yet certain. The vessels are only detained temporarily, but the signs are that the gale that has blown so long is beginning to veer about. If our armies march on; if Charleston is taken and North Carolina freed; above all if emancipation is made effective; Europe will blow gentle gales upon us and will again bow to our dollars. Every step we make, England makes one backward. But if we have disaster to face, then indeed I can't say. Yet I am willing to do England the justice to say that while enjoying equally with all nations the baseness which is inevitable to politics carried on as they must be, she still has a conscience, though it is weak, ineffective and foggy. Usually after she has got herself into some stupid scrape, her first act is to find out she is wrong and retract when too late. I think the discussion which is now taking place has pretty much convinced most people that this war-vessel matter is one that ought to be stopped. And if so, the mere fact that they have managed to take the first step is to me reasonable ground for confidence that they will take the others as the emergencies arise. There will be hoisting and straining, groan-

ing and kicking, but the thing will in some stupid and bungling way be got done.

Meanwhile volumes are written. To read them is bad enough, but to write them! I believe this to be really of little effect, and think I see the causes of movement in signs entirely disconnected with mere argument. The less said, the shorter work. Give us no disasters, and we have a clear and convincing position before the British public, for we come with victories on our standards and the most powerful military and naval engines that ever the earth saw. Unceasing military progress. The rebels are crying to high Heaven on this side for some one to recognize them. A few months more and it will be too late, if it's not already.

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, September 25, 1863

Your letter to your mother of the 30th ulto. from Orleans came this week. It told us of your decision in the other case of promotion about which I have already written to you. John was so much pleased with your letter to him of the 25th on the same subject that he sent it out to us to read. I need not say to you that it gave me pride as well as extreme gratification. Although I should certainly have been satisfied, had the Governor consulted the interests of the service in putting you in the place which your senior officers testified you merited, I am more glad that your magnanimity has relieved him from a trial, at the same time that it has done you honor in regard to the persons who had a priority of lineal rank over you. . . .

We get on pretty quietly now. The ironclad war vessels are detained, and Mr. Mason has been very solemnly withdrawn from here on the ground that Lord Russell treats him with hauteur. If I could have any confidence in the duration of this time of lull, I should not ask anything better. But the difficulty in the way is the uncertainty of the position. The aristocracy are very much against us, but they do little or nothing to sustain the rebellion beyond the mere force of opinion. The commercial and moneyed people go a step farther and furnish more or less of material aid. On the other hand we have the sympathy of the majority of the inferior class, whose strength consists merely in opinion. The balance of political influence is therefore adverse. Circumstances affect it more or less every day. So long as we succeed in the war, there is an ebb in the tide. Whenever we appear to fail, comes a reflux. And so it will go to the end. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, September 25, 1863

I DO not think that the steady current of good news which we have had since the first of July, has turned our heads here, for as each successive steamer has piled it up, my dread has gone on constantly rising, for fear a change should again blast all our hopes. At this moment indeed I can see no place likely to furnish news at all. We have realized all our stakes except Charleston, which it is rather a pleasure to polish off by bits. From the tone of Mr. Lawley's letter of 29 August and 7 September from Richmond, I infer that Lee cannot

move again into Maryland, and will not move against Washington direct. What they can do now that Johnston's retreat from Chattanooga has exposed such a wretched state of things in the west, I confess I am utterly puzzled to know. It appears that their leaders still keep up their tone and brag as loudly as ever of what is to be done in November, but I do much suspect that we have put a little spoke in that wheel; or perhaps I should say, we have taken one out. I suspect the English iron-clads constituted a main feature in any plan they may have invented, and the blow which we have inflicted upon them by our diplomacy may save another Gettysburg and Antietam. At any rate, the rats are moving more rapidly than ever, and some pretty large rats who hold offices are putting out feelers that puzzle me.

The news that will please you more than even a medium victory, will be that which must have reached America a few days before this letter, of the formal rupture between the Southern Government and the British, and the departure of Mr. Mason from England. I hardly know what more striking proof could be given of our individual triumph. There is something highly humorous to my mind in the recollection of Mr. Mason's career on this side of the water, and of the two years English campaign that his forces have had with ours. With varying success we have battled and marched, but the battle of the iron-clads was our Gettysburg, and Mr. Mason has sullenly retreated before the frowning batteries of the Governor.

Yet, between ourselves, I am at a loss to understand

why this step has been taken. Certainly I know none of the reasons which may have had a secret influence on Mr. Davis, but as I look at it, this movement of his is a blunder. Mr. Mason's mere presence at this place has been a source of annoyance both to us and to the British Government. His departure will tend greatly to allay the dangers of our foreign affairs. Either England or France must take the brunt of our ill-will. Why should Mr. Davis aid our diplomacy by himself directing all our causes of alarm towards France, a nation whose power we have no real cause to fear, and away from England, with whom we are or have been on the very verge of war? For myself, I look forward to a possible war with France as by no means a cause of alarm to us. So sure as Napoleon proves so false to France as to take up the cudgels for monarchy against democracy, just so sure he will lose his throne. You at home have not known what is so terrible to all the Kings and Nobles here as the "Revolution." You have a curious anomaly of a rebellion where people are trying to turn themselves backward into the Middle Ages. Here the Revolution is always trying to jump into the next century. And whatever France has been since 1789, republic, Empire, Kingdom or anarchy, she is always revolutionary to the core. She leads Europe whenever she moves. She is the head of civilization, and the great agent in the process of social progress. Whatever ruler she has, he must be true to the Revolution, "les principes de '89," if he is to keep his throne, and it is because every successive ruler has been false to those principles that he has fallen. But if Napoleon

dares to attack us, he attacks the great embodiment of the Revolution, and we shall know how to shake a few of these crazy thrones for him, if he drives us to it. . . .

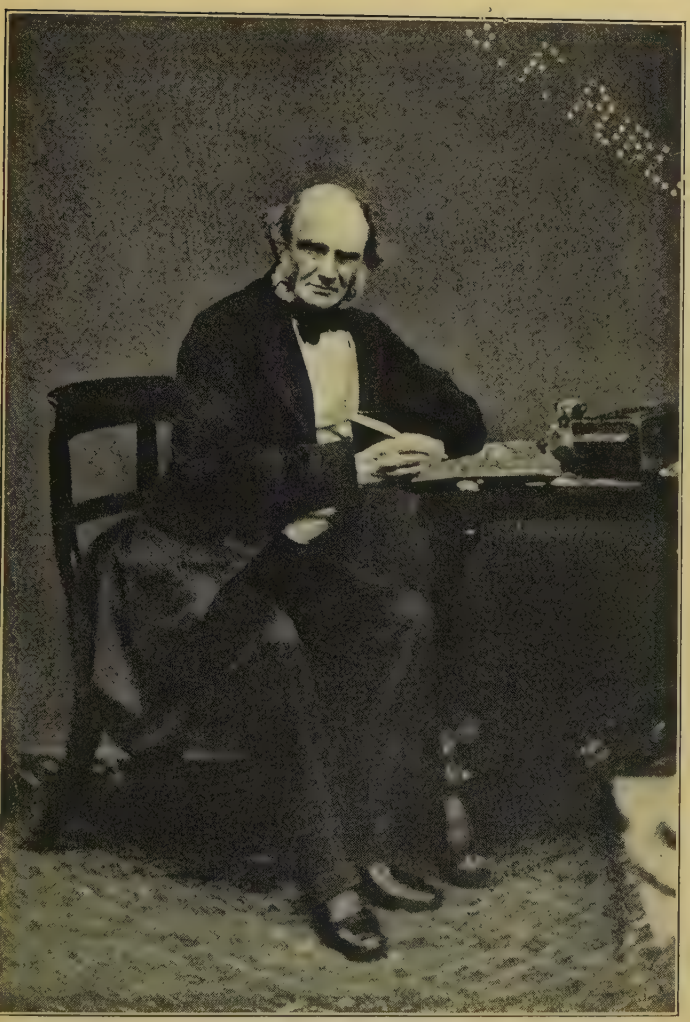
We had heard the details of your promotion question some time since. I am glad of your decision; I cannot doubt of its wisdom, and I applaud your magnanimity. Very true is it that promotion is not progress, and you and I have worked out that problem for ourselves at just about the same time, though by rather different paths. My ideas on such subjects have changed in two years more than I could have guessed, and I fancy, if we ever manage to get back to Quincy, we shall find that this scattering of our family has left curious marks on us. For my part I can only promise to be liberal and tolerant towards other people's ideas; let them leave me equally to mine. . . .

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, October 2, 1863

. . . . . .

We go on very quietly here just now. Mr. Sumner's speech has not made much noise here, because none of the newspapers choose to reprint it. One good effect has attended it in the impulse it has given to Lord Russell to make a speech in reply, which goes a little farther on the road of peace than anything yet done. The formal retirement of Mr. Mason because Lord Russell does not incline to pet him, has not produced the smallest effect — any more than the violent, incendiary posters to be seen at all the corners, calling on the people to come to the rescue of the suffering



EARL RUSSELL

confederates. The lower classes are most generally with us or indifferent, so that I am a little surprised such fancies, which cost money, should be indulged at all. The only mob that could be raised here in sympathy with the rebels would be among the nobility and the men of property and standing on the exchange, and that would not go far to lift any sinking party out of the mud. Their affection for the South depends entirely on the ability it has to do mischief to us. Should it prove to sink in the scale, their support would go with it. Indeed they would soon be astonished that any other issue could have been expected. . . .

Henry Adams to Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

London, October 2, 1863

The Scotia's telegram has just arrived, and for an hour or two past, I have been reflecting on the news it brings of what I conceive to be a very severe defeat of Rosecrans. At this distance and with our mere scraps of doubtful intelligence, I am painfully impressed with the conviction that our Government has been again proved incompetent, and has neglected to take those measures of security which it ought to have done, expecting as we all did, just this movement, or the corresponding one on Washington. I imagine that this mischance insures us another year of war, unless the army of the Potomac shows more energy than usual and more success than ever yet. The truth is, everything in this universe has its regular waves and tides. Electricity, sound, the wind, and I believe every part of organic nature will be brought some day within this law. But

my philosophy teaches me, and I firmly believe it, that the laws which govern animated beings will be ultimately found to be at bottom the same with those which rule inanimate nature, and, as I entertain a profound conviction of the littleness of our kind, and of the curious enormity of creation, I am quite ready to receive with pleasure any basis for a systematic conception of it all. Thus (to explain this rather alarming digression) as sort of experimentalist, I look for regular tides in the affairs of man, and of course, in our own affairs. In every progression, somehow or other, the nations move by the same process which has never been explained but is evident in the ocean and the air. On this theory I should expect at about this time, a turn which would carry us backward. The devil of it is, supposing there comes a time when the rebs suddenly cave in, how am I to explain that!

This little example of my unpractical experimento-philosophico-historico-progressiveness will be enough. It suffices to say that I am seeking to console my trouble by chewing the dry husks of that philosophy which, whether it calls itself submission to the will of God, or to the laws of nature, rests in bottom simply and solely upon an acknowledgment of our own impotence and ignorance. In this amusement I find, if not consolation at least some sort of mental titillation. Besides, I am becoming superstitious. I believe Nick Anderson's killed. Write me that he's not yet gone under, and I will say defiance to the vague breath of similar chimaeras. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Hartwood Church, Va., October 5, 1863

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In addition to moving they have again put me on duty as Judge Advocate of a Court Martial. Accordingly I now have no time to write to anyone or to get through the necessary business of my company, for on the march and in campaign I am on duty and the moment we get into camp for a day or two the Court is convened and I am busy from morning to night preparing business, taking notes, examining witnesses and expounding military law. Thus I have little time enough to call my own, as for three weeks I have been soldier one day and lawyer the next, coming in for every discomfort of duty, both routine and extra, with none of the advantages of either, and with little opportunity to take care of myself or think of my friends.

We broke camp at Warrenton about the 12th of last month and have been wanderers ever since. Finally where have we landed? Did you read the heading of my letter? The last of May, with a light heart and hoping never to see it again, I turned my back on Hartwood Church. Now here, early in October, as the result of four months of suffering, peril, anxiety and labor, which has used up one out of every two of the officers and men of the regiment, we find ourselves returned for picket duty to that very Hartwood Church. It is bitter! The summer is over and we have just held our own. We have not advanced one foot in Virginia! Just here, all last winter we shivered in mud,

ice and snow through short days and interminable nights. From this spot we went out full of hope in April and again in May, and now in October we have come back with, I imagine, much the same feelings with which battered, disappointed old men walk up the steps of their old university. As it can't be helped we must make the best of it and it would be unfair to make our lack of progress the test of our success. We have completely foiled the best army and the ablest Generals of the Confederacy in its greatest effort and the fact that we hold our own here is no small item in the estimate of our general progress. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

[*London,*] *October* 9, 1863

. . . . . .

THE political position of England is now fixed with a sufficient degree of firmness to relieve us of any immediate anxiety, and all our care centres upon things at home. The Chickamauga affair remains a mystery. The published report of that battle which appears to have been furnished to the associated press, seems to me to be so extraordinary a document that I give no faith to it until further confirmation. The defeat I care comparatively little for. But the confidence I have had in Rosecrans founded on a military career of such successes as those at Corinth, Murfreesboro and Shelbyville, is not to be shaken by a newspaper writer from Cincinnati. Especially when his statements are in such contradiction with those of Rosecrans himself. I suppose we shall soon know whether it is the Ohio copper-

heads who are trying to add dishonor to the defeat, or whether we have in fact got to give up our old confidence in the General.

I doubt whether you will succeed in getting a fight out of Lee. Ah! if our good Government would now but throw Meade's whole army upon North Carolina and cut off that little game of shifting corps from one army to another, I think we might with a little energy settle the affair. As for Washington, if the destruction of that city were simultaneous with the end of the rebellion, I don't know that such a result might not be very willingly risked. Meanwhile I feel fresh anxiety for you at every advance, as I suppose the Cavalry must be very hard worked just now. Of course we do not discuss the subject, as I've no fancy for raising trouble in feminine bosoms. The mystery in which the army of the Potomac is wrapped just now adds to my doubt, and the next telegram is by no means likely to be opened with less sinking of the stomach than usual.

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, October 16, 1863

MY letter of last week informed you of my campaign to St. Leonards. . . . The family are charmingly situated down there, with the ocean rolling under their windows; and the more I look at it, the more I feel how far the ocean is superior in grandeur to every other object in nature. To have it always under one's eyes is certainly the most easy way of obtaining the grandest amusement in the way of spectacle that the world

affords. The climate on that coast is mild and the atmosphere clear and free from smoke. . . .

As for me, I am getting to be of Dr. Johnson's opinion that nothing is equal to Fleet Street. Not that I take so much pleasure in looking at it as I do at the magnificent changes of the ocean at St. Leonards; but the fact is I feel the want of London more when I leave it than I appreciate it when here. Still, I am very contented to be here alone, although I am still allowed little freedom of hours. . . . I am ruining my constitution by studying far into the small hours, and yet I think the profit balances the wear and tear. Silvyer and gold have I none, nor do I ever expect to realise my labors in that shape, but oh, my friend and mentor! I have learned that there are objects of ambition which may be held separate from the opinions of men or the applause of listening Senates.

The ancient Sir Henry Holland summoned me to breakfast the other morning to tell me that he had seen you three weeks ago and that you were well and prosperous. He seemed to have less acquaintance with your situation than I should have supposed he would have tried to get on our account. He did however declare himself pleased with your appearance, and Ted Lyman had apparently been sounding your praises largely. It is well to have friends at head-quarters. . . .

Public matters are very quiet and I trust will remain so for some time. We watch with interest the military position at home, and I am on sharp pins to know what will be the next act of the play in Tennessee. If the rebs can drive us out of there, they will save themselves for

the time, but I feel confident that they would have to pay a price for it, of which Chickamauga is a first and limited instalment. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, October 23, 1863

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I WRITE and read, and read and write. Two years ago I began on history, our own time. I labored at financial theories, and branched out upon Political Economy and J. S. Mill. Mr. Mill's works, thoroughly studied, led me to the examination of philosophy and the great French thinkers of our own time; they in their turn passed me over to others whose very names are now known only as terms of reproach by the vulgar; the monarchist, Hobbes, the atheist Spinoza and so on. Where I shall end, *das weiss der liebe Gott!* Probably my career will be brought up at the treadmill of the bar some day, for which, believe me, philosophy is as little adapted as war. Who will lead us back to the pleasant pastures and show us again the rich grain of the lawyer's office! Verily I say unto you, the time cometh and even now is when neither in these mountains nor in Jerusalem ye shall worship the idols of your childhood.

Did you ever read Arthur Clough's Poems? the man that wrote that pastoral with the unpronounceable name, the Bothie of Toper-na-Vuolich. If you have not, I would like to send them to you. Young England, young Europe, of which I am by tastes and education a part; the young world, I believe, in every

live country, are reflected in Clough's poems very clearly. Strange to say, even Oxford, that most Catholic of conservative places, has become strongly tinged with the ideas of the new school. John Stuart Mill ranks even there rather higher than the authorities of the place itself, with which he is waging internecine war. Whether this gentle simmering will ever boil anything, who can say?

Meanwhile we wait still for the result of your military evolutions. I cannot imagine that Lee means to attack you, and yet I am equally unable to comprehend how he can maintain himself. I don't think his report on the Gettysburg campaign has raised his reputation here. There is such a thing as too candid confession of defeat, and he certainly does n't conceal his blunders. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, October 30, 1863

IF it were n't for our own anxiety about you, I think we should get on swimmingly in these times. The war has taken a chronic shape, and it seems pretty clear that it must burn itself out, or perhaps I should say, burn the rebels out. After having passed through all the intermediate phases of belief, I have come out a full-blown fatalist, and what has greatly aided this result has been the observation of the steady movement of affairs at home. The world grows just like a cabbage; or, if the simile is vulgar, we 'll say, like an oak. The result will come when the time is ripe, and the only thing that disgusts me much is the consciousness

that we are unable to govern it, and the condition that a man of sense can only prove his possession of a soul by remaining in mind a serene and indifferent spectator of the very events to which all his acts most eagerly contribute. This has been in one form or another the result of every philosophical system since men became conscious of the inexplicable contradiction of their existence, and though it may seem nonsense to you with bullets flying round, it does very well for a theory of existence so long as it has no occasion to regulate the relation between one man and another. But there, I confess, it rubs, and naturally enough. So I can contemplate with some philosophy the battles and the defeats, which are indeed only of the same sort of interest as the story of Marathon or Naseby, a degree intensified, but not so with your hasards. The race will go on all right or wrong; either way it's the result of causes existing, but not within our reach; but unfortunately if you were to get into trouble, you might not go on at all, which from my point of view would be disagreeable to us all, yourself inclusive, and would not admit of the application of your old though fallacious maxim that life is a system of compensations, a maxim probably just, if we speak of the race as a unit. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Foxville near Warrenton, Va.
On Picket, October 31, 1863

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I write on a bread-box and in a grove, through which the wind blows freely; while about a hundred and fifty

yards from here a squad of rebels are philosophically watching a squad of my men separated by the Rappahannock, here about three feet deep and thirty broad. I first picketed this ford the 31st of May last, and since then have done so frequently. Three weeks ago Monday a detachment of mine, under Captain Thayer and Ned Flint, were chizzled out of it by the enemy in a most surprising and amusing way, receiving their first announcement of danger in the form of a volley from the *rear;* and here I had the satisfaction of skirmishing half the night. It is a pretty, pleasant place, but I should not weep not to see it again. By the way Mamma wanted to know who Ned Flint is. He is n't Mrs. Shiverick's brother, but a son of Dr. Flint of Boston. He graduated two years before John, has wandered far and got but little but experience to show for it, and has now turned up as an officer in this regiment. In figure he is my height, fat and tough. In disposition he is energetic and lazy, shrewd and slow, brave, good natured and enduring, extremely temperate, thick skinned physically and morally as a rhinoceros, and withal the man of the most amusing and immovable self-poise I ever saw in my life. He is a very valuable and reliable officer and I really don't see what I should have done without him this summer. Ned Flint reformed, made money and was lost on the Golden Gate in the Pacific.

Since I was last here my experiences have been multifarious. I see you always think our regiment is out of the way in action unless its name is mentioned. This regiment never is and never will be mentioned in

reports: first, because we do not come from Pennsylvania or New York; and secondly, because we do not know any newspaper correspondents. But I do assure you we have done our share and been as frequently in action and suffered more heavily than most of the regiments you see mentioned so frequently.

Now I think the campaign is about over and things will remain, here and in the West, pretty much as they are until next spring — the Mississippi and Eastern Tennessee being the great results of the summer's campaign. Is it not enough? In Virginia we have not made any progress for reasons obvious to every thinking man and painfully stamped on the heart and history of this fine army; but again we have foiled and held in check the confederates' finest army and ablest generals. As for them they have nowhere, at best, done more than hold their own and, on the whole theatre of war, have lost ground enormously. That the crowning success was withheld from this summer's campaign was a bitter disappointment to me, but, on second thought, seems right and good, for I see we are not ripe for it. The one good to result from this war must be the freedom and regeneration of the African race. Without that it will be barren of results. That can only be wrought out through the agency of the army — the black soldiers. They are coming but they are not here yet. Every disaster and every delay brings them on and the necessity and difficulty of raising more troops only forces their development. I want to see 200,000 black soldiers in the field, and then I shall think it time to have peace. The African question

might yet take a step backward in the face of a final success won by white soldiers, but it never will after that success to which 200,000 armed blacks have contributed. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

St. Leonards, November 4, 1863

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ON this side we are now enjoying a period of repose. The only question of interest to us is that connected with the outfit of war vessels for the rebels. The appeal from the decision of Baron Pollock in the case of the Alexandra is just now coming on. Singularly enough the Baron shows symptoms of change of mind in regard to his own charge, the practical effect of which is to embarrass the proceeding, and perhaps to lead to the necessity of a new trial. I do not know whether this is to be regarded as a favorable result or otherwise. My theory heretofore has been that delay is a very good thing. But I am not sure that the Court of Exchequer is not now prepared to act upon the subject in a right spirit; which, if it were so, would put an end to farther question. Barring this, I know not that there is at present any cause of serious difficulty between the two countries. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS MOTHER

Camp of 1st Mass. Cav'y
Near Warrenton, Va., November 4, 1863

. . . . . .

CONTRARY to my expectations in my last we are daily expecting a movement of some kind, though what, we

are at a loss to imagine. I look for it with mixed emotions. I know that we ought to move and by offensive operations keep a portion of the burden of the war from the shoulders of our armies in Tennessee, and I am in so far willing to be sacrificed; but every man in this army to whom bitter experience has taught the first principles of strategy, feels that it will be all sacrifice, that of ourselves we can effect nothing. We know now that every movement or raid to Richmond is foredoomed to disappointment; that Washington cannot be covered and Richmond taken at the same time. Our situation is that of a man fighting for his life, with one hand tied behind his back. Of course this condition of affairs bears more heavily on the Cavalry than on any other arm of the service. We are fairly used up, knocked off our legs. Marches, scouts, reconnoissances and battles have done their honest work and not much more can be gotten out of the Cavalry Corps this year. To show results let me state my own experience in a few words. In June I commanded two companies and had one hundred and ten men in the field. I now command three and have about forty effectives, not twenty of whom would be left at the end of four days hard service. The men are well enough, but the horses! Such a collection of crow's bait the eye of man never saw. Solomon's song of the war-horse was the most bitter satire ever conceived. He may have been wise in his day and generation, but he evidently never saw field-service, and they did n't know everything down in Judee. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, November 13, 1863

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IN the meanwhile the interest centres around Chattanooga. Mr. Jeff. Davis tells us the possession of that point is a vital question. So last year, he announced that the possession of Vicksburg was equally vital. Yet he now tells us that the state of his affairs is better now than it was a year ago, in spite of the loss of Vicksburg in the interval. Should he fail in recovering Chattanooga, he may find that his condition has after all been equally improved by that loss. There is nothing like keeping up a good heart. All hopes of the division of the Free States are gone. All hope of recognition from Europe is gone. All hope of any restoration of the currency is gone. All hope of ruling through the agency of King Cotton is gone. Yet Mr. Davis persists in believing his affairs improved. Well, if that be the kind of encouragement he wants, I only wish that he may continue to enjoy it in large measure. . . .

The only movement that has roused attention has been the speech of the Emperor of the French, proposing a fresh Congress to be held at Paris, for the purpose of devising some new arrangement of the balance of power that may prevent a war in the spring. In reality, he has got himself mounted on so high a horse that he finds he cannot get down, and he fears he may be thrown. If his friends will only build him a ladder he will try to change his seat to a smaller and more

manageable pony. This seems to be the substance of the case. We now wait to see what answer he will get. It is pretty plain that the British Lion will not put out a paw to help, if it can be avoided. Neither will the Russian bear move far from his lair, unless he can see something to be gained by it. The German race seem to think it all means mischief, particularly to themselves. Thus stands the matter at this moment. Yet there may be a Congress in Paris after all. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, November 20, 1863

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OF all things here abroad nothing has caused us more gentle slumbers since the seizure of the iron-clads than the delicious state of tangle Europe has now arrived at. Nothing but panic in every direction and the strongest combination of cross-purposes you can conceive. The King of Denmark has just died with a clearly perverse purpose of increasing the confusion, and any day may see a Danish war. Russia expects war and France acts as though it were unavoidable. Meanwhile England hulks about and makes faces at all the other nations. Our affairs are quite in the back-ground, thank the Lord.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

Picket near Warrenton, Va.
November 22, 1863

. . . . . .

I INFER from this letter that you do not know how we are brigaded, but imagine that this regiment is, or may

be, independent, and that outpost duty is done by regiments specially designated therefor. If this is so you are in error. The whole cavalry of this Army belongs in one Corps, which consists of three Divisions and we belong to the 2d, or Gregg's Division. We are in the 1st Brigade of that Division, and the theory of our cavalry is to cover up the Army on its front and flanks. As a rule Gregg covers the right flank and all regiments do picket duty in turn, the rule generally being a three days tour of duty once in nine days. As another rule, when Gregg is engaged we are, but as for looking for this regiment in the papers — God forbid you should find it! Certain regiments are always in the papers. Such are always very green or make up in lying what they lack in character. We have been much amused lately by meeting tall stories of the 2d Penn. Cavalry, notoriously the greenest regiment in the Division. People at home believe these yarns, but we who know what the work is quietly laugh at the blow-hards. For myself I do not care ever to see my regiment's or my own name mentioned outside of the official documents of the Army.

I said I was on picket today. You will find us by looking on the map for the turnpike from Warrenton to Sulphur Springs, about two miles from Warrenton. We appear to be picketing against Mosby — at least he is round like a hornet, both within and without our lines. It is laughable the way he dodges round and annoys us, now pouncing here and there worrying us everywhere. Every night there is firing along the line and I count that night lucky which passes without an

alarm. Long custom has fortunately made us old hands at it, and we do not lose much sleep however often we are turned out. I go back happy after every tour, in that I have lost no men. I like the work and enjoy its excitement, but three days at a time are quite enough, for, as I am always now in command when I am on duty, by the third day I generally feel as if I had been on the anxious seat long enough. . . .

Meade still seems to be near Culpeper, and yet Burnside is in danger! I cannot express how it weighs on me to see us in this false position. We cannot help Burnside here. Lee knows it and Meade knows it, and Lee knows that Meade knows it. We *must* cover Washington and we *must* threaten Richmond; so we rush to the Rapidan and actually hear Lee laugh from the heights beyond. If once the President would shove us onto the south bank of the James Lee would stop laughing. As it is he looks down at us tugging at impossibilities, accepts the issue as we offer it, meets three of us with one of his and sends the rest to crush Burnside. Be assured this Army would be made more efficient if it went down to Norfolk shorn of 25,000 men left for the defense of Washington. What was left could play a bigger part in the great game than the whole does here. . . .

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

St. Leonards, November 25, 1863

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Your filial disposition has led you to accord to me much more of glory than I deserve, for the events that

have taken place on this side. The people of the United States have done the work here as well as at home. It is impossible for foreign countries to help respecting a nation which respects itself. The war has done us much good. It has cured us of much of the spirit of vaunting and braggadocio which peace and prosperity had pampered, and has left us moderate but firm. The prejudices and distrust that prevailed here at the outset against every act of the Administration are slowly yielding to the conviction that it deserves confidence. All the little that I have contributed to this result has been to nourish by a steady and uniform bearing, as well under adverse as under favorable circumstances, the growth of this opinion in the British Cabinet. I believe that now it is firmly planted there. If our arms favor us in any moderate degree for the future, I think we may hope to steer clear of farther trouble in this kingdom. . . .

Henry Adams to Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

London, November 27, 1863

We received this week your two letters of 29th October and 5th November, for which we were very grateful. Your trials have my earnest sympathy, but I hope they are now drawing to a close. Mr. Lawley's last letter to the London Times from the rebel army at Chickamauga is chaotic. He says it took him forty hours to go by rail the hundred and thirty miles from Atlanta to Chattanooga, in the filthiest, meanest cars he ever saw. They are wearing out, down there. Do you observe how they have concentrated? They meet

us only at points now, and our cavalry cut into their sides and meet no resistance. A few plunges more! Some desperate kicking that will yet disturb our nerves, and I trust the end will come. They are looking for it here, and the worthy British people are turning their eyes away from the gashed and mangled giant whom their aristocracy wished so much to see successful.

Meanwhile you cannot conceive how differently we feel here in these days. There is no longer any perpetual bickering and sharp prodding necessary to exasperate this Government into doing its duty. All is oil and spike-nard; attar of roses and eau sucrée. I have n't succeeded in getting my eyes shut yet at the astounding energy with which they are making war here on the rebel outfits of vessels. Every day I am bewildered by new instances of the radical change of policy. Certainly the rebs put their foot very far into it, when they assumed such a high tone here against the Government, and if their policy is sound, then I'm sorry that their case is so hard. . . .

Meanwhile, the cloud that seems at length to be breaking away and letting sunlight over us, is settling down darker and darker over Europe. England has refused to join the Congress; so that chance is over. I am no Solomon, but such as I am, I read the English reply as the elegy over the entente cordiale. Napoleon must have allies. If England won't, then who will? Germany won't; that we know! Italy alone is not enough. Evidently the Emperor has no choice! He *must* draw up to Russia, and if he and Russia once declare that the Polish question and the Eastern ques-

tion go hand in hand, and that free Poland means Russian Turkey, then there'll be the devil to pay in Europe, and you'll see a row in which the democracy is sure to come up in the end! That is the problem of the day, and I consider that Europe has practically already declared that our rebels must expect no aid or countenance from here, with such emergencies staring kings and aristocracies in the face. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

St. Leonards on Sea
December 3, 1863

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THINGS are going on politically here from complication to confusion. Not that our own affairs are essentially changed, though this last week has been more lively than usual, owing to the rebs having bought a Government war-steamer and sent her out of a Government dockyard to cruise against us. This was cleverly done but I doubt whether it was good policy, any more than the other measures they've adopted of late towards England, which are calculated to throw the Ministry a good deal onto our side. I fancy this performance will only strengthen Lord Russell's hands, should he come before Parliament with his new neutrality bill.

But meanwhile the devil only knows what will happen on the Continent. Certain it is that there is already a violent pressure in the money market, which approaches a panic, and I should not be surprised if something were to blow up before long. People are uneasy enough, and with reason. . . .

Henry Adams to Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

London, December 11, 1863

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The success at Chattanooga has had a very considerable effect here, and the English papers acknowledge it to be an important advantage in a military point of view, though of course it only makes the ultimate independence of the South more certain than ever. A better test is the state of the Confederate loan, which under the pressure of the news and the tightness of the money market, has fallen to 35–40. It is only some eight months ago that it was brought out at 92. So that we may at length conclude that the opinion among capitalists is fairly become that the chances are against the independence of the rebels. Meanwhile the financial pressure that I mentioned last week has been checked. I don't see much reason to suppose that this is more than a lull, and I'm quite sure that if our armies could suddenly release and send over here a million bales of cotton or so, half England would be ruined. Of course our own position here is now as comfortable as could be wished, and a victory or so more will set us in a position to put the grand finishing stroke to our work. I hope that before next September the English Government will have seen fit to recall its belligerent proclamation, and all our ports will be open again, or occupied. When this point is reached, I think our return to peaceful and private pursuits would be graceful and opportune.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Warrenton, Va.
Christmas evening, 1863

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This evening finds me in reality in winter quarters. To-night for the first time this year I feel comfortable in my new house, the admiration of all who see it, with a fire-place, candles, chairs and table. I must describe it even if I am verbose, for not even Mrs. John D. Bates, on moving into No. 1 Boston, experienced half the satisfaction I feel in this offspring of my undeveloped architectural talent. It cost me twelve dollars in money. I bought half of a roof of a building from which the soldiers had stripped the sides. This was divided at the ridge-pole and the two sides constitute the two sides of my house, six feet high by fourteen long, the front and rear logged up, with an open fire-place in the rear, the whole covered with an old hospital tent fly, and with a floor of boards — warm, roomy and convenient, two beds, three chairs and a table, and every thing snug. Don't talk to me of comfort! Bah!! Everything is relative. I have more real, positive, healthy comfort here than ever I did in my cushioned and carpeted room at home! So much for my room and now for my letter.

My last was from here and a week ago last Monday. It was well I wrote then, for if I had n't, you would n't have heard from me yet. The truth is this Brigade is in an absurd position and doing most unnecessary work. We are here at Warrenton — one brigade of cavalry — the army is at Brandy Station and Rappa-

hannock Bridge. We have nothing near us and seem to be here theoretically to cover the railroad, practically to tempt the enemy to attack us. It is wicked to put troops in such a position. Every day I thank God we are safe so far. Every day increases our danger and, as a natural consequence, we are being worn out with incessant picket and scout, scout and picket. The simple truth is we are wretchedly officered, Brigade, Division and Corps. Pleasonton is a perfect humbug and has and does, unnecessarily, cost the Government 20,000 horses a year. Gregg and Taylor are both — Pennsylvanians, and I — well, I suppose I'm a confirmed grumbler. . . .

Speaking of the war, do you see the "Army and Navy Journal," a new weekly publication in New York. If you do not, you had best at once subscribe for it. It is the only American paper which treats calmly and intelligibly of military questions. It would afford you in England immense information and insight into things which newspapers only muddle. It would furnish you as Minister many solutions of problems over which you must puzzle, and before which the English stand amazed. As to Meade, be assured he has the confidence of this army. He is a brave, reliable, conscientious soldier and under him we need fear no heavy disaster, and may hope for all reasonable success. He is not Grant or Rosecrans, but he is ten times Hooker and twice McClellan. He is an able and formidable General of the Fabian school, more of the Marshal Daun than the Frederick the Great. My great wish is for no more changes.

1864

1864

Henry Adams to Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

London, January 15, 1864

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This week has been rather a busy one, what with one duty and another, as well as a steady atmosphere of yellow coal-smoke which however does not always prevent one's seeing as far as the opposite side of the street. But the most amusing experience I have had was at a dinner with one of the City Companies, the old Guilds you know, at their Hall down in the heart of London. One of my acquaintances in society asked me to dine there with him, he being a member, and I accepted with pleasure, as I was curious to see the style. So down we went one evening, three of us, and made our appearance in a party of about one hundred and fifty individuals, including the Lord Mayor. It was a curious place; a fine old hall, wainscoted and hung about with pictures and decorations. I was immensely delighted with discovering our ancient acquaintance Dick Whittington there, a shining light, without his cat, but dignified as a dozen Lord Mayors. The dinner was *ausgezeichnet* as the Dutchmen used to say, and so were the wines and lots of them. In fact the style of the good corporation of Mercers so far as their feed went, was unexceptionable, and I eat two plates of real turtle soup with serene satisfaction, calipash and all. Our third friend however took too much wine, and

so did a curious and simple snob opposite to us. All of a sudden, to my profound astonishment, a violent altercation sprang up across the table, and each party began to vituperate the other like a Shoreditch cabman. Both parties declared that they were grossly insulted, and the gentleman in the retail haberdashery business opposite, my curious snob, who was very drunk and a Mercer, insisting upon dilating in a loud voice on the personal attractions of our man, thus driving him into the most insane rage. He also happily touched off my character, apparently noticing that I was observing him with pleased curiosity. Having rather failed in an attempt to stare me out of countenance, he burst into a loud laugh, and remarked that I was "a good fellow but damned ugly." Ye Gods! what a delicious specimen of the City Snob it was!

We sat through the dinner, glaring over the table, but rose early and retired. Our opposite neighbors rose with us, and met us in the ante-room. Of course there was a fight, you will think! No such matter, my boy! As I was acquitted by them of any share in the matter, I stood on one side and looked on. The others went in, and for half an hour raised an infernal row, scandalising all the old gentlemen who said that nothing of the sort had ever occurred before, since Whittington was drunk there in the year two thousand and fifty-five before Christ. Our man reviled the Mercerian snob with every species of contumely. He told him that he was a damned shop-keeping snob; that he might send in his bill at Christmas; and finally he descended to the lowest cloaca of abuse and called him by an epithet

applied only to the descendents of the destroyed cities of the plain. This seemed to settle it. I had supposed that nothing short of a fight could wash out so diabolical an insult. But instead of a blow, our red-whiskered Mercer at once shook hands all round, and became as friendly as possible. He was perfectly satisfied with the explanations which were refused. He was delighted with the apology that he could n't get. And as for the epithets, he had returned them!

I was keenly gratified with all this, and tried in vain to decide whether my man or the Mercer were the more wonderful specimen of Snobisma Anglicanum. I am still meditating this point. It was an experience which was far too good to be lost, for studying the character of our charming cousins.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Camp of 1st Mass. Cav'y
January 16, 1864

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As I wrote in my last my company has re-enlisted. It is the only one in the regiment which has done so, and it did it in a way inexpressibly gratifying to me. Under these circumstances I am privileged to take it to Massachusetts for thirty-five days and I expect to receive my orders every day. They can hardly fail to come by tomorrow, in which case I should leave here on Monday and push right through to Boston. In case my leave does not arrive by the time I am forced to start, I shall at once, on getting my Company home, turn round and come back here and put my leave

through myself. At any rate rest assured I mean to be with you in February and I shall allow no trifling obstacle to turn me from my purpose. Getting my leave through will be child's play compared with the difficulty of getting my Company home and I succeeded in tiding over the many shoal places which perplexed me through that operation. . . .

Meanwhile the re-enlistment question has destroyed all discipline and nearly broken our hearts. It has reduced our regiment to a Caucus and finally three quarters did not re-enlist. My Company alone has kept up to the mark. I told them that I expected myself to go to Europe for sixty days and that I would therefore have nothing to do with individual re-enlistments, but that if the whole Company would re-enlist I would remain here and see them home, if I had to remain here all winter. The result was highly satisfactory and more than three-quarters of my men have been mustered into the service for three years from the first of this month. I cannot express how gratified and yet how pained I am at this, as well as almost innumerable little evidences lately of the great confidence in, rather than attachment to me, of the men of my Company. They seem to think that I am a devil of a fellow. They come to me to decide their bets and to settle questions in discussion; they wish to know before they re-enlist whether I am going to remain in the regiment; and finally they came to the conclusion that it would be safe to recruit if I promised not to go away until I saw them home for their furloughs. To be egotistical, I think I see the old family traits cropping out in myself.

CAPTAIN CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS AND OFFICERS OF HIS REGIMENT

These men don't care for me personally. They think me cold, reserved and formal. They feel no affection for me, but they do believe in me, they have faith in my power of accomplishing results and in my integrity. . . .

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, April 8, 1864

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We go on much as ever. I never worked harder at my despatches than I have done this week. At my table for nearly seven hours and a half yesterday with little intermission. Then out to dinner only once this week, with the customary receptions at Mrs. Gladstone's and Lady Waldegrave's. You know both places and can well comprehend our feelings.

The Ministry still hold on. The great campaign planned prior to Easter has failed even more lamentably then General Sherman's. The object of attack, Mr. Stansfeld, very prudently resigned his post. Lord Palmerston was nobly heroic in his eulogy and equally philosophical in pocketing the advantage of the sacrifice. So the opposition must try again. As yet no programme has been substituted. But chance may favor them when strategy fails. The majority is ready. All that is needed is an occasion.

Meanwhile great efforts have been making to induce the Queen to come out of her solitude, and take her accustomed part at the head of society. The only effect has been to induce her to hold what one calls two "Courts," at which she will receive first, the principal

members of the Corps Diplomatique, and next, the chief of the nobility. This is a novelty indeed. Nobody knows what to make of it. The first of the two was fixed for Wednesday at three P.M. But late on Tuesday night I got a card from the Chamberlain announcing that a slight indisposition of Her Majesty had made a postponement necessary until tomorrow at the same hour. We are then to go — *i.e.*, your mother and I. The Queen is to go round and speak to each of us, which will be a good deal more than she has ever been called to do before. Yet she thinks this easier than to hold Drawing rooms! Apropos to this a very curious article appeared in the Times on Wednesday, evidently from headquarters, announcing that the sooner the idea was dispelled that she should return to that sort of work, the better would it be for all parties. The conclusion is inevitable, that society is to do as well as it can without her. The field will be open for the Prince and Princess of Wales. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Inspector General's Department
Washington, April 8, 1864

I arrived in New York and got through the Custom House at about eight o'clock Wednesday evening (6th inst.) and took the midnight train to Washington. On the passage I neither saw nor heard anything of Mr. Yeatman. He may have been on board, perhaps as a second cabin passenger; or I may have met him under an assumed character; but he certainly did not approach me, and, of course, beyond carefully examining

the list of passengers I made no effort to discover him. There was one Confederate lady on board, but I could not discover that any gentleman in particular seemed to have acquaintance with her.

I got to Washington at noon and delivered your letter to Mr. Seward in person an hour later. He read it attentively and as he did so I carefully observed him, in hopes of being able to catch some expression. I might as well have watched the walls of the Treasury building. He finished it and I told him that I was cognizant of its contents; that I had not seen anything of Mr. Yeatman on the passage and accordingly had nothing to report on that head, and offered to give him any further information in my power. He asked if a Mr. Lumkin had come over with me. I said I thought not. He then remarked generally, that he had but little faith in the matter, that he had made some inquiries about Mr. Yeatman and the result was that he found that Yeatman had borne in Washington the reputation of a flighty, visionary character, and his impression was that, though doubtless well enough intentioned himself, he was being made a tool of by the Confederate agents abroad. "However," said he, "I last night got a telegram from some one calling himself a Mr. Lumkin, and I never knew any one of that name who did n't come from Georgia, stating that he had arrived in Baltimore and asking me to send down an appointment for him at the Department to the National Hotel, and this may be Yeatman's other agent referred to in this letter." I then told him that the agent who was to call on Judge Catron was named Ellitson.

He then remarked that everything in this matter must come from the rebels and that he should neither pay money nor make any advances. As he talked he walked up and down the room with his hands in his pockets, and I could not tell at all how far he expressed his real sentiments, or how far he meant to give me impressions.

He certainly seemed in excellent spirits and to talk with great confidence. I thought too that he looked less old, thin and anxious than when I last saw him. He finally said: "Well, come and dine with me at six o'clock and we will discuss this matter. I don't now think of anything which I want to ask you." He made no reference to Mr. Scott Russell, nor did I speak of him; but as I was leaving he asked if the Ministry was going out, and I told him what you said on the subject, in regard to a crisis being egged on by the Emperor which was not likely to be followed by a change of policy, but that the party coming into power would probably contain a large element disposed in our matters to follow the lead of the Emperor. Of the national course as regards France he then spoke with great confidence, saying that if the Emperor desired it we were now as ready for a war as we ever should be, although, he added, that he was doing his best to restrain the feeling in Congress. I then left. Mr. George Thompson dined with him as well as myself, and nothing further passed on the subject of your letter, except that he stated that he had read it again, and believed there was nothing about which he desired to question me. This ends my connection with this business.

The impression left on my mind is that Mr. Seward,

influenced by what he had heard of Yeatman, by no means gives to this matter the weight which we hoped belonged to it. Still he is so very wary in his policy that I do not pretend to detect it. Meanwhile he waits for advances on this side, evidently ready *himself* to meet any one. He tells me that Judge Catron is dying, so that Ellitson will find himself afloat. Judge Wayne he intimated was unexceptionable as a medium. I can only say that you have clearly now opened a way for discussion, if there is anything in this, a way to which no exception can be taken. Now, on this side, where the matter now rests I am only clear on one point, and that is that Seward neither means to be tricked or to take a low tone with his opponents. He clearly means to make them act on the square or he will refuse to act at all. Thus the *bona fides* of this discussion on their part is the next matter to be tested. Clearly, though your part is done, we have not heard the last of this matter yet. . . .

I find unexampled military confidence prevailing in Washington, under an impression that Grant means to be, in fact as well as name, the head of the Army. I like much the deliberation and amazing secrecy of his contemplated movements, so far as I can get glimpses of them.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, April 15, 1864

. . . . . .

AMERICA is not much talked of here. Never so little since I first came. The immediate excitement is Garibaldi. Next the Danish conference. Lastly, the de-

parture of Maximilian to be Emperor of Mexico. The first is much the most extraordinary demonstration. People say there never was such a turnout of *the people* as that which received him. Three miles of road packed, before reaching the city. He is evidently the hero of all the unprivileged classes of England and of Europe. It is sentiment, and not action. The peculiarity of the present age is the freedom of the mind, whilst the body remains passive. Revolutions are worked by the steady spread of convictions rather than the sudden impulse of physical force. The existence of the United States as a prosperous republic has been the example against which all reasoning contrary to the popular feeling has been steadily losing strength. It was the outbreak of the war that in an instant gave such revived hopes to all the privileged classes in Europe. For three years they have been making every possible use of the advantage. But it is now manifestly on the wane once more. Napoleon's Mexican empire, as a bridle upon the movement of American republicanism, is the only practical result of the crisis. What that will amount to, the moment our troubles pass over and we settle down again into a nation, it is not very hard to foresee. An Austrian prince aided by French soldiers three thousand miles from any base, without an aristocracy and with a people little used to respect authority of any kind, in a country which has no sympathy with either Germans or French, has not a very brilliant prospect in the nineteenth century of founding a dynasty. In my opinion Garibaldi would have been a better selection.

This gentleman is the guest of the Duke of Sutherland at Stafford House. He is a young man with no particular political character, but the family, as you know, is identified with the liberal or Whig side. We all regretted that you were not with us on Wednesday when Stafford House, the only real palace in London, was thrown open to receive guests invited to meet the Italian hero. The only thing I was struck with about him was his great simplicity and quietness of manner. There was an air of dignity in it which had no factitious support in dress or in any outward demonstration whatever. I know of no nobleman here whose deportment marks rank so strongly. Yet it is very doubtful to me whether he ever was bred to it in any way. Neither as a soldier has he had any but irregular commands, over volunteer forces. The splendor around him, and the many distinguished persons assembled to meet him seemed to produce not the smallest change in his manner. This is perhaps the most difficult of all things to do. It indicates a very sluggish temperament or a great command of nerves.

His lameness from his wound still troubles him, so, presently, he went to bed, escorted to his room by the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke himself and the Dowager, his mother, the band playing in the centre of the hall on which the grand staircase opens, and many of the company looking down from the corridor above, as they descended. No royal personage would have been more honored. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, April 15, 1864

. . . . . .

POLITICALLY we are silent and expectant. The idea is universal here that our armies are depleted and our last hour coming, while the tone of the sympathisers is more defiant than ever. I am willing to wait and I expect a terrific crash when it does come. No more news about our negotiation. In fact all this is a period of placid quiet just before everything breaks loose again. I expect about a fortnight more of it before the tussle begins that is to do for us one way or the other. Meanwhile existence floats along and time passes, thank God!

May 13, 1864

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As for politics, there has been scarcely any time when our hopes stood so low in the opinion of persons in this country. The current is dead against us, and the atmosphere so uncongenial that the idea of the possibility of our success is not admitted. I am not sorry for this state of feeling. If we are defeated, it will be only what is already considered certain. If we conquer, the moral triumph here will be double.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

H.Q. Cav'y Escort, A. of P.
May 1, 1864

. . . . . .

IT [your letter] finds me contrary to my expectation still at Brandy Station, although expecting to move

almost daily. In fact we do not pretend to see more than twenty-four hours ahead, though my mind is not quite clear whether our advanced state of preparation for a move is owing to Grant's being nearly ready to assume the offensive, or to precaution on his part against an offensive move of Lee's. I should think that he could hardly as yet be ready, and that every day we delay would probably be of the greatest advantage to him. Meanwhile I have been and still am as busy as I can stick — clothing, equipping, drilling and policing my men, laboring all I know how to transform the dirty, ragamuffin squad I found here when I came, into a handsome soldierly squadron. Hitherto I must say my success has fully satisfied me. I never saw men in the same space of time equally improved. They enjoy their present duty, take great pains and learn surprisingly rapidly. I only need horses now and if I succeed in drawing these, have no fear that General Meade will have any cause to be ashamed of his escort.

I like my present position very much, as a temporary one. Here I can see some results of my labor. I lead a life of tolerable comfort, see some pleasant men, am independent and, finally, am relieved from the eternal and infernal squabbles of the regiment. . . .

My days here, as I told you, are busy enough. I have two drills a day, one on foot and the other mounted, and am besides my own Quarter-Master, Commissary and Adjutant; for I find my name potent at Head Quarters and so do everything myself, that I may have the advantage of it. My camp was a mud-hole. I have had it policed until it is as clean a camp as I ever saw.

I have done a good deal and done it all myself, so that, as yet, I have hardly been away from Head Quarters and have seen nothing of the Army. Of course you suppose, as every one does, that an officer living at Head Quarters knows all about the movements of the Army and what is going on. Disabuse yourself at once. Here we know just as much as we did in the line and that was absolutely nothing. They tell me at Head Quarters that there they always know things last, and certainly since I have been here I have heard of nothing but the vaguest surmises. The feeling about Grant is peculiar — a little jealousy, a little dislike, a little envy, a little want of confidence — all in many minds and now latent; but it is ready to crystallize at any moment and only brilliant success will dissipate the elements. All, however, are willing to give him a full chance and his own time for it. If he succeeds, the war is over. For I do assure you that in the hands of a General who gave them success, there is no force on earth which could resist this Army. If Lee is beaten, the rebels are "gone up." . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, May 6, 1864

. . . . . .

MEANWHILE the specks of war are becoming bigger and bigger on this side. The Germans seem to have made up their minds, as we say, to gobble up little Denmark. Possibly it may stick in their throats a little, especially if the British should put the channel fleet into the dose. The conference from which so much was expected turns

out a farce. Lord Russell and Lord Palmerston look before the world rather like greenhorns who have suffered themselves to be completely sold. John Bull is not fond of appearing ridiculous. You may abuse him as much as you like. He will give you as much as he gets. But if you laugh at him, he immediately becomes sheepish. He would rather fight than stay in that position. The fact is not to be disputed that the Germans have made a fool of him. So you may look out for breakers the moment he is fully made sensible of the fact. The conference will meet again on Monday, probably for the last time. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, May 20, 1864

. . . . . .

EUROPEAN politics that were so threatening three weeks ago, are now quiet again with a pretty strong tendency towards peace. England has backed down from every position she has taken, and this being the case, there seems to be no more reason for a fight. The Danish question is likely to be settled at the cost of Denmark, which is satisfactory to all parties except the Danes, and it was the very object of the war to squench these. I see no reason now for supposing that there will be any further trouble in Europe this year. Meanwhile, our iron-clad rams at Liverpool have been offered by their owners to the British Government, and M. Bravay was even so generous as to lower his original price, that the Government might take them. Accordingly the Government has taken them and they

are now a part of Her Majesty's Navy. Sic pereant! I wish things were in as prosperous a way on your side as they are here. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

H.Q. Army of Potomac
Hanover Town, Va., April [May] 29, 1864

. . . . . .

THE campaign to us here gradually unfolds itself. Grant and Meade discuss and decide, but keep their own counsel, and no one knows whether tomorrow the Army is to fight, to march, or to rest. Meanwhile marching now seems to be the order of the day, and since day before yesterday Head Quarters have moved thirty odd miles, turning all the exterior lines of Richmond and bringing us down to the interior line of the Chickahominy. Here we rest for today. Up to this time General Grant seems to have looked on this campaign in Virginia as one necessarily to be made up of the hardest kind of fighting, combined with all the generalship which he could command, and, as we were numerically the strongest, we might as well do the fighting first as last, pounding and manœuvring at the same time. If this was his idea, I think the wisdom of it is becoming apparent. I cannot believe that his operations have been or now are conducted on any fixed plan. He seems to have one end in view — the capture of Richmond and the destruction of Lee's army; but I imagine his means to that end undergo daily changes and no man in this Army, but Meade perhaps, is even able to give grounds for a guess as to whether we are to

approach Richmond from this side or from the other. Meanwhile, though Grant expected hard fighting, I have no idea that he expected anything like the fighting and the slaughter which took place in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania. He had never seen anything like it in the West, and the fierce, stubborn resistance we met far surpassed his expectation. Meade knew better what he had to expect and in fighting for him those battles were, I imagine, of incalculable assistance to Grant. Today, as near as I can see, results stand as follows: these two great armies have pounded each other nearly to pieces for many days; neither has achieved any real success over the other on the field of battle. Our loss has probably been greater than theirs, for ours has been the offensive; but we have a decided balance of prisoners and captured artillery in our favor. The enemy, I think, outfight us, but we outnumber them, and, finally, within the last three days one witnesses in this Army as it moves along all the results of a victory, when in fact it has done only barren fighting. For it has done the one thing needful before the enemy — it has advanced. The result is wonderful. Hammered and pounded as this Army has been; worked, marched, fought and reduced as it is, it is in better spirits and better fighting trim today than it was in the first day's fight in the Wilderness. Strange as it seems to me, it is, I believe, yet the fact, that this Army is now just on its second wind, and is more formidable than it ever was before. This I see on every march and I attribute it to movement in advance after heavy, though barren, fighting.

With the enemy it is otherwise. Heavier fighting, harder marching, and greater privations — for with them deficiency in numbers was only to be made good by redoubled activity — two men with them have done the work of three with us — all these have led only to movements to the rear, to the abandonment of line after line until now they find themselves with their backs against Richmond. Naturally this discourages troops, particularly coming after as hard fighting as they know how to do, and as a result we now get, as I am informed, from all sources but one story, and that of discouragement and exhaustion. The enemy is getting off his fight. What is to come next? Will Lee try to revive the spirits of his men and the fortunes of his Army by taking the offensive? Will he try to repeat the story of the Chickahominy and the six days' fighting? What does Grant mean next to do? I have always noticed that when I try to divine the future of military operations I am invariably wrong, and so I long ago gave up trying. Of a few things though I feel pretty sure. Stonewall Jackson is dead, Grant is not McClellan, nor is Meade McDowell. Grant will not let his Army be idle, nor will he allow the initiative to be easily taken out of his hands, and if he can outfight Meade, he will do more than he was ever able to do yet when his troops were more numerous, in better heart and much fresher than they now are. Accordingly we find ourselves approaching the climax of the campaign, under circumstances which certainly seem to me hopeful. The next few days will probably develop Grant's final move, the line on which he means to approach

Richmond and the point at which he means, unless Lee out-generals him, to have the final fight. I don't believe he will allow time to slip away or Lee to repair damages. I do believe that while the Army is resting today, it is drawing breath for the great struggle and on the eve of great movements and decisive results.

Things meanwhile work in the Army charmingly. Grant is certainly a very extraordinary man. He does not look it and might pass well enough for a dumpy and slouchy little subaltern, very fond of smoking. Neither do I know that he shews it in his conversation, for he never spoke to me and does n't seem to be a very talkative man anyhow. They say his mouth shows character. It may, but it is so covered with beard that no one can vouch for it. The truth is, he is in appearance a very ordinary looking man, one who would attract attention neither in the one way or the other. Not knowing who it is, you would not pronounce him insignificant, and knowing who it is, it would require some study to find in his appearance material for hero worship, though there is about his face no indication of weakness or lack of force. He has not nearly so strong a head and face as Humphreys', for instance, who at once strikes you as a man of force. In figure Grant is comical. He sits a horse well, but in walking he leans forward and toddles. Such being his appearance, however, I do not think that any intelligent person could watch him, even from such a distance as mine, without concluding that he is a remarkable man. He handles those around him so quietly and well, he so evidently has the faculty of disposing of

work and managing men, he is cool and quiet, almost stolid and as if stupid, in danger, and in a crisis he is one against whom all around, whether few in number or a great army as here, would instinctively lean. He is a man of the most exquisite judgment and tact. See how he has handled this Army. He took command under the most unfavorable circumstances—jealousy between East and West; the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the Southwest; that general feeling that the officers from the West were going to swagger over those here and finally that universal envy which success creates and which is always ready to carp at it. The moment I came to Head Quarters I saw that, though nothing was said, yet the materials were all ready for an explosion at the first mistake Grant made. All this has passed away and now Grant has this army as firmly as ever he had that of the Southwest. He has effected this simply by the exercise of tact and good taste. He has humored us, he has given some promotions, he has made no parade of his authority, he has given no orders except through Meade, and Meade he treats with the utmost confidence and deference. The result is that even from the most jealously disposed and most indiscreet of Meade's staff, not a word is heard against Grant. The result is of inestimable importance. The army has a head and confidence in that head. It has leaders and there is no discord among those leaders. We seem to have gotten rid of jealousy and all now seem disposed to go in with a will to win.

At last we have gotten out of the Wilderness. That interminable outline of pines of all sizes which it

seemed never would end has given way to a clearer and more cultivated country, and now we come across the old Virginia plantation houses and can now and then see a regular clearing. The Wilderness was a most fearfully discouraging place — an enemy always in front, against whom the fiercest attack we could make made no impression; incessant fighting day after day; no progress forward, and the hospitals cleared out only to be filled again, while the country was becoming peopled with graves. There the Army got very much discouraged and took blue views of life. The straggling became terrible and you saw men the whole time and officers sometimes living in the woods or wandering round the country. At that time I take it Lee had accomplished his object and the Army of the Potomac was crippled. It could not effectively have advanced. At that time, however, it experienced the great advantage of Grant's presence and power, for he at once re-enforced it by every available man round Washington, thus at once restoring its efficiency, while but for his power and name the Administration would, as heretofore, doubtless have defended Washington at the cost of all the fruits of this Army's fighting. Thus Lee found himself again opposed by a fresh army and every new man who came up from the rear served to revive the spirits of those who had been here before. Now the Army is in capital condition and I feel once more sanguine; but the telegraphs of the steamer which brings this will tell the whole story.

Meanwhile I hear not a word of your negotiation. What has become of it? Is it not too late now? or is it

supposed that disaster or success will bring the rebels to your terms? I do not even hear that that negotiation has as yet crept into the papers. But after all, it is of less consequence now, for formerly it might have stopped bloodshed, but now it can hardly be in time to do more than pave the way for conciliation. Since this month came in this war seems to have gone so far that now, in this last effort, either we must crush them or leave them so weak that little enough more blood will be left to shed. Pray keep me informed about this, and also do send me books and reading matter. Here at Head Quarters I have time and even Shakespeare is getting read out. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, June 3, 1864

. . . . . .

OUR position here has not been nearly so much affected by all that has taken place [in America], as it was last year or the year before. One cause of this is the fact that our whole question is now old and familiar to every one, so as to have become actually a bore and a nuisance. The enthusiasm for the slaveholders has passed away like that for the Poles and other such people, enthusiasm being a sentiment which is a precious poor lot to last. Whether it will return or not I can't say. Perhaps it would if the rebs were to capture Washington, Philadelphia and New York. Meanwhile the rebel cause is rather low in estimation just now.

Another reason for our comparative ease this year is

the continued troubles in Europe. England has consented to betray Denmark, and Denmark, having found it out, has declared its intention not to be betrayed. It will go under, if necessary; but no influence shall induce it to seal its own condemnation and declare itself to have been in the wrong. This was the result reached yesterday by the Conference, and although I do not doubt that Denmark is right in her protest, I doubt just as little that England will throw the Danes over, remorselessly, and add insult, as the Times does this morning, to the most flagrant treason.

Still England has a conscience or a part of one, which is uneasy. It is not strong enough to beat loud and firm, but it dodges about and excuses itself and frets. So that it gives us a happy respite from attention. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

H.Q. Army of Potomac
Cold Harbor, Va., June 4, 1864

Since my last of a week ago I have heard nothing and received nothing from you. Your letters evidently go astray, but where to does not yet appear. Mine was written from near Hanover Town; since then Head Quarters have twice moved, and we now find ourselves the same distance from Richmond, but more to the left and near the scene of McClellan's disaster at Gaines's Mills. We are again edging along a system of earthworks to the left, the two armies moving by the flank in parallel lines of battle. This whole country round here presents a most extraordinary spectacle in the matter of entrenchments. You doubtless hear a

great deal about rifle pits. These scar the whole country all along the road of these two armies. You see them confronting each other in long lines on every defensible position and you never seem to get through them. A rifle pit, in fact, is in the perfection to which they are now carried in these armies, nothing more nor less than most formidable fortifications, alive with infantry and bristling with artillery. The instant our infantry, for instance, get into position, they go to work with axes and spades and in a very short time there springs up in front of them a wooden barricade, made out of fence rails, felled trees or any material in reach of men who know what danger is and feel it near them; and in rear and front of this a trench is dug, the dirt from the rear being thrown over to the front, so as to bank it up and make it impenetrable to musketry and, except at the top, to artillery. This cover is anywhere from four to six feet high, is often very neatly made, and is regularly bastioned out, as it were, for artillery. As fast as a position is won, it is fortified in this way. For defence the same thing is done. The other day I rode down to the front and passed four lines of these entrenchments, all deserted and useless, before I came to the fifth, where the line of battle then was, which had just been taken from the enemy, and which they were already confronting by a new one. In this country, however, even these pits in the hands of an enemy are rarely seen. This is, as a country, the meanest of the mean — sandy and full of pine barrens, exhausted by man and not attractive by nature, it is sparsely peopled, broken, badly watered, heavily

wooded with wretched timber, and wholly uninteresting. In it you can see no enemy, for he is covered by a continual forest. He may be in front in any force, or in almost any kind of works or position, but you cannot see him. There is and can be almost no open fighting here, the party acting on the defensive having always the enormous advantage of cover, which he is not likely to forego.

We crossed the Pamunkey a week ago today and the Army has since been living and fighting in this wretched region. The weather has been very hot and dry, and the dust has accordingly been intense. The men have suffered much in marching and the incessant fatigue and anxiety of the campaign, combined with the unhealthy food, must soon begin to tell on the health of the Army. Meanwhile the fighting has been incessant, the question simply being one of severity. Yesterday we made a general attack and suffered a severe repulse.' Today little seems to be going on. The Army all this time seems to be improving in morale. I do not see at any rate so much straggling as I did at Spottsylvania. To be sure the stock of the country seems to suffer badly, and I see more dead pelts than I do live sheep, more feathers by the roads than fowls in the yards; but I no longer see the throngs of stragglers which then used to frighten me. The country however is terribly devastated. This Army is, I presume, no worse than others, but it certainly leaves no friends behind it. I fear that the inhabitants are stripped of everything except that which can neither be stolen or destroyed. This is the work of the strag-

glers, the shirks and the cowards, the bullies and ruffians of the Army.

As I now move with Head Quarters all my marching is very different from any I ever did before. Grant and Meade usually ride together, and as they ride too fast for me, I send a party to keep along with them and then come up at my leisure. So they push ahead surrounded by a swarm of orderlies and in a cloud of dust, pushing through columns and trains, and I follow as fast as I can. In this way I am forced to see all there is to see of this Army, laboring by long trains of wagons and artillery and interminable columns of infantry, now winding along through the woods by the roadside and now taking to the fields; waiting half an hour for a sufficient break in a column to enable one to cross the road, and at all times wondering over the perfect flood of humanity which flows by me by the hour in the form of a great Army. It is very wearing and tiresome, this always moving in a procession. One gets hot and peevish. Human patience cannot endure such wear and tear. One is greatly impressed at these times with the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war." There is abundance of material to be seen, men and muskets, horses and artillery; but for "pride and pomp," that is lacking enough! The men look dirty and tired; they toil along in loose, swaying columns and are chiefly remarkable for a most wonderful collection of old felt hats in every stage of dilapidation. Their clothes are torn, dusty and shabby; few carry knapsacks and most confine their luggage to a shelter-tent and blanket which is tied in a coil over one shoul-

der. There is in the sight of such a column marching much that is picturesque and striking; but such features do not at first appear and never in the shape in which one imagines them.

Grant and Meade usually start about seven o'clock and get into camp at about two. They stop at houses on the road and wait for reports or to consult. I pass much of my time noticing Grant during these halts. For the last few days he has evidently been thinking very hard. I never noticed this before. Formerly he always had a disengaged expression in his face; lately he has had an intent, abstracted look, and as he and Meade sit round on our march I see Grant stroking his beard, puffing at his cigar and whittling at small sticks, but with so abstracted an air that I see well that they are with him merely aids to reflection. In fact as he gets down near Richmond and approaches the solution of his problem, he has need to keep up a devil of a thinking. Yesterday he attacked the enemy and was decidedly repulsed. He always is repulsed when he attacks their works, and so are they when they attack his. The course of the campaign seems to me to have settled pretty decisively that neither of these two armies can, in the field, the one acting defensively and the other offensively, gain any great advantage. Fighting being equal, it becomes therefore a question of generalship. To capture Richmond Grant must do with Lee what he did with Pemberton, he must outgeneral him and force him to fight him on his own ground. This all of us uninformed think he could accomplish by crossing the James and taking Richmond

in the rear, and accordingly we are most eager that that should be done. Grant seems to hesitate to do this and to desire to approach by this side. His reasons of course we do not know, but they yesterday cost this army six thousand men. Feeling that we cannot beat the rebels by hard, point-blank pounding before Richmond, we are most anxious to find ourselves in some position in which they must come out and pound us or give way. The south bank of the James seems to hold out to us hopes of supplies, rest and success, and we are anxiously watching for movements pointing in that direction. While Butler holds Bermuda Hundreds I shall hope that he does so to keep there a foothold for us, and shall continue to hope for another flank move to the left every day. When it comes I shall look for the crisis of the campaign.

Meanwhile I see nothing to shake my faith in Grant's ultimate capture of Richmond, and even this delay and yesterday's false step seem rather like some of the man's proceedings in the Southwest, when he went on the apparent principle of trying everything, but leaving nothing untried. At present there is one thing to be said of this campaign and its probable future. In it the rebellion will feel the entire strength of the Government exerted to the utmost. If Grant takes Richmond, even without a battle, I think Lee's army will be essentially destroyed; for they will lose their prestige. The defense of Richmond keeps them alive. They will never again fight as they now do, when once that is lost. Thus to me the campaign seems now to be narrowed down to a question of the capture of Richmond

and that to a question of generalship. As to endurance and fighting qualities, the two armies are about equal, all things being considered, and the enemy's lack of numbers is compensated for by the fact of their acting on the defensive. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, June 10, 1864

. . . . . .

YOU can with difficulty imagine the anxiety existing in all circles here about the news. When it comes favorable to us, it makes rather long faces among the upper ten thousand, who do not like to believe we may possibly succeed. Conscious that their behavior is now well understood in America, they are still more desirous than ever that our power should be permanently impaired, on the principle that dead men tell no tales. These poor infatuated devils are playing their game, they think, much more surely and with less risk, than they could do it themselves. This game is one, however, which it is never safe for a nation to play, much less one so full of selfishness as England. At the present moment I cannot see a single country which it has succeeded in conciliating. Denmark and Germany, at odds with each other, are about equally indignant with it. France, though apparently in calm, as certainly detests it. No greater evidence of this could be afforded than the manner in which the success of the French horse at a late race at Paris over Blair Athol who had just won at the Derby, was hailed by the mass of the people present. The newspapers all describe it as if

they had actually gone distracted for joy. This is a trifle in itself, it is true. But just such trifles always display most strikingly the prevailing passions. If we turn to America the appearance is the same. They have done enough to alienate us without pleasing the rebels. Both parties see equally well that the course adopted has no origin in any feeling of good will to either. It rather springs from a hope of personal benefit growing out of the dissension. A nation which acts on such principles may prosper commercially for a time, but in the long run it takes the chances of adverse events against itself. It was just this which left England alone in the war of our revolution. And so it may be hereafter when Russia and the United States, both remembering the manner they have respectively been treated, happen to have in their hands the power to turn the scales against her. The first of these powers has this year made a great step towards emerging out of the difficulties in which she has been involved. The long struggle in Circassia is over, and the ill-judged Polish insurrection has justified extreme measures which will probably prevent any recurrence of it hereafter. At the same time the serf emancipation is going on quietly but safely to its completion. Here are three causes of national weakness removed at once. The external policy of Russia may henceforward be conducted with increasing firmness, in proportion to the degree of development which her domestic forces reach.

On our side we are yet passing through the painful trial consequent upon the effort to remove a great cause

of weakness. How much it may yet cost us, it is quite impossible to calculate. But the time should not pass without effecting the object, even if it be at the expense of the deportation of the whole body of existing slave owners. It may take us fifty years to recover from this effort. That is as a mere moment in comparison with the blessing it will give to our latest posterity to be free from the recurrence of such a calamity from the same cause. . . .

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, June 17,[1] 1864

As I write the date, my mind very naturally recurs to the time when, as a people, we were first subjected to the baptism of blood, under the necessity of maintaining a great idea. The sufferings of that period, terrible as they proved, were amply compensated for by the blessings enjoyed by the generation succeeding. One slight precaution only was neglected, or its importance undervalued. The consequences we now see and feel in the events that are passing in front of Richmond. As I read the sad accounts of the losses experienced by both sides in the strife, the warning words of Jefferson will ring in my ears: "I tremble for my country, when I reflect that God is just." The moral evil which we consented to tolerate for a season has become a terrific scourge, that brings the life blood at every instant of its application. How long this chastisement is to be continued, it is idle to attempt to predict. Only one thing is clear to me, and that is the para-

[1] Underlined — the date of the battle of Bunker Hill.

mount duty to future generations of not neglecting again to remove the source of that evil. It is this that completes the great idea for which the first struggle was endured. It is this, and this only, that will compensate for the calamities that attend the second. There is not an event that takes place in the slaveholding states that does not confirm me in the conviction that the social system they have fostered has become a standing menace to the peace of America. The very ferocity and endurance with which they fight for their bad principle only contribute to prove the necessity of extirpating it in its very root. This is not simply for the good of America but likewise for that of the civilised world. The sympathy directed in Europe with this rotten cause among the aristocratic and privileged classes, is a sufficient proof of the support which wrongful power hopes to obtain from its success. For these reasons, painful as is the alternative, I am reconciled to the continuance of the fearful horror of the strife. Looking back on the progress made since we began, it is plain to my mind that the issue, if persevered in, can terminate only in one way. There is not a moment in which the mere force of gravitation does not incline one scale of the balance more and more at the expense of the other. In resistance to this neither labor nor skill will in the long run avail. The laws of nature are uniform. The question with the South is only of more or less of annihilation by delay. Yet I cannot conceal from myself the nature of the penalty which all of us are equally to pay for our offense before God. If the great trial have the effect of purifying and

exalting us in futurity, we as a nation may yet be saved. The labor of extricating us from our perils will devolve upon the young men of the next generation who shall have passed in safety through this fiery furnace. I am now too far advanced to be able to hope to see the day of restoration, if it shall come. But it may be reserved for some of my children — indeed, for you if it please God, you survive the dangers of the hour. Great will be the responsibility that devolves upon you! May you acquit yourselves of it with honor and success! The great anniversary has inspired me to write you in this strain. I feel that even at this moment events may be happening in America which will make the memory of it still more dear to the sons of human liberty and free institutions all over the world. I accept the omen. May it be verified.

In this old world to which I now turn there is less to stimulate the imagination or to rouse the hopes of the observer. The contention here is now not so much for principle as place. The Conservative-liberal wishes to obtain the office held by the Liberal-conservative. The juggle of names only signifies that neither is in earnest. The day is one of truce between ideas. "Jeshurun has waxed fat." And the octogenarian leader who represents him, like old Maurepas in ante-revolutionary France, thinks to settle every difference with a joke. Such men thrive in periods of transition. But the time is coming when all these frivolities will pass away, and the great national problem of privilege only to the select few will come up and demand a stern solution.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

H.Q. Army of Potomac
Before Petersburg, Va., June 19, 1864

. . . . . .

MY last was from Cold Harbor and since then we have passed the long desired James and, at last, near Richmond from the southern side. That city is in the position Washington would be in, had a rebel Army, having the control of the Chesapeake, pushed its way to Baltimore and established itself on the waters of the bay, while this Army, unbeaten in the field but wholly unable to make any impression offensively upon the enemy, was manœuvring in the vicinity of Washington. Their cavalry also should have complete control of the field outside of the lines of our Army. In such a case I myself would expect soon to hear that Washington was abandoned or captured, that this Army had fallen back to secure its base and cover the North and the new line of our unconquered army was on the Susquehannah. Will this be the case with Richmond? I am not prepared to say and cannot feel sure. I have unbounded confidence in Grant, but he puzzles me as much as he appears to the rebels. He fights when we expect him to march, waits when we look for motion, and moves when we expect him to fight. Grant will take Richmond, if only he is left alone; of that I feel more and more sure. His tenacity and his strength, combined with his skill, must, on every general principle, prove too much for them in the end. Yet I often feel discouraged and never feel as if I saw my own way.

My last was from Cold Harbor and ten days ago.

A week ago last Sunday we moved out of our dusty, dirty, foul smelling camp and off in a south easterly direction. It was clear we were making for the James. Grant and Meade went only about seven miles, halting for the night at the spot where we found General Warren's Head Quarters. I don't know that Generals in Chief ever experience campaign discomforts, but on this night I certainly did in their train experience, not the discomfort of the line — of that, they and theirs know nothing — but very moderate discomfort for all that. We encamped in an orchard, and a very dirty and dusty one and there, as our train did n't come up, we passed a supperless night under a brilliant moon.

The next day at six o'clock we started and moved down to the banks of the Chickahominy where again we halted while the trains and the 2d and 5th Corps crossed the pontoons. Grant, Meade and Hancock were there and for several hours we killed time industriously. At last my name was called and I was ordered to report to General Hancock and was by him ordered to move forward, in advance of his Corps, on the road to Charles City Court House. For the rest of the march, which brought us to the James, the squadron accordingly kept in advance of the 2d Corps. Immediately in our rear Grant kept bulging along and then came Barlow's Division of the 2d Corps. As there was no enemy in our front and additions to our Cavalry advance speedily relieved me from command, I left the squadron with Flint and, seeing Barlow's flag at a house near the road, went over and joined him for the rest of the march. In company with that rising

General of Division I lunched and rode, and presently we made for another house, and seeking out an attractive cherry tree, ascended it and chatting over old times and old friends, eat our fill of that delicious fruit, while we watched in the distance the tired and dusty column toiling along.

Presently we resumed our march and gradually Barlow, an old Peninsular man, began to recognize houses and fields as familiar to him in McClellan's campaign, and then a sharp gallop through a deep field of clover, which swept our stirrup leathers, and we halted before an old Virginia plantation house behind which flowed the James. Rivers always burst on one at once, be they great or little, and so did the James now. The old Peninsular men knew what to expect, but I, certainly, had no expectation of seeing so noble a river. Some two miles broad at the point where we struck it, and with green swelling banks, it flowed quietly and majestically along, giving to me at least, one heated, dusty and anxious soldier, a sense of freshness, repose and eternity, such a feeling as I should have expected from the sea, but hardly from the James. There it flowed! We had fought the Indian, the Englishman and the Virginian upon its banks; only two years before it had been the resting place and the highway of this very Army; long before we fought on its banks or troubled its waters it flowed on as it did today; and long after we have fought and toiled our way out of this coil and our battles and sufferings have become a part of history, it will flow on as broad, as quiet and as majestic as when the vanguard of the Army of the Potomac

hailed it with almost as much pleasure as Xenophon's Greeks hailed the sight of the sea.

We dismounted and cooled ourselves on the porch of the house overlooking the river, while the signal officers had already put themselves in communication with Fort Powhatan, plainly in sight some few miles below. Presently Barlow went off to find a camp and I rode off to the squadron. I was not at all too early. They were just moving up the road, having been ordered to report to Colonel Jones of the 3d Pennsylvania for some unknown duty. Jones, I regret to say, is the unfortunate old woman who got us into our scrape at Parker's Store last autumn, and I have little confidence in him. The duty turned out to be picket, so, very cross, the squadron being reduced to some thirty men, I sent Flint in to form a camp and to take charge of the rest, while I went out in command. Presently the duty was developed — picket, as I supposed. I got my instructions and, just as the sun was getting very low, passed through McClellan's old defences and found myself within the position of Harrison's Landing. My instructions were to cover a certain road and to send a party down it towards Richmond, as far as I could before dark. Wilson's Division of Cavalry was supposed to be somewhere on that side and, if I could find out where he was, we were to be relieved. I gave Baldwin my instructions. (He is my 2d Lieutenant, formerly a bugler and recently promoted. He is about twenty years old and has a fondness for enterprises in face of the enemy.) I told him to take what men he wanted and go up the Malvern

Hill road and not come back until he reached Malvern Hill, unless he first struck the enemy or Wilson's Cavalry. He took ten men and just as the sun was setting the clatter of his horses' hoofs died away in a cloud of dust on the Richmond road. I stationed some posts and wrung something to eat out of inhabitants. Then, resorting again to my almost forgotten picket precautions, waited for the return of my scouts. I allowed them two hours, for I heard it was six miles to Malvern Hill; but when four were gone and they had not returned my confidence in Baldwin's courage, coolness and shrewdness — more than all in his luck — began to stand me in good stead; for without it I should have been anxious. At eleven I did begin to feel troubled and rode down to the videttes. Just as I approached them I met him coming in and much disgusted. He had been ten miles and close to Malvern Hill, got fired into three times and could n't persuade himself that he had fallen in with the rebels. He thought they were Wilson's men. It did n't require much to persuade me, and I believed more than ever in luck when I heard his story. He had staved ahead ten miles driving in the enemy's scouts and finally rode right into their picket line. When they fired on him he got it into his head they were Wilson's men and were firing by mistake, and so he persisted in hanging round and approaching them three times, but the third time they woke up and the bullets came so very close and fast that he unwillingly concluded he had better go home. He and his men being tired, I sent them into camp and for myself passed a quiet night on

picket. The next morning I rode all over McClellan's old camp of Harrison's Landing. The war has left deep scars around here and nature has not yet effaced them. The fields were heavy with clover, but full of the graves of Northern soldiers and the debris of the old camps; the houses around were ruined and the inhabitants gone; the fences were down and a spirit of solitary desolation reigned over all the region. On the James the steamers were running rapidly up and down the river and they afforded almost the only signs of life.

At noon I was relieved and towards evening got into camp. The next day we moved early and down the James, but did not cross, Head Quarters remaining on this side of the river and I going into a shady little camp some distance off, where we had a very pleasant time, getting many good things to eat and drink, catching horses, entertaining guests, bathing generally and, in fact, having a sort of picnic. The next day, the 16th, we crossed the James and found ourselves at last on the much desired south side. Meade and Grant were gone ahead. We pressed on towards Petersburg and found the march long, but dirty and disagreeable. The woods were on fire and the air full of dust and smoke, while the straggling of Burnside's Corps was the worst I ever saw. Towards evening the spires of Petersburg rose before us and we looked at them over the tremendous earthworks which Smith had captured the night before. Here too I first saw colored troops and they were in high spirits; for the evening before in the assault they had greatly distinguished themselves and the most skeptical on that

score were forced to admit that on that occasion the darkies had fought and fought fiercely. When we got into camp, as a brisk action was going on in front, Flint and I rode out to see what was going on. The captured works are superb, both in construction and position. That they should have been properly manned is out of the question, for even decently defended the whole of Grant's army could not have captured them. All admit, however, that the darkies fought ferociously, and, as usual, the cruelty of Fort Pillow is reacting on the rebels, for now they dread the darkies more than the white troops; for they know that if they will fight the rebels cannot expect quarter. Of course, our black troops are not subject to any of the rules of civilized warfare. If they murder prisoners, as I hear they did, it is to be lamented and stopped, but they can hardly be blamed.

Since that night we have been lying here before Petersburg, just where we then were. We have assaulted the enemy's works repeatedly and lost many lives, but I cannot understand it. Why have these lives been sacrificed? Why is the Army kept continually fighting until its heart has sickened within it? I cannot tell. Doubtless Grant has his reasons and we must have faith; but, certainly, I have never seen the Army so haggard and worn, so worked out and fought out, so dispirited and hopeless, as now when the fall of Richmond is most likely. Grant has pushed his Army to the extreme limit of human endurance. It cannot and it will not bear much more, and yet for days past it has been rammed, not in masses and with

a will and as if to win, but in squads and detachments and as if to provoke attack and defeat. In this Grant doubtless has his plan, but the Army cannot see it and it now cries aloud not to be uselessly slaughtered. I hope that tactics will change soon, for we cannot long stand this.

Thursday. An interruption, followed yesterday by a move of the Head Quarters, has caused a break in my letter. Grant apparently thought that as he could n't capture Petersburg he would just cut off the communications of both places at once by putting himself south of Petersburg — just as good as south of Richmond to him, and a good deal worse to the enemy. Unfortunately, as a man generally wakes up to a sense of danger when he feels a deadly enemy fingering his throat, Lee was this time on hand and before we got far on our road we met Mr. A. P. Hill and others prepared to object to our further progress. So here we are again, as it would appear, come to a deadlock. Whatever ultimate results may be present experiences are sufficiently unpleasant. The heat and dust are intense and the streams and springs are fast drying up. We cannot even get decent water for our horses. As for me and mine, we campaign in great comfort and with little danger; but the sufferings and loss in the line are something which I cannot think of without trembling. Our consolation must be the essentially Christian one, that the enemy is probably even worse off. Meanwhile it requires some effort to keep up one's hopes and courage. On every general principle I cannot doubt of the ultimate success of a man who takes hold of his work

with the skill and persistency of Grant, when backed by such resources; but the enemy confound me by the doggedness of their defence. Hitherto they have not, to my mind, evinced extraordinary skill or enterprise. They are now in a position in which only the most extraordinary military ability can save them and we shall soon see if they will develop that. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, June 24, 1864

. . . . . .

GENERAL GRANT shows one great quality of a commander. He makes himself felt by his enemy as well as by his own troops. This is one of the most important elements of success in warfare. The imagination has a vast power in upholding human force, or in knocking it away. The self reliance of the slaveholding rebel is the secret of the amount of his resistance thus far. He began the war with a full conviction that he was more than a match for half a dozen northern men. And in many instances that conviction acting against a feebler will made him what he thought himself. The progress of the war has done a good deal to correct these impressions. General Grant appears to be setting them right. The moment the rebel becomes convinced he has to do with a will stronger than his own, he will knock under, and not before. I have watched with a great deal of interest the gradual modifications in the tone of the Richmond newspapers since the first of May. *Then*, it was the most implicit faith in Lee's power to drive any force of ours, however large, back

to Washington. *Now*, it has got to the suggestion of prayers in their churches for the salvation of their Capital. The only cause of this change of tone is General Grant. If he will go on in the same line for a while longer, there is no telling what may be the state of mind to which he will bring them. Perhaps it might even get to that condition which marked the commander at Vicksburg on or about the early part of last July.

You ask me what has become of my affair. I have already hinted to you the result in a former letter. The party concerned failed from sheer blundering. Instead of abiding by the understanding as distinctly defined before your departure, he rushed into a position decidedly at variance with it, thus compelling a resort to measures on the part of the government which have, for the time at least, put an end to all progress. The party has now returned here without having ever reached his true destination. Events may yet favor the development of his scheme. At present I see no prospect of its turning up.

We are not without stirring events on this side too. The first is the naval conflict between the notorious Alabama and our steamer the Kearsarge. Practically this was a trial of skill between English guns and training, and American. If so, the result tells a singular tale. The Alabama fired more guns and oftener, within very short range. The Kearsarge did less but brought more to pass. Meanwhile our English friends are trying to make a hero of Captain Semmes. The animus of these people is not equivocal. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, June 24, 1864

. . . . . .

AND so we have sunk the Alabama. That at least was well done and has I think no drawback to unmixed pleasures. But the spitefulness which the English have shown has revived all my irritability. Semmes sought the fight, knowing all about the Kearsarge and expecting to whip her. He was so cut up as to be compelled to strike his colors, and actually cut the cross out of his flag, and ran it up again as a white flag. He sent a boat to the Kearsarge and surrendered the ship, and then was pulled out of the water, shouting for help; was stowed away at his own entreaty under a tarpaulin, deserting his own men, and running away by violation of every honorable demand through the treachery of a neutral flag kept near him for the purpose. And they're trying to make a sea-lion of this arrant humbug. I expect the matter to give us more diplomatic bother.

Fortunately for us in these rough times the attention of people here is pretty thoroughly absorbed in their own affairs. The Conference seems at last to have come to an end, and the prospect is very blue. The crisis will come on Monday unless some last resort is dragged into play tomorrow at the formal close of the Conference. The curious part of the whole matter is that every body is equally anxious to avoid war, and both rulers and people are running into every rat-hole to keep out of it. I send you herewith a copy of our

newspaper of the season, the "Owl," so that you may get an idea of the way things are going. The Owl is probably edited by Laurence Oliphant, with assistance from half the young men about town. We consider the wit pretty fair for London and at any rate much better than the letter-press of Punch. Meanwhile it is said that Gladstone will leave the Ministry next week, in which case he will probably be followed by Gibson, Villiers, and perhaps Argyll — our friends. But another account says Russell is to go out. Palmerston and he have been in favor of a strong policy, but were outvoted in the Cabinet, five to four. I should not wonder if there were a complete reconstruction of the Government. No one seems to suggest it, but I see no reason why the Tories, or the moderate half of them, should not come in under Palmerston, and Derby retain a reversionary interest. Will war be the result of a change? C'est ce que je ne crois pas. At all events it busies them, and as I am now satisfied that Russia must mean war, or at least means to obtain its ends at any risk of war, I do not quite see how Europe can long be quiet. There may be many more calms and squalls before that though. . . .

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, July 1, 1864

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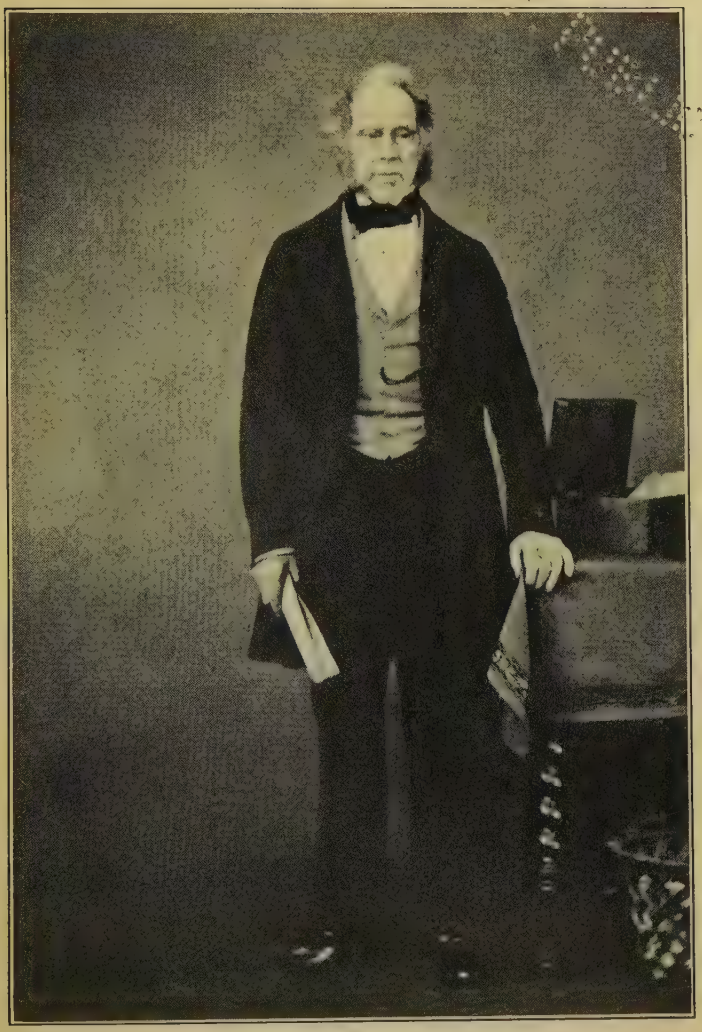
At present the great excitement here is about the Danish war. The conference which was to prove the grand panacea of the troubles was very skilfully played off by the Germans, and has ended in putting the Danes in a

worse situation than before. England has practically been aiding the game of their enemies, whilst proposing, I doubt not sincerely enough, to desire to sustain them. The question now is whether there is to be any such thing as Denmark left. Whilst this question is pending, the dispute among the English seems to be which ministry, the Whig or the Tory, will be in at the death. Next Monday, the great trial is to begin the Commons. Mr. D'Israeli is to move, that the policy of the *ins* has lowered the country in the eyes of the world, without pledging himself that the *outs*, if they should come *in*, would do anything at all different to raise it. In other words, what ought to have been a great question involving a broad examination of the interests of all Europe, is to be dwarfed into a tussle for the loaves and fishes of office. There will be some good speaking on both sides, but the present expectation is that the Ministry will scrape through by a small majority and Denmark will be left to its fate. Should it so turn out, there will not be likely to be anything more done this year of that sort, and the Ministry will tide over to 1865.

So far as this result affects the interests of America, I do not think anything more could be desired. Although I have little idea that the other party, however much it may sympathise with the rebels, will adopt any substantially different course towards us, if it should come in, there would be a change more or less marked in the personal relations already formed, and with it might follow a little more of friction in the movement on the two sides. I incline to think it best to let well



LORD PALMERSTON

enough alone. For myself I have jogged on with the present set more than three years, and if to that I should be able to add the fourth, perhaps at the end of that period they and I might be quitting together. At the age of Lord Palmerston, it would not surprise me if he should not outlive the Parliament. In that case, the chances would be that Lord Derby would come in without any serious conflict at the elections.

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, July 1, 1864

. . . . . .

THE crisis has also passed here. The Ministry have announced that war would be inconvenient; that America is too formidable a power to have in the rear; that Germany is a bully, and Denmark a little fool; that the blame all belongs to France, and is owing to the hatred of Russia to England; that when the war is over and Denmark destroyed, Palmerston will call Parliament to know whether to send the channel fleet to the Baltic; that in short everything is in a muddle and no one knows how to get out of it except by frankly backing out and refusing to act at all. We have been immensely delighted with this utter confusion of England. There is about it so simple and undisguised confession of impotence that it almost excites pity, and would do so wholly if it were n't that they are so ill-natured and currish in their expression of their disappointment. But it is not a little grateful to see the utter contempt felt for this country all over Europe now. The newspapers are filled with elegant extracts from

French and German sources, all expressing in varied terms the opinion that the English are cowards. For my own part, the case does not seem to me to be so bad. The English are not cowards, but they have the misfortune to be damned fools, and to have the same class of men for their rulers. Once in this mire, they are cross but make the best of it, and all the contempt of Europe will be swallowed without shaking the firm conviction of the "true English gentleman," as Kingsley calls him, that somehow or other he is right and all mankind is wrong. They will not even turn out the Ministry, it is said, and I can well believe it. But the European complication is not ended yet, and England will have to swallow more dirt before the end. What the end will be, I don't know. But I look for a great movement towards liberalism some day. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, July 8, 1864

. . . . . .

MEANWHILE our friends on this side are in the midst of a crisis. The failure of the Ministry to secure a settlement of the Danish question has been made the ground of a formal attack by the opposition with a view to a change of government. The debate has been going on with great vehemence ever since Monday, and it is to close tonight with a division on a motion of want of confidence. The most sanguine of the ministerial side do not now expect any majority strong enough to sustain them. They talk of two or four; but I should not wonder if it proved the other way.

The result will be known in season for this steamer. The probability now is that Lord Palmerston will determine to take the sense of the country by dissolving the Parliament. This is most certainly the right course. For the present House is in no condition to uphold government of any kind. Should this prove to be the policy, the country will for the next two months go through the spasm of a vehemently contested election, almost exclusively on personal grounds. I cannot perceive that any issue has been raised on principle. If the Ministry have made mistakes in their foreign policy, they do not appear to have been such as to render a material variation from it likely, if the opposition should take their places. The dispute is all about words. Lord Russell has been rough and menacing in his tone. Admitting this to be just (and I am not prepared myself to say that he is the most soft-spoken of men), the only change demanded is a little more politeness. The benefit of this will enure to foreign countries, it is true; but I scarcely understand how it is likely to extend to events or acts. "Great Britain has no friends in the world," people complain, who at the very same time indulge in a style of oratory towards foreign countries which goes clearly to show the reason why she has not any. If Great Britain indulges her fancy for abusing everybody it stands to reason that nobody will be grateful. The country however has no inclination on any side, as it would appear, to go further than to talk. Why then change the government, on a question of politeness? If Lord Russell has been brusque, let him amend his style and soften his

manners, instead of giving place to another who will do no more.

The real difficulty is in the condition of the House of Commons itself, which furnishes no basis whatever on which a minister can do more than talk or write. If an appeal to the country should result in returning a working majority for any man or set of men, then would something substantial be gained. It is possible that Lord Palmerston's personal popularity may secure this. He is the only really strong man in the public confidence left in England. But from what I gather, it is matter of serious doubt whether even he can do all that is needed. In the absence of any real issue, the reform bill has worked a state of the constituencies which gives no positive result to either side on a general election. If it should prove so on this occasion, then the last state of the patient will be worse than the first. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, July 8, 1864

WHAT do you say to the news you've been sending us for a week back? Grant repulsed. Sherman repulsed. Hunter repulsed and in retreat. Gold, 250. A devilish pretty list, portending, as I presume, the failure of the campaign. To read it has cost me much in the way of mental consumption, which you can figure to yourself if you like. And now what is to be the end? "Contemplate all this work of time." We have failed, let us suppose! The financial difficulty, a Presidential election, and a disastrous campaign are

three facts to be met. Not for us to meet, but for the nation, our own share being very limited. *Ebbene!* Dana's idea a year ago of throwing off New England is, I suppose, no longer practicable. But what is practicable seems to be a summary ejection of us gentlemen from our places next November, and the arrival of the Democratic party in power, pledged to peace at any price. This is my interpretation of the news which now lies before us. . . .

Lucky is it for us that all Europe is now full of its own affairs. The fate of this Ministry seems to be pretty nearly decided, so far as Parliament can decide it, without an appeal to the people. The division takes place tonight and the excitement in society is tremendous. Every one who has an office, or whose family has an office, is in a state of funk at the idea of losing it, and every one who expects an office is brandishing the tomahawk with frightful yells over his trembling victim. As for the degree of principle involved, I have not yet succeeded in seeing it. The nation understands it in the same way, as a struggle by one set of incapable men to keep office, and by another set of ditto to gain it.

Society is almost silent among the hostile warriors. I breakfasted with Lord Houghton last Wednesday and what do you think was the subject of conversation? Bokhara and the inhabitants of central Asia. Some twenty prominent people discussed nothing but Bokhara, while all Europe and America are on the high road to the devil. And a delightful breakfast it was to me who am weary with long mental and concealed

struggles for hope. I revelled in Tartaric steppes, and took a vivid interest in farthest Samarcand. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HENRY ADAMS

H.Q. Cav'y Escort, A. of P.
July 22d, 1864

TODAY is my family letter day. I have only to report all quiet before Petersburg and this week, in comprehensive return for all your favors, I report that much to you. My last, I believe, was written from City Point. I came up from thence on Saturday evening last . . .

Meanwhile things here are curiously dull; there is nothing that I know of going on. Since I came up from the Point I have moved round more than formerly. Monday I went over to see Barlow and had a talk with him. He does n't seem to lose any health in the field. Just as I was leaving his quarters I ran across General Meade and accompanied him back to Head Quarters where he summoned me to dine with him; which indeed I did, but I did n't pick up any crumbs of learning to speak of at his table. The General's mess consists of himself, General Humphreys and Theodore Lyman, and Meade, I noticed had not allowed anxiety or care to destroy his appetite. Wednesday I ran down to see Ned Dalton and found Henry Higginson and General Barlow there, and as Channing Clapp came up to dinner, we had quite a little Harvard re-union. George Barnard too happened in, coming down with his regiment on his way to Washington to be mustered out. The time of

service being over George is going home and looks with great gusto to the exchange of "before Petersburg" for Lynn. Henry Higginson has come down to try his hand on Barlow's staff. I have no idea that he can stand it as he is n't at all recovered from his wounds, but it is best that he should try it on as he must resign if he can't do duty. It is now thirteen months since he was wounded at Aldie.

After dinner I rode back with Barlow to the camp by moonlight, he indulging in his usual vein of conversation. It's pleasant and refreshing to meet a man like Barlow among the crowds of mediocrity which make up the mass of an army. Here's a man who goes into the army and in everything naturally recurs to first principles. The object of discipline is obedience; the end of fighting is victory, and he naturally and instinctively sweeps away all the forms, rules and traditions which, originally adopted as means to the end, here, in the hands of incompetent men, ultimately usurped the place of the ends they were calculated to secure. In every regular army this is seen: principles are lost sight of in forms. I am more disposed to regard Barlow as a military genius than any man I have yet seen. He has as yet by no means attained his growth. Should the war last and he survive, I feel very confident that he will make as great a name as any that have arisen in this war. He now contemplates going into the colored troops, raising a large corps and organizing them as an army of itself. Should he do so I shall doubtless go in with him and have a regiment of cavalry with just as much of a future before me as I

show myself equal to. However I freely confess that no military promotion or success now offers much attraction to me. My present ambition is to see the war over, so that I may see my way out of the army. I am tired of the Carnival of Death. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HENRY ADAMS

H.Q. Cav'y Escort, A. of P.
Before Petersburg, July 27, 1864

THOUGH I wrote to you last week yours of the 8th inst., which has reached me since, induces me, from the extreme hilarity of its tone, to renewed efforts. What the devil's up? What are you howling at? I never saw such a man! Has the bottom of the kettle tumbled out? That our success this campaign has not been so brilliant as it was last I shan't dispute, but why howl out in agony and cry *sauve qui peut?* I see no signs that the American people and their policy are to be turned topsy-turvy just yet. Even if they are, what then? I have ever found that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and be today ever so black tomorrow somehow or other, all prognostications to the contrary notwithstanding, is found bearable when it comes. I am not going to trouble myself about the ways of Providence any more than I can help, and I recommend all of you to do the same. At the same time I must confess your position makes success sweeter and failure far more bitter than we feel them here. When bad news comes I like to hide my head in the trenches as much as I may.

Meanwhile of the future, here or hereabouts, I can

tell you no more than I can of the future of Sherman's operations. Here we are just where we have been so long and no one knows anything. Hancock's Corps with two Divisions of Cavalry moved off toward Richmond last night, and we hear of some small success of theirs this morning, but no one knows why they went or what they expect to accomplish. It looks to me like a counter on Richmond for Early's raid on Washington, but that's a guess. You'll know all about it before this letter reaches you. So too of the south west. If you take the Army and Navy Journal you know all that I do, but I believe the Minister objects to taking the only reliable military publication in the country, and prefers still to get his information from that uncontaminated fountain of pure lies, the correspondence of the daily press. The removal of Johnston puzzles me. I can only account for it on the supposition that he plainly told Davis that he could not undertake to endanger the existence of his army by making a stand at Atlanta and that Davis, feeling that such a stand might successfully be made, put Hood, the fighting General, in his place to try the experiment. If this is so, it is playing our game with a vengeance. One can never be certain of results in war, but fighting generals of Divisions make, as a rule, poor work of it in command of armies, and from what I know, I should say that the rebel army there stood many chances of annihilation if once opposed fairly to our Army. However this again is all guess-work. Sherman will be heard from soon enough and before this letter reaches you, with Hood and these southwestern troops opposed

to him I think he will give a good account of himself.

How about this Niagara Falls peace business? Is Greeley going to steal your thunder? What's become of Yeatman? It seems to me our Uncle Abe did Messrs. Clay and Holcombe very much as the venerable Mason did our Moncure D. Conway, of whom we have heard. Is there any revival of your negotiation? Such things seem now to be the order of the day and I shall be little surprised if you're not intriguing again. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

H.Q. Cav'y Escort, A. of P.
Before Petersburg, August 5, 1864

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PHYSICALLY, since I last wrote, I'm glad to say I have picked up amazingly. I have at last shaken off my jaundice and have recovered a white man's looks, my appetite is amazing and I am building up. In fact I have weathered my danger and do not look for any further trouble. Ward Frothingham too has been sent home. His regiment was smashed all to pieces in the assault the other day. The Colonel, Gould, had a thigh shattered, the Lieutenant Colonel killed, and so on. As for Ward, it was the hardest kind of work helping him, for he could n't help himself. Finally however he was sent down to City Point and there gave Dalton my note, and Dalton had him shipped to New York before he could make up his mind as to whether he wanted to go there or not. So he's safe and at home.

Here since I last wrote, too, Burnside has exploded

his mine and we have again just failed to take Petersburg. The papers, I see, are full of that mishap and every one is blaming every one, just as though it did any good to cry and quarrel over spilled milk. I did not see the mine exploded, though most of my officers did and they describe it as a most beautiful and striking spectacle — an immense column of debris, mixed with smoke and flame, shooting up in the form of a wheat sheaf some hundred and fifty feet, and then instantly followed by the roar of artillery. At first, and until ten o'clock, rumors came in very favorably — we had carried this and that and were advancing. At about ten I rode out to see what was going on. The fight then was pretty much over. I rode up to the parallels and dismounted and went towards the front. The heat was intense and they were bringing in the wounded, mostly blacks, in great numbers. Very little firing was going on, though occasionally shot went zipping by. Very speedily I began to be suspicious of our success. Our soldiers did n't look or act to my mind like men who had won a victory. There was none of that elation and excitement among the wounded, none of that communicative spirit among the uninjured which always marks a success. I was very soon satisfied of this and so, after walking myself into a tremendous heat and seeing nothing but a train of wounded men, I concluded that I did n't like the sound of bullets and so came home.

My suspicions proved correct. As you know we had been repulsed. How was it? In the papers you 'll see all kinds of stories and all descriptions of reasons, but here all seem to have settled down to certain results

on which all agree, and certain others on which all quarrel. It is agreed that the thing was a perfect success, except that it did not succeed; and the only reason it did not succeed was that our troops behaved shamefully. They advanced to the crater made by the explosion and rushed into it for cover and nothing could get them out of it. These points being agreed on then begins the bickering. All who dislike black troops shoulder the blame onto them — not that I can find with any show of cause. They seem to have behaved just as well and as badly as the rest and to have suffered more severely. This Division, too, never had really been under fire before, and it was a rough breaking in for green troops of any color. The 9th Corps and Burnside came in for a good share of hard sayings, and, in fact, all round is heard moaning and wrath, and a scape-goat is wanted.

Meanwhile, as I see it, one person alone has any right to complain and that person is Grant. I should think his heart would break. He had out-generaled Lee so, he so thoroughly deserved success, and then to fail because his soldiers would n't fight! It was too bad. All the movements I mentioned in my last turned out to be mere feints and as such completely successful. Deceived by Grant's movement towards Malvern Hill, Lee had massed all his troops in that vicinity, so that when the mine exploded, the rebels had but three Divisions in front of the whole Army of the Potomac. Grant ordered a rapid countermarch of his cavalry from Malvern Hill to the extreme left, to outflank and attack the enemy at daylight, simultaneously with the

assault in front. The cavalry did not reach here until the assault had failed. The march was difficult, but it was possible and it was not accomplished. Whose fault was this? Then came the assault, which was no assault, and once more Lee, completely outgeneraled, surprised and nearly lost, was saved by the bad behavior of our troops as in June, and on the same ground and under the same circumstances, he was almost miraculously saved by the stubborn bravery of his own. I find but one satisfaction in the whole thing. Here now, as before in June, whether he got it or no, Grant deserved success, and, where this is the case, in spite of fortune, he must ultimately win it. Twice Lee has been saved in spite of himself. Let him look to it, for men are not always lucky.

If you are curious to know where I myself place the blame, I must freely say on Burnside, and add, that in my own opinion I don't know anything about it. For the whole thing, Burnside's motions and activities deserve great credit. While others were lying idle, he was actively stirring round to see what he could do. The mine was his idea and his work, and he carried it through; no one but himself had any faith in it. So far all was to his credit. Then came the assault. Grant did his part of the work and deceived Lee. Burnside organized his storming column and, apparently, he could n't have organized it worse. They say the leading brigade was chosen by lot. If so, what greater blunder could have been committed? At any rate a white brigade was put in to lead which could not have been depended on to follow. This being so, the result

was what might have been expected. In such a case everything depended on the storming party; for, if they would lead, the column would follow. Volunteers might have been called for, a picked regiment might have been designated; but, no, Burnside sent in a motley crowd of white and black, heavy artillery and dismounted cavalry, and they would n't come up to the scratch. So endeth the second lesson before Petersburg.

As to the future, expect no light from me. I do not expect that anything will be done here for six weeks to come. Grant must hold his own, defend Washington and see what Sherman can accomplish, before he really attempts anything heavy here. The news from Sherman is so good, and Hood *seems* so completely to be playing our game that I think the rebel strength in that region bids fair to be used up. Lee can hold us in check, but, unless we blunder egregiously, he cannot replenish his ranks, and by autumn Grant can resume operations with deadly effect from this base. This I fear is the best view which can be taken of the present attitude of affairs. We have been so unfortunate here and our military lights about Washington — Hunter, Wallace, Halleck, Sigel and the rest — have made such a mess of our affairs in their region, that I don't see but what the army here must, for the present, be reduced to one purely of observation. . . .

As to my new regiment, I see myself gazetted but have as yet received no commission or official announcement. Meanwhile I am maturing my plans for the regiment and shall develop them in a somewhat stately

paper distinguished by unusual ability even for me and addressed to Governor Andrew, the which I shall tackle as soon as I have disposed of you. For the rest, I wait here and kill time. There is nothing more for me to do here. This squadron is as contented, as well disciplined and in as good order as I know how to put it, and accordingly I must move or stand still. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Mother

H.Q. Cav'y Escort, A. of P.
Before Petersburg, August 12, 1864

. . . . . .

My stay at these Head Quarters and my connection with the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry draws, according to all appearances, towards its close. A day or two since my commission as Lieutenant Colonel of the 5th reached me, and now I only wait for Flint's return to get leave to go to Washington and immediately afterwards I shall join my colored brethren. . . . I am fortunately once more perfectly well; in fact I have n't felt better for a year. Thanks to a greater degree of exercise and quinine I have completely gotten rid of my jaundice and the malaria, have a superb appetite and a sufficiency of energy.

I have n't anything to tell you — no material even the most threadbare for a letter. We are again burned up with drouth and the dust is fetlock deep. I have given up my drills and again we listlessly pass days in camp, contending mainly with flies, looking forward to our meals and still indulging in cool pleasant evenings. In front and along the works it is the same old sky.

As soon as the heat of the day is over the sharpshooters wake up and then, all through the night, until broad day, there is the continual popping of rifles broken by the occasional booming of artillery. A few nights ago I rode out with Colonel Spaulding of the Engineers to look at our works and see the countermining operations which were going on in front of the 5th Corps. Here there is no firing going on between the pickets. At the point where the enemy was supposed to be mining there is only a narrow strip between their works and ours, and the picket line, which is immediately in front of the works, is scarcely a stone's throw from that of the enemy. Our pickets and theirs however are on the best of terms. They use no concealment and conduct war on Christian principles. As for the enemy's mining I do not feel much faith in that. Our countermines run the entire front of that fort down to within eighteen inches of water, but as yet no traces of mines are found.

After leaving this quiet front we rode over to the 9th Corps (Burnside), where the difference is striking and unpleasant. Here the cracking of rifles is incessant and whole brigades live under fire. As you approach the line of works through a wood, you ride through a camp every tent of which has one side entrenched — the side towards the enemy — and here chance bullets are z-i-p-p-i-n-g round always all night, and often all day as well. Just beyond these camps are the works where you find the working parties and the soldiers always close under the cover of the outer wall, as that is the only place where chance balls do not come. I

can't say that I was sorry to leave Burnside's front, and we trotted briskly away amid the usual accompaniment of bullets rattling through the trees. All these works, immense in size and elaborately constructed, with sand-bags, gabions and fascines without number, the miles of covered way, rifle-pits and trenches, ingenious abattis, and powerful palisades, and all the rest of the engineering jargon, seem to have been built by us to be abandoned. Already our line has once been contracted and enormous works have been levelled, and now we are constructing a new interior line of defences, without stint of labor or ingenuity, in favor of which the works now constituting our front, from which the guns are already removed, are to be destroyed and we are to clew yet a few yards further away from Petersburg. From all this I draw confirmation of the inference in my last letter to London, that active operations here are over for the present. The new and interior line is probably a very powerful one, and one which a small force could hold. Two Army Corps could probably hold this line from the James River to the head waters of the Black-water, and this would leave yet three more of the Corps still here free to operate elsewhere. I doubt if we have any extensive operations in this region before the middle of September. Meanwhile Grant doubtless hopes for good news from the southwest, and with Atlanta and Mobile in our hands, we might certainly begin a fall campaign here with renewed hope. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to Henry Adams

H.Q. Cav'y Escort, A. of P.
Before Petersburg, August 13, 1864

. . . . . .

The life of Napier I finished some days ago. The English are getting to understand the art of biography for they let a man tell his own story and reflect his own character in his own words. Yet I don't think that this biographer made the most of his subject. Sir William Napier's life, like those of most literary men, had very little in it to make it interesting and could be made so only as reflecting the principles, manners and conversation of his times. Of these beyond his letters we get nothing in this work. Sir William Napier was a thinker and talker. He knew and conversed much with many noteworthy men, and yet his notes of conversations with Soult are all that these volumes supply from this source. The author is nothing of the Boswell and his work accordingly loses four-fifths of its value and interest.

Meanwhile here greater operations are going on than any which Napier undertook to describe, and it is really amusing to see how the developments of this war have antiquated all Napier's military theories. I am very curious to get your later letters and to see what you have to say on these peace questions and intrigues. What a flutter and commotion among would-be negotiators, money-lenders and intriguers the publication of a leaf from your memoirs would create! As I watched the Sanders-Greeley fiasco in

its developments I could n't help thinking what a dust I might have kicked up on my arrival here last spring. How well that secret was kept; not a lisp of it apparently ever crept into any print; and yet, first and last, it must have come to the knowledge of many men. Now, I am so isolated here that I am curious to know how you look at these movements in the North and what degree of importance you attach to them. Of course it is, and will remain, a question of military success, but have these peace movements as yet developed any new strength? Except in point of numbers the McClellan meeting in New York was a great failure, as it could n't muster even a fifth rate man to address an enormous audience. So far as I see the disciples of peace too are the old set and the old set only. They cannot get any new hands at the bellows. In spite of what you write I still do not see any symptoms of that powerful combination of fragmentary organisations which alone could defeat Lincoln. What with peace and War Democrats, Frémont men and McClellan men, it seems to me that more decisive disaster than any we have yet met will be necessary to drive the war party from power. How does this strike you? I really know nothing of the true posture of affairs, and anxiously wait for reliable news.

Meanwhile some gleams of real success seem actually to be shining upon our arms. Old Farragut seems to have called an emphatic halt on all re-enforcements to Hood, and the rebels seem to me to be playing our game by holding so fiercely on to Atlanta. Affairs in the southwest look undoubtedly prosperous. Mean-

while, since I wrote yesterday, symptoms of movements have developed themselves here — a sudden movement, the aim of which seems unknown to every one. After finishing my letter of yesterday I rode down to City Point and while there we suddenly heard that the 2d Corps was moving down, and almost immediately the head of its column came in sight. At once the question arose where were they going? The same question still remains unanswered. Hancock declared that he did n't know; Colonel Walker, his Assistant Adjutant General, confessed utter ignorance; everyone was at fault. Half a dozen different destinations were at once suggested and canvassed. First came Washington. I think not; the enemy is retiring and Hancock ranks Sheridan. Grant would never have put Sheridan in command up there to immediately supersede him. Then came Acquia Creek. The same objection holds and Colonel Walker told me that they were to take no artillery with them. Besides, Barlow, who has been away on leave, suddenly returned last night, evidently having been sent for, which he would not have done had the Corps been going North. This morning we learn that three Brigades of cavalry will today cross the river with three days' forage and rations. Can this be a combined movement north of the James? I think not. Such a movement by a single corps could scarcely be more than a diversion, and no operations requiring a diversion are contemplated here, where all is quiet. Besides, a large mass of transportation is accumulated at City Point. Finally, Mobile is suggested. I think wrongly, for the transports are not ocean vessels and

are wholly unfit for so long a voyage. One other point of destination only is suggested and that is Wilmington. A sudden combined attack, that is possible. On this I have settled down my hopes. The wish may be father of the thought, but the very thought makes me happy. This place would carry out all that I have desired in all my late letters. To transport the troops by water would save time and all the expenditure of a terrible march in August. The enemy could have no clue as to where we were going and a *coup de main*, carried out with all Hancock's dash, could hardly fail of success. By it we should once more carry the war into Africa; we should turn the line of the Roanoke and prevent Lee's ever using it if driven from Virginia. We should effectually recall his troops from Maryland to attack this army or to defend North Carolina. We should decisively disable him from re-enforcing Hood, and finally, last not least, we would gladden all your hearts by inflicting the death blow on all blockade running. With Atlanta, Mobile and Wilmington in our hands I do not think the peace party could make much headway, or that we need fear to face the fall elections. Before this letter reaches you I suppose you will know in what direction this movement develops itself. I can't help feeling sanguine. Grant is a man of such infinite resource and ceaseless activity — scarcely does one scheme fail before he has another on foot; baffled in one direction he immediately gropes round for a vulnerable point elsewhere — that I cannot but hope for great results the whole time. He has deserved success so often that he will surely have it at last. If I

have divined his plan, it is certainly different from any which I had conceived in its details — different and much better. The movement by sea would be a great thing, both in deceiving the enemy and bringing our troops fresh to the scratch. The weak point in it would of course be in our position here. The enemy might move round and take our defences in reverse. Our works are very strong and we should have from 40 to 50,000 men to defend them; but our line is very long and, I should say, easily flanked. No attack in front would alarm us, but a bold flank movement by Lee's whole army might give us a great deal of trouble. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Washington, D.C.
August 20, 1864

Here I find myself once more in Washington, and that city as low-toned and unattractive as ever, looking much the same as ever, except that I see in it fewer uniforms. I came up here to try and carry out a plan I have for mounting the 5th Cavalry, to which I have already got General Grant's assent and I shall leave the instant I can finish my business. I met John here and we passed a couple of days pleasantly together. . . . He and I went to call on Governor Seward and passed an hour with your chief. He probably will write you his impressions, mine were not cheerful. The old Governor did n't seem to feel firm about the future and retired himself largely into his philosophy. His tone was very different from that of last spring, when he seemed to me so buoyant and confident of the future.

Then he evidently thought he saw his way through; now, as evidently, his future is obscured and dangerous. He had none of his crowing confidence of last spring, and I was pained to feel how discouraged he was. He too gave me the impression which all here do, of "going it wild," and not seeing where this thing is going to come out; but while others have a reckless and excited manner of going it, he, on the contrary, looked like a thoughtful and wise man, troubled at seeing the machine passing beyond control. At his office I got your letters of the 4th and a book, "Denia" from Henry.

You discuss the Sanders-Jewett fiasco and compare it with that other negotiation. Your friend Russell, I believe, might now bring about a peace, both sections are so weary of this war. If only representatives of these two combatants, both honestly desirous of peace and neither trammelled by instructions nor with power to conclude, could meet in London simply informally to discuss, and, if it might be, to recommend some basis of adjustment, I should feel great confidence that that first step which alone costs had been well taken. As it is, however, for all I can see, we must go floundering on indefinitely through torrents of blood and unfathomable bankruptcy. Yet I never felt more confident than now of our power to crush out this rebellion. Everything to me speaks of success, if the loyal people of the country are only true to themselves, and I believe the confederates fully realize that fact. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS MOTHER

H.Q. Cav'y Escort, A. of P.
Before Petersburg, August 27, 1864

. . . . . .

I GOT back from Washington last evening, but have nothing later from London than the letters which I acknowledged a week ago today. In my mission to Washington I was quite successful in spite of the authorities of that place, for, most fortunately for me I went there strongly armed. Before going up I went to General Meade and stated to him my errand and scheme, and the General not only approved it himself but gave me a letter of introduction to General Grant, with which I next day went down and presented myself to the Lieutenant General. I found him sitting in front of his tent under a large fly talking with a couple of his staff. I stated my business and presented my letter. He told me to be seated, read my letter, thought an instant puffing at his eternal cigar and stroking his beard as he listened to what I had to say and then replied in a short decided way: "I will approve your plan and request the Secretary to issue you the horses and have an order made out for you to go to Washington to attend to it yourself." This was three times what I had expected to get from him, as I had no idea he would send me to Washington or request the issue of the horses, and accordingly I at once became a violent Grant man. He immediately went into his tent and wrote the order on the back of Meade's letter and then came out and talked about matters in general, the weather, Colonel Buchanan

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

and the campaign, past, present and future, while my order to go to Washington was being made out. I had never talked with Grant before and was glad of this small chance. He certainly has all the simplicity of a very great man, of one whose head has in no way been turned by a rapid rise. A very approachable man, with easy, unaffected manners, neither stern nor vulgar, he talked to me much as he would had he been another Captain of Cavalry whom I was visiting on business. Just at that time Hancock was operating up the James, towards Richmond, and he gave me the last reports of what was doing there, and then discussed the campaign and the failure of Burnside's mine, unequivocally attributing the last to the bad behavior of the men who constituted the storming party. He said that he ought to have routed Lee at Spottsylvania and would have done so but for his own misapprehension as to the enemy's weak place, and when he found it out his reserve Corps (the 5th and 6th) were too deeply engaged to be available. So he went on discussing the enemy and their tenacity, talking in his calm, open, cheerful but dignified way, until my order came, when I got up and went off very well pleased with my interview. I have long known that Grant was a man of wonderful courage and composure — self-poise — but he must also be a man of remarkably kindly disposition and cheerful temper. He can't, however, I imagine, be on very good terms with the authorities at Washington, for he spoke with the greatest contempt of the whole manner in which the Maryland invasion had been managed there.

The next morning I started for Washington and got there Thursday, finding John, as I told you. Then, and for the next week, I went through all the disgusting routine of one who waits upon those in power, dangling my heels in ante-rooms, on the walls of which I patiently studied maps and photographs, and those in high places shoved me from one to another as is their wont in such cases. All my success and good treatment was over. My business in Washington was to try and get the government, as they would not mount the 5th Cavalry on new horses, to give them enough old horses unfit for present service, owing to severe work in the present campaign, and to let them build them up while doing their present work at Point Lookout. The officials by no means approved of me or my scheme, or, I thought, of General Grant. To Major Williams I went first, he suggested Colonel Hardie; Colonel Hardie suggested Dana, Assistant Secretary of War; Dana suggested Colonel This or General That, but distinctly disapproved of my scheme. So, somewhat discouraged, I drifted back to Colonel Hardie and froze to his office until I could get admission to Mr. Stanton's presence — the holy of holies. Seeing me resolved and getting weary of seeing me always there, Hardie suggested to me that General Halleck was my man, he being the chief of cavalry; and, in an evil moment, I allowed myself to be beguiled into stating my business to General Halleck. Here I caught fits. Halleck is certainly "a crusty cuss" and one, I should say, after Stanton's own heart. In about one minute he signified an emphatic disapproval of me and

of my plan, and of General Grant and of everything else, and concluded an emphatic statement that he would n't give me a horse, if he had his own way, or without a positive order, by slamming his door in my face. I returned to Colonel Hardie somewhat depressed in spirit, but resolved now to grapple with old Stanton and have it over. As for my prospects, they had suddenly fallen in my own eyes and I would have sold out very cheap; and yet I was by no means disgusted with old Halleck individually. It is n't pleasant to be roughed out of a man's office and it's decidedly unpleasant to have one's pet scheme trampled under foot before one's eyes, and then kicked out of doors; but I do like to see a man who can say "no" and say it with an emphasis, and for old Halleck's capacity in this respect I can vouch. I have seen so much rascality round our departments and such bloody rascals innocently prosecuting their little pet schemes and grinding their harmless little axes, that I long ago came to the conclusion that the *suaviter in modo* would by no means always do in public officers, and that it was generally necessary with the men such have to deal with to knock them down so that they can't get up. Accordingly I derived a grim satisfaction from the reflection that if such was my reception by General Halleck, what must be the fate of the harpies and vultures who flock round the War Department. Anyhow I went back and resumed my dreary watch and ward in Hardie's office.

Now Hardie is Stanton's Chief of Staff and a nervous, gentlemanly man withal, and soon my silent, re-

proachful presence, even though but one of a silent, reproachful throng which crowded his office and from which one individual disappeared only that two more might struggle to enter, my presence began to haunt him, so he dashed at me, possessed himself of my papers and flung himself into the Secretary's rooms. I grimly waited, hopeless and well-nigh indifferent. Presently Stanton himself scuffed into the office and after him came Hardie. Now for it, said I to myself; but the American Carnot took no notice of me, but scuffed off through the room and Hardie gave me my paper with an endorsement from the Secretary upon it. Well, I had succeeded. Grant's endorsement was too strong to be overlooked and I had gotten my horses, so, after being duly bandied through a score more officials, and this time being lucky enough to hit on a polite streak of these cattle, I finished my business in Washington and, Thursday noon, took boat for City Point.

This, of course, settled my fate as to what regiment I was to belong to, and I came back only to leave my old regiment and company. . . . I can't say that I leave my old regiment with any feeling of regret. In it, as a whole, there are few who know or care for me and my whole life in the regiment was embittered and poisoned. . . . As for my squadron, however, my feelings are very different. Here all my association has been pleasant. We have never had any family quarrels or bickerings and with them, at least, my career has been a success. Still it's high time I went. Here I have done my work as well as I know how to do it, and

I am getting nervous and restless and discontented. For a time the 5th will serve me as a new object of interest and in working over that I shall hope for a time to keep myself contented and quiet in the service and when that plays out, I must look for something new; but I am very tired of the war.

The brilliant military criticisms in my recent letters have come ludicrously to nought. Here we are, in spite of my announcement that military operations had evidently come to a close in these parts until autumn, pounding again fiercely away at each other. Grant certainly deceives friends as well as foes in regard to his movements. So far we seem this time to have the inside track, and Lee has spilt a good deal of blood, which he could ill spare, in trying to get it away from us. It is a great point gained for us when he is forced to take the offensive, and if this kind of thing goes on, this steady fighting all summer long, Lee won't have much left to winter in Richmond. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS MOTHER

H.Q. Cav'y Escort, A. of P.
Before Petersburg, Va., September 3, 1864

. . . . . .

THEY say that we are receiving convalescents, recruits, etc. from the rear at the rate of about a thousand a day. If this be so we must, I should say, be just about holding our own in numbers, what with loss in battle, by expiration of service and sickness. This is unfortunate, for now I imagine reinforcements could be used with telling effect and 20,000 fresh troops would end the struggle in Virginia. However, we have taken

Fort Morgan, which fact, I presume, has exercised a depressing effect upon the rebel cotton loan; and General Grant, I am told, declares that Sherman "is now engaged in executing the most daring move ever made in this or any other country," having thrown his whole immense army off of its base of supplies, with a view of marching round to the rear of Atlanta, with rations for twenty days, and, during that twenty days, doing that to Hood which a year ago Grant did to Pemberton. So we may now look for news of decisive movement, for now Sherman's guns will discuss most eloquent arguments in the Presidential issue, and, as the sound of his cannon advances or recedes, so will the hopes of Lincolnite and McClellanite rise and fall. Well, I cannot foresee results, or predict the fate of battles or the issues of campaigns. One thing only I know, and that is, I agree with Henry in his hope that this issue may result either wholly for us, or wholly against us. The country may yet be saved, I believe, whether in the hands of peace-men or war-men. It at least has a chance. But I can see only defeat and ruin impending if a close election leaves peace-men power to impede the course of war, or war-men power to prevent a peace. My next from Lookout.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

H.Q. 5th Mass. Cav'y
Pt. Lookout, Md., September 10, 1864

. . . . . .

In the case of the last assault on Petersburg the troops behaved badly — that all confess; but I doubt if the

world ever saw fiercer or more determined assaults than will be recorded in this war. There are limits to training, as to everything else, and when the fighting qualities of enemies are nearly equal and their strength not entirely disproportionate, the defensive will furnish advantages which no possible vigor, or determination, or training, unaided by skill or its equivalent luck, can enable an assaulting party to overcome. In such a case, where skill is nearly equal and luck alone decides, the chances are ten to one against the assailant. Probably the most famous assault in history was that of McDonald's column at Wagram (I think). I doubt if it was more determined or better deserved success than Longstreet's at Gettysburg. Read the campaigns of Frederick of Prussia. See how rarely he by direct assault carried positions — never when opposed by Daun, except once and then by pure luck when the day was lost. Look at Napoleon at Borodino. Marlborough was more successful. Malplaquet, in respect to defensive preparations and advantages of position, was more like our battles here than any old world action that I can call to mind; yet Marlborough carried it much as Grant carried Spottsylvania. It was a nominal victory. The same of the Crimea. The Malakoff was carried not by training but by skill and good fortune, and the English never carried the Redan at all. In Italy the same. Magenta and Solferino were not decisive victories, not more so than Antietam. You must bear in mind in reading our battles that the system of entrenching was never carried to such an extent and perfection as in this war. It is no longer an

assault, like Waterloo, but we defend and attack fortified camps, using and meeting every improved weapon of modern warfare. I do not believe that training can do anything more for our troops. The question is now one of pure skill and endurance.

However, to drop the abstract and descend to the particular. What do the English think of Farragut? Of course, Semmes is their model; but is n't Farragut in some essentials — such as skill and pluck — a trifle like Nelson and some of their naval heroes of the antiquated school? Semmes is a good man, and Paul Jones was a better, for Paul's ship did n't sink until after he had taken his adversaries. But on the whole I think I still rather prefer the Blake and Farragut school. Do our English friends see any merit in the reduction of the Mobile forts? If not, what do they say of the fall of Atlanta? How superbly Sherman — Sherman "the unlucky" — has handled that Army! It almost brings the tears into my eyes to read of the boldness, the caution, the skill, the judgment, the profound military experience and knowledge of that movement, all resulting in its brilliant success and condensed in that one immortal line, "So Atlanta is ours and fairly won." Who shall say that to the enemy belongs all the skill? Why should not Sherman rank only second to Gustavus, Frederick and Napoleon? I send you herewith the Army and Navy Journal that you may read its criticisms upon that campaign. Unquestionably it is *the* campaign of this war; not more brilliant or so complete as that of Vicksburg, but, viewed as a whole, with its unheard lines of supply and unceasing opposition,

it rolls along like a sonorous epic. The enemy swarms on his flank and rear like mosquitos; they do not turn him back a day. They stand across his path, he rolls around them and forces them back. At rest he brings them to bay and when all observers shout "a deadlock," lo! his cannon thunder in their rear and, astonished and demoralised, outgeneraled and outfought, they save themselves in confessed defeat. It is superb! Of the results, whether great or small, which will follow this fall of Atlanta, I don't pretend to form any opinion. I only look at the campaign in an artistic point of view, as a poem. So viewed, to my mind it is perfect. I hope you will send me some English criticisms, particularly Russell's in his "Army and Navy." I am most curious to see how the English will view it. That they will try to give the palm to Hood, as they did to Semmes, I do not doubt, but I want to see how they go to work.

I can no longer give you any news of the Army of the Potomac. I have ceased to belong to it. I got here Thursday last and took command Friday evening. I have been received with a cordiality which has been most gratifying. Considering that I was commissioned over every one here, I somewhat expected at first some slight jealousy and coolness; but, on the contrary, my reception has borne every mark of gratification at my arrival. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HENRY ADAMS

H.Q. 5th Mass. Cav'y
Point Lookout, Md., September 18, 1864

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THE week has n't been very exciting here; in fact, they rarely are. I am in command of the Regiment and very busy and so keep contented. I am organising now and, while I see things all around daily growing and improving, I am quiet and satisfied. The officers know their duty and are well disposed and zealous. I see here none of that bickering and eternal family discord which was ever the bane of the 1st. As for the "nigs" they are angelic — in all respects. I am now convinced the race is superior to the whites. Their whole philosophy of life is sounder in that it is more attainable. You never saw such fellows to eat and sleep! Send a Corporal to take charge of a working party and go down in ten minutes to see how they're coming on, you'll find them all asleep and the Corporal leading the snore. Now whites have n't that degree of philosophy. Then they're built so much better than white men. Their feet — you never saw such feet! Some of them love to walk in the fields round here, as the road fences are too close together. And their heads! All brain. A white man's head is flat, but they — sometimes when they uncover in the sacred precincts of my quarters I think that the highest pinnacle of their sugar loaf craniums will never be exposed! I assure you, in their presence I am lost in wonder and overwhelmed with humility! Jesting apart, however, my first impression of this poor, humiliated, down-trodden race is both

favorable and kindly. They lack the pride, spirit and intellectual energy of the whites, partly from education and yet more by organisation; but they are sensitive to praise or blame, and yet more so to ridicule. They are diffident and eager to learn; they are docile and naturally polite, and in them, I think, I see immeasurable capacity for improvement. My first impressions are of little value and it would not be well for me to make them the basis of my continued action; but these impressions incline me to the opinion that they must as a race be approached by their affections. The rugged discipline which improves whites is too much for them. It is easy to crush them into slaves, but very difficult by kindness and patience to approach them to our own standard. So far, you see, my impressions are not encouraging either for my success individually or for theirs as a race. Patience, kindness and self-control have not been my characteristics as an officer, any more than they have been characteristics of ourselves as a dominant race. I fear I shall often find myself pursuing towards them a course in which I have no faith, and I have little hope for them in their eternal contact with a race like ours. However, closer acquaintance will lead to increased knowledge.

Meanwhile I last week again went up to Washington. My first inquiry was for a paper and I eagerly looked for returns from Maine. So far all is well. I found our friends in Washington more quiet and confident than jubilant. They seemed to think that what with President and Vice President, platform, letters and records, the opposition was just where they wanted to have

them, and that nothing but terrible disaster on the field could now defeat Lincoln. This is as we would have it. My information from before Petersburg is that Grant has, within twenty days, received for the corps *now there*, 40,000 recruits besides many thousand convalescents, and that that Army is now stronger than when it took the field in the spring. This is reliable. General Lee does not seem to be aware of the fact, as the whole thing has been done very quietly. As Sherman has nothing now fit to be called an army in his front, Petersburg would seem to be the point of danger. Of disaster there I feel no apprehension, but I do shudder at the thought of the fighting and slaughter which must soon take place there. I am very sanguine of the result. I have seen Grant and feel as if I knew him. He has of late so thoroughly deserved success and been so often defeated by accident, that mere luck if nothing else must turn and ultimately he can hardly fail.

In Washington I saw John M. Forbes and Governor Andrew, dining with them and having a very long conversation with the Governor. I made a dead set at him to induce him to go down to the army and urge upon Grant the expediency of forming a colored Corps. I came within an ace of success. Mr. Forbes and all his staff joined me and the Governor half promised; but next morning the draft was ordered for the 19th and he had to go home to see to that. So the draft, you see, put my pipe out, and I hope that at least Peter and Shep., Willie and Sidney will be drawn if only as a sweet recompense. . . .

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, September 23, 1864

. . . . . .

We were sufficiently edified by your report of the conferences with the various parties in authority. I am not much surprised by it. Human patience is not great. When I reflect that mine gives way so easily to the few applications, comparatively, that are made here to me, I can make allowances for those which spring out of an organisation dealing with men by the hundreds of thousands. It is an excellent thing to cultivate good manners as a habit, for thus comes an artificial rein on the passions that benefits all parties almost equally. I have constantly felt great sympathy with Mr. Stanton. Nobody has had a harder place. The responsibility for failures of all kinds is sure to come upon him, whilst the credit of success is apt to be monopolised by those immediately concerned in the operations. It was for this reason that I was rather glad to read the high compliment which Mr. Seward paid him in his admirable speech at Auburn. If he has been nervous and irritable, he has not been without plenty to make him so. What a set of military officers he has had to deal with; how many to set aside for incompetency, or vice, or crime; how many have failed to acquit themselves successfully of the trust reposed in them; how many unreasonable, complaining, exacting and faultfinding, either as agents or as advisers! This is the hard lot of every Minister who is destined to carry on a great war. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to Henry Adams

H.Q. 5th Mass. Cav'y
Point Lookout, Md., September 23, 1864

. . . . . .

Today's steamer will carry out to you the details of Sheridan's great victory, a victory, to my mind, likely in its consequences to be second to none in importance, and I like to think of you all as you receive such news. How jubilant you will feel! How all the clouds will roll away! Those are the times when I wish I were with you; the moments when, after long days of doubt, anxiety and almost despair, among a foreign and unsympathetic people, you at last suddenly see the smoke of the battle lifted and the country you loved and feared for so much lifting itself up again as strong, as firm and as confident as in the first days of the war. At these times yours is a luxury greater than any we enjoy, and I luxuriate in it, even as reflected back to me in your letters.

What do you think of Sherman's letter to Hood! What a "buster" that man is! No wonder they said in the early days of the war that he was either a drunkard or a crazy man. How he does finish up poor Hood! He really seems to be the most earnest and straightforward man of the whole war. In him and in him alone we seem to get glimpses of real genius. To be sure old Farragut now and then has a smack of the same sort. At any rate, here, at last, is the most scathing exposition of rebel nonsense of old standing, which has yet enlightened the world. . . .

Here everything is quiet all day long, and every day I live surrounded by my "nigs" and very busy, for everything is to be done and be done by me. I no longer am surrounded by skilled white labor and am forced to study subjects which I don't know anything about. For instance, with 700 horses here I did n't have one tolerable blacksmith. Before a horse could be shod I had to go to work and show the smiths what a good horseshoe is. So it is with almost everything. Owing to Colonel Russell's long absence and my delay in reporting, the Regiment has fallen sadly into arrears, and the officers have never been under one able commander long enough to become homogeneous. The result is that I am pulling things to pieces and building up with all my might. If left alone, I should see no reason to doubt my ultimate success; but, as Colonel Russell will soon be here, he may go to work anew in his way, perhaps better than mine, but still another and unfortunate change. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, September 30, 1864

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WHEN I study Sherman's campaign, I shudder to think what a close thing it was, and how nearly desperate that superb final march was, in the sense of its being a last expedient. As you know, I had frequently despaired. How could I reckon on the mere personal genius of one man? Now that it is over, I feel almost incredulous, and do not wonder at all at the persistent conviction of the southern press that we should be de-

feated. If they were unable to hold that place, I cannot see where they look for the place they will hold; and if they could not in the whole Confederacy raise more than ten thousand men to reinforce Hood at the most excruciating pinch, where can they get men to meet our new levies? The courage of the rebs has been marvellous, but human nature has its limits and unless the sun shines a little, the devil himself would lose heart in such a case.

Meanwhile quiet still reigns supreme on this side. We hear nothing of any consequence. Your friend Mr. Y[eatman] has gone back to Richmond and Mr. S[cott] R[ussell] says he suspects his hand to be in various articles in Richmond papers looking peaceward. There is a great financial crisis down in the City, all due to our war and the fall in cotton consequent on the peace panic. The rebel cotton-loan has fallen twenty per cent from its high estate, and brought down with it a flock of lame ducks on the stock-exchange. Old Mr. Bates meanwhile is dead and buried. You remember the gloomy magnificence of our call there, and how the poor old man sat in that sombre vastness and waited for death. I have seen few sights more rich in comments on human vanities than the picture of the good old gentleman dying; for of all England, and in spite of all the years he had lived here, and fed and entertained all the world, not an Englishman except his partners seems to have cared whether he lived or died. After all, his mourners are Americans, although he has probably founded an English family. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, October 7, 1864

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I TOLD you last week that I was going down to Shropshire to visit my friend Gaskell. I only returned last night at eight o'clock, and am off again tomorrow to Derbyshire. My visit to Wenlock was very enjoyable. God only knows how old the Abbot's House is, in which they are as it were picnic-ing before going to their Yorkshire place for the winter. Such a curious edifice I never saw, and the winds of Heaven permeated freely the roof, not to speak of the leaden windows. We three, Mrs. Gaskell, Gaskell and I, dined in a room where the Abbot or the Prior used to feast his guests; a hall on whose timber roof and great oak rafters, the wood fire threw a red shadow forty feet above our heads. I slept in a room whose walls were all stone, three feet thick, with barred, square Gothic windows and diamond panes; and at my head a small oak door opened upon a winding staircase in the wall, long since closed up at the bottom, and whose purpose is lost. The daws in the early morning woke me up by their infernal chattering around the ruins, and in the evening we sat in the dusk in the Abbot's own room of state, and there I held forth in grand after-dinner eloquence, all my social, religious and philosophical theories, even in the very holy-of-holies of what was once the heart of a religious community.

Wherever we stepped out of the house, we were at once among the ruins of the Abbey. We dug in the

cloisters and we hammered in the cellars. We excavated tiles bearing coats of arms five hundred years old, and we laid bare the passages and floors that had been three centuries underground. Then we rambled over the Shropshire hills, looking in on farmers in their old kitchens, with flitches of bacon hanging from the roof, and seats in the chimney corners, and clean brick floors, and an ancient blunderbuss by the fire-place. And we drove through the most fascinating parks and long ancient avenues, with the sun shining on the deer and the pheasants, and the "rabbit fondling his own harmless face." And we picnicked at the old Roman city of Uriconium, in the ruins of what was once the baths; and eat partridge and drank Château Léoville, where once a great city flourished, of which not one line of record remains, but with which a civilisation perished in this country.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

H.Q. 5th Mass. Cav'y
Point Lookout, Md., October 15, 1864

. . . . . .

When I should have written last Sunday I was away. Major Adams of this regiment was sick and I took him for a change of air up to Leonardtown and stayed with him a few days to nurse him. Leonardtown is a small dead-alive one-horse town, located on the Potomac some thirty miles from here. After three days experience of it I am prepared to say that its inhabitants love cards, hate the Union and drink whiskey even as is becoming in the constituents of the great Harris — the

CHAPTER HOUSE, WENLOCK ABBEY, SHROPSHIRE
(Henry Adams at left)

"high-toned" pugilist of Chicago. There is a small military station at this interesting place, and here I tarried in a regular Maryland tavern, and through two hideous nights was utterly consumed by bedbugs. Around this tavern congregate the loafers of Leonardtown throughout the day, and in this happy region no white man does any work. I speedily found that these denizens easily and naturally divided themselves into two classes — those who were always sick and those who were never sober — and this division gave to all conversation a pleasing variety, the subject of discussion with the first class being as to the time of the last "chill," that with the second the expediency of the next drink. Here I went to one evening entertainment, besides various oyster bakes, cider-presses and other excuses for the consumption of whiskey, and was complimented by one lady on my resemblance to my grandfather — "the brow, he was so bald." Here I talked rum, horse and politics, and, unlike the rest, having a higher rank to sustain, confined myself strictly to a gallon of whiskey a day. Contriving thus to preserve a sober dignity about me, I tarried three days, and, on my return to camp, found waiting for me your letters. Beyond this I believe nothing has occurred to mark the time since I last wrote. Point Lookout is not an exciting place, nor does the routine life of a regiment in garrison furnish much material for letters. . . .

Meanwhile Wednesday's steamer carried out to you the great October elections. Pennsylvania might have been better, but I presume the result, as a whole, may

be considered as decisive of the Presidential struggle. At any rate a gain of twenty members of Congress in three States would formerly have been considered significant. As to this soldiers' vote, I see McClellan's organs count greatly on his popularity in the Army to lessen there the Union majority. They may be right, but I have never seen any signs of it. At present my means of information are not very good and I cannot tell how the Army feels, but my impression is that the October vote will foreshadow exactly the November vote. Soldiers don't vote for individuals; they don't vote for the war; they have but one desire and that is to vote against those who delay the progress of the war at home; they want to vote down the copperheads. The vote just taken reflects this feeling and this only, and in November, you will see a repetition of the same thing. McClellan has no popularity in the Army except among a few officers in his old Army, and these are now growing surprisingly few. In the West he has no friends. In November I do not think he will poll one vote out of six. So the election according to all precedent may be considered as no longer an open question. If this be really so, for me, I draw a long breath and say, thank God! Is it not wonderful! One after another how miraculously we have been tided over the shadows and piloted through the rapids. Now the end of a Presidential election sees our enemy downcast, and only in sweat and agony anywhere holding his own, while we, flushed with success, find ourselves more firmly pledged to war than at any previous time. Thus the very Presidential election which we all

dreaded so greatly and deplored as an unmitigated evil, bids fair to turn out the most opportune of occurrences. Before your answer to this reaches me the whole struggle will be over and our course for the next two years made clear. Before that time, too, Grant says he will have Richmond. Truly, we live in great times and, for one, I thank God that it has been given to me to see such things. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to Henry Adams

H.Q. 5th Mass. Cav'y
Point Lookout, Md., October 15, 1864

I wrote to the Minister yesterday, but this morning I received this batch of photographs, so I forward them in the hope of amusing you, and, at the same time, write a few additional lines. The photograph of the mortar, which I send you, is of course the most generally interesting one of all. It gives a better idea of real military operations than any one picture I ever saw. Here you see no fuss and feathers, no empty show; all is hard work by working men. In point of appearance and bearing the soldiers in this picture are fair specimens of men in the work of the field. The man in dark trousers and waistcoat is evidently an officer, though officers actually wear their coats and insignia of rank, and the rest are the crew of the gun — rough, wiry, intelligent looking men. The pictures of my camp will be more interesting to you, but these require no comment. . . .

So old Taney is at last dead. The result of last Tuesday as a day seems tolerably significant. The

election would seem to secure to us for the future the Executive and the Legislative departments of the Government. Taney's death, on the same day, gives us control of the Judiciary, and already the Army, as that day's vote showed, was in harmony with the Government. And so the result works out. These fatal ides of November bid fair to see the Executive, Legislative, Judiciary and Army of this country working in one harmonious whole like the four strands of a cable. It is a pleasant vision. I, at least, feel confident it will be realised. However that election may result, one thing is settled: the darling wish of Taney's last days is doomed not to be realised. It was not reserved for him to put the veto of the Law on the Proclamation of Emancipation. I suppose Chase will succeed him and I do not know that we have any better man. If he does, he will have a great future before him in the moulding of our new constitutional law.

Speaking of the elections I have got a new glimpse at Grant's plans; whether correct or not, you will soon know. A heavy naval expedition is fitting out at Fortress Monroe against Wilmington, and the 22d is named as the date of its departure. Whether a land force will accompany it or not I am not informed, but I hear that the 6th Corps is returning from Sheridan to join Grant, and I am told (unreliable) that a co-operative force to act with Sheridan is moving from Tennessee against Lynchburg. This is my last budget of rumors. If reliable, you need not expect any momentous news from these parts until after the 22d. Between that and election day things bid fair to be

lively. If a land force co-operates against Wilmington I shall expect to hear of its capture, if a dashing General is in command — say Warren. In Wright I should feel no confidence. Whether true or not, this rumor accounts for Grant's not now pushing against Richmond. He wishes to get Wilmington first. If Lee were to leave Richmond before Grant secures that place, he would himself garrison it, and it would be a second Richmond to us. If however Grant can secure it before he drives Lee out of Richmond, I do not see where Lee could go, as the line of the Roanoke would be turned and Lee would apparently be forced out of North Carolina. Things grow absorbing. I shall not hope much from a pure naval attack on Wilmington, but on the issue of the coming struggle depends the question whether the November election is still to be a struggle, or whether Lincoln is to be swept in on an irresistible wave of success. Thank Heaven! all doubt will in a short three weeks be over and once more we can settle down on some assured policy, checkered only by the variable fortunes of war. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, October 21, 1864

OUR news this week stops with unusual abruptness what promised to be a very remarkable episode. Grant moves like the iron wall in Poe's story. You expect something tremendous, and it's only a step after all. Of course the process is all the more sure from its methodical slowness, but it alters the nature of the drama. Here am I puzzling myself to understand why

it is that Petersburg does not fall, and when Grant means to take it. For it seems to me that he might now compel its abandonment in several ways. And yet Lee prefers to see us creep nearer and nearer our point, and does not accept what to an outsider seems the necessity of his position. Jeff. Davis's speech at Macon gives more light on the question than anything else. Of course there may be some inaccuracy in reporting, but his explanations are very reasonable, and his statement about Early's campaign shows how much he expected from it. That failing to draw Grant away, there seems nothing left but to draw out their resistance to the last moment. But how Lee can cover Meade on three sides, and protect Richmond and the connecting railway too, I can't quite see. . . .

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, October 28, 1864

. . . . . .

Our life in the country [1] has at last settled down into very profound repose. I have perambulated the whole neighborhood, visited every spot that I could remember, and come to the conclusion that my range must have been very limited in my boyhood. The old school house is down and every trace of it, even to the old trees in the playground, is effaced. Last Sunday I went to the old parish church, which looked ugly enough when I attended it as a boy, but which now appeared more so than I had fancied it. There was nothing pleasant associated with it. As the school was

[1] Hanger Hill House, Ealing.

large, only a portion of the boys attended at one time, and as I was among the small ones, our turn was generally in the afternoon, when nobody else was there, and the service was much more coldly and mechanically performed than it is now. Indeed I may say that all my school experience here comes back to me with a dreary sort of chill. I find Dr. Nicholas, the head of it, dimly remembered as an indifferent scholar and rather an animal man. Indeed there were stories about him current among the boys at the time, which were not over creditable. He had however quite a family of daughters who were intimate at our house. I do not find a trace of a single one of them. Fifty years make a pretty big hole even in the oldest established society. General Clitheroe remains to be sure, but whether the same who in 1816 was a colonel is dubious. Anyhow the name continues, which is something in the midst of the vacuum. Change is over the whole surface. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, October 28, 1864

THE results of the October elections are just beginning to make themselves clear to us. They indicate precisely what I have always most dreaded, namely a closely contested Presidential vote. I only judge by the Pennsylvania election, where the Democrats seem to have carried everything. How it may be in Ohio and Indiana I do not know, but I fear a similar result. They gain just enough to place Lincoln in a very weak position if he is elected. These ups and downs have

been so frequent for the last four years that I am not disposed to put too much weight on them. At the same time I cannot help remembering that a down turn just at this moment is a permanent thing. It gives us our direction for a long time. But I must see our papers before I can fairly understand what is to happen. Meanwhile there appears to be a hitch in army affairs and some mysterious trouble there. This is also rather blue. . . .

In fact we are now under any circumstances within four or five months of our departure from this country. I am looking about with a sort of vague curiosity for the current which is to direct my course after I am blown aside by this one. If McClellan were elected, I do not know what the deuce I should do. Certainly I should not then go into the army. Anyway I'm not fit for it, and to come in when the anti-slavery principle of the war is abandoned, and a peace party in power, would be out of my cards. I think in such a case I should retire to Cambridge and study law and other matters which interest me. Once a lawyer, I have certain plans of my own. I do not however believe that McClellan's election can much change the political results of things, and although it may exercise a great influence on us personally, I believe a little waiting will set matters right again. So a withdrawal to the shades of private life for a year or two, will perhaps do us all good. If that distinguished officer would only beat us all to pieces! But if Lincoln is elected by a mere majority of electors voting, not by a majority of the whole electoral college; if Grant fails to drive Lee

out of Richmond; if the Chief is called to Washington to enter a Cabinet with a species of anarchy in the North and no probability of an end of the war — then, indeed, I shall think the devil himself has got hold of us, and shall resign my soul to the inevitable. This letter will reach you just on the election. My present impression is that we are in considerable danger of all going to Hell together. You can tell me if I am right.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

Hanger Hill, Ealing, November 2, 1864

. . . . . .

I FULLY concur with you in the general view you have always taken of this great contest. The more I have observed its details, the more I have become convinced that it was inevitable. My only mistake was that I undervalued the power which the other party could bring to bear upon it. Misled by the nature of their own calculations, in the variety of which I was not mistaken, I failed at first fully to measure the extent of the co-operation which might be yielded to them under certain contingencies from among ourselves. Nothing but the armament of half a million of our people for a war of extermination has prevented the success of a scheme of disintegration for the purpose of partial reconstruction on a slavery basis. Three years of slaughter have destroyed the vigor of the motive power in this scheme, at the same time that they have furnished an agency to frown domestic treason down. I am now strongly in hopes that the issue of the election will be such as to cut off the very

last hope of the disintegrators. Once that event takes place, the slaveholders will very soon become more manageable. Reconstruction for the sake of saving slavery will become a dream, and the fiat which puts an end to that terrible evil will no longer be resisted. There can be no other satisfactory result.

This strife between two conflicting principles is one of the grandest that ever took place on earth. It has enlisted in its support on the two sides a greater physical power than was ever brought to bear on any other question for the same length of time. I do not except even the wars of the reformation. As an example of the popular will acting energetically and unitedly in execution of a specific purpose, it is the most extraordinary event of all time. Thus far the spectacle is sublime. The end is not yet however quite in sight. The process of restoration remains. I am however quite as hopeful of the prevalence of the same patriotism and good sense in that contingency, which has brought us on so far in safety. The heart of the people is yet sound. They may make mistakes as they have done, but they will likewise correct them afterwards in the same manner. The sky is not at all clear, but the ray of sunshine underlies all the clouds.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

H.Q. 5th Mass. Cav'y
Point Lookout, Md., November 2, 1864

. . . . . .

You all appear to entertain curious ideas of Point Lookout and my duties while here. A safer residence

or one to my mind less inviting could not well be found. The Post here is established on a low, sandy, malarious, fever-smitten, wind-blown, God-forsaken tongue of land dividing Chesapeake Bay from the Potomac River. It is remarkably well adapted for a depot of prisoners, as it is not only notoriously unhealthy, but most easily guarded. The prisoners' pens and public buildings are situated on almost an island, and, while only a narrow beach at two points connects this with the main, the whole establishment quietly reposes under the broadsides of various gunboats which garnish this shore. Thus but a poor chance for escape or outbreak is offered to the prisoners. Nor do I think that any very strong desire to get away exists among them as a mass. To be sure they do not here live in luxury, but neither do they starve, and, judging by appearances, for they look tough and well, imprisonment does not disagree with them. The prisoners' pens are large enclosures, containing several acres, surrounded by a board fence some fifteen feet high, round the outside of which, and four feet from the top, runs a gallery on which sentinels are posted. From this vantage ground they observe the proceedings of our captive and deluded brethren and shoot them, if necessary. Inside, the pens are nothing but large camps, for the prisoners have canvas tents and the devils are more ingenious in making themselves comfortable than I ever supposed southern men could be. It's a queer, unreal spectacle to go through these pens. During the daytime the fashionable streets are thronged with a gaunt, unkempt, strangely clad multi-

tude of all ages and all styles of dress. The peculiar type of southern man, long, wiry, dirty, unshorn and dressed in the homespun yellow, stands strongly out, and mixed in altogether in one cut-throat throng, you meet the pure white trash of the slave states and men bearing marks of refinement, old men who ought to know better and lads with faces as smooth as an egg. Necessity is the mother of invention and their necessities are great, but, withal, they seem naturally to be an ingenious and tolerably industrious set. Almost every tent is a work-shop and they manufacture all sorts of pretty trinkets and curious toys which they sell to visitors. They're a dirty set, both naturally and here, almost from necessity, and one of the most marked objects one sees is the large average of men who are always sitting *in puris* picking the vermin off their clothes. Some of those men have been here eighteen months — one man I captured myself more than a year since — and many of them came here wounded and still more chronically sick. In the hospital there are some 2800 patients, but I do not know what the average of mortality is. Heavy or not, with a view to encourage new comers, I presume, there is always kept piled up close to the main entrance some eighty or one hundred ready made coffins. So much for the prisoners and their pens, to guard whom we are here and furnish for that purpose a daily detail of some one hundred and sixty men.

Our camp is not on the Point where the pens are, but further up the shore and some mile or so from them. Here we look after our horses, build houses,

dig wells and stagnate. I'm gradually getting to have very decided opinions on the negro question; they're growing up in me as inborn convictions and are not the result of reflection. I note what you say of the African race and "the absence of all appearance of self-reliance in their own power" during this struggle. From this, greatly as it has disappointed me, I very unwillingly draw different conclusions from your own. The conviction is forcing itself upon me that African slavery, as it existed in our slave states, was indeed a patriarchal institution, under which the slaves were not, as a whole, unhappy, cruelly treated or overworked. I am forced to this conclusion. Mind, I do not because of it like slavery any the better. Its effects in this case are, no less than in the other, ruinous and demoralising to both races and because swine may be well fed and happy in their filth, I do not argue that it is good to be hog-reeve or hog. I base my opposition to slavery on a broader principle, that, happy or unhappy, it is not good for either that one man should be master and another slave; that such an arrangement is diametrically opposed to the spirit of modern progress and civilization. Meanwhile experience shows that no mortal people of any known race or color will long keep quiet under systematic cruel treatment. They will break out at last and always with a fierceness proportioned to the length and severity of previous ill-usage. The French peasants so broke out in the Jacquerie and '89, the English in the same way under Jack Cade, the Sepoys in India, and finally the Africans themselves in Hayti and San Domingo, but never

in this country. Here, after all sorts of efforts to stimulate them, after arms are thrust into their hands, as the last result of two hundred years of slavery, they are as supine as logs or animals. Thus I am forced to conclude either that our Africans have not the spirit, not of men but of the lowest order of known animals; and alone of all animated creation cannot be tortured into resistance to oppression. Or else that the two hundred years of slavery through which they have passed was of that patriarchal type which left the race as a whole, not overworked, well fed and contented — greedy animals! Commanding a colored regiment, and seeing the ugly characters in it, I adopt the latter as the true explanation of this wonderful supineness. I cannot attribute it, as you do, to "the enervation of the southern atmosphere," as that cause did not lead to similar results either in India or in the West Indies. How far now is this war and its tremendous external influences going to revolutionize this miserable, and the more miserable because contented, race of slaves? What I see leads me to believe that it is their only chance of salvation. The negro makes a good soldier, particularly in those branches of the service where a high order of intelligence is less required. Negro infantry, properly officered, would I believe be as effective as any in the world. In regard to their efficiency as cavalry I somewhat share your doubt. After all a negro is not the equal of the white man. He shows this in many unmistakable ways the moment you come in close contact with him. He has not the mental vigor and energy, he cannot stand up against adversity. A

sick nigger, for instance, at once gives up and lies down to die, the personification of humanity reduced to a wet rag. He cannot fight for life like a white man. In this regiment if you degrade a negro who has once tried to do well, you had better shoot him at once, for he gives right up and never attempts to redeem himself. So his animal tendencies are greater than those of the whites. He must and will sleep; no danger from the enemy and no fear of punishment will keep him awake. In infantry, which acts in large masses, these things are of less consequence than in cavalry; but in the service which our cavalry does, where individual intelligence is everything, and single men in every exposed position have only themselves and their own nerve, intelligence and quickness to rely on, it is a very different thing. The blacks strike me as excellent soldiers in the aggregate, but individually unreliable.

The Army, however, is the proper school for the race. Here they learn to take care of themselves. They become, from necessity, conversant with every branch of industry. For instance, a day of thorough study of this camp would amaze you. You cannot realize the industry, versatility and ingenuity called forth. The building we do is enormous, and the only materials supplied us are axes and nails. We fell trees, split, cut lumber and shingles, and build stables and houses. Every blacksmith, every carpenter, every shoemaker, every tailor and every clerk is constantly busy, and those who can do nothing else dig and carry until they can do something better. I have even induced Colonel Russell to go out of the way to cultivate forms

of industry simply as discipline, such as baking bricks and building to build well. These men make the pumps for our wells and the pumps are good ones. They build chimneys and make plaster and mortar from mud. The large, open fireplace in my quarters evinces no little ingenuity and skilled labor. Such, in little, is what I hope to see the Army become for the black race, a school of skilled labor and of self reliance, as well as an engine of war. As soon as quieter times for soldiers shall come I should hope to see Chaplains and schoolmasters attached to every regiment, and then to see every regiment forced to supply itself with every ordinary description of skilled industry, every soldier made a mechanic, and no ordinary one either, but one who knows that whatever he does he must do in soldier fashion, as exactly, as thoroughly and as well as his materials will admit of. My hope is that for years to come our army will be made up mainly of blacks and number many thousand. I would have at least a four years term of enlistment and yearly sent out from the Army from fifteen to twenty thousand black citizens, old soldiers and masters of some form of skilled labor. Such is my philanthropic plan for the race and I do not know that I can do better than to devote to it some few of the passing years of my life.

Of the men here my conclusions are decidedly favorable. They are docile and take readily to discipline and a large percentage of them, fully as large as of the whites, are decidedly soldierly in their bearing. As horsemen I think they are at least as good as the whites — better, if I might judge by the surprising

manner in which our present lot of horses have improved in condition. We have now the best lot of horses, without exception, that I have ever seen in Virginia. Of the courage in action of these men, at any rate when acting in mass, there can no doubt exist; of their physical and mental and moral energy and stamina I entertain grave doubts. Retreat, defeat and exposure would tell on them more than on the whites. So far, as a whole, they more than fulfil every expectation which I entertained. Just now they are slovenly, it is true, that is, have very little idea of making a "neat job" of a thing, and always consider that if a thing will answer a shift, it is good enough for all time. This I try very hard to break up. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, November 4, 1864

SELDOM even among the many rapid changes that my letters have recorded during the last few years, has there been one so great as that which has occurred in my feelings since my last letter. That was written under the effects produced by Reuter's telegram that "the Democrats had carried Pennsylvania by a large majority which the soldiers' vote could not overcome," and that "Maryland had rejected the anti-slavery constitution." Of Indiana and Ohio nothing was said. The few returns from Pennsylvania we had received were not calculated to refute this statement, and as a necessary consequence the prospect looked more alarming than I ever described it in my letter. You, of course, the danger passed, and breathing an atmos-

phere of sympathy, may consider my alarm to have been unnecessary and absurd. As for me I look back upon the crisis as I would on a hair-breadth escape from a horrible accident, or from sudden ruin. It seemed then so close, if not inevitable, that the sense of relief is enormous. . . .

But the great thing is that we have now gained time. The result at any rate is now clear. From certain articles in the rebel papers I infer that Lee's army, especially Early's command, is no longer what it was, and does not fight as it used. I do not quite understand Sheridan's success on any other ground. In fact the wonder is that demoralisation has not long ago set in over the whole South. Some day or other it must come, or human nature change. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, November 11, 1864

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MEANWHILE my hopes of our escaping from England soon are not so buoyant as they, perhaps unreasonably, once were. I feel a feeling that your father may fail us at the pinch. Should he be pressed to stay, I fear he will do so, and I am almost convinced that he will either remain here or go into the Cabinet. This is the only alternative I can see, and I dread either almost equally. Nevertheless I wait what may turn up to adapt my plan of operations accordingly.

The decision must soon be made. We shall next week know the result of the election. We drank to Abraham's success at dinner last Tuesday. If all goes

well, another month will see us settled here for another year, I suppose, or preparing to break up between December and April. This is however a critical time. Although we have news down to the 2d, I would be glad to know that our corner was safely turned, and do not therefore venture to build much on the future. There are some ugly diplomatic questions also that have chosen just this time to come up, and I dread their influence on us.

We are as usual void of news except from the war. I do not comprehend Grant's moves. They do not seem to be made in earnest. He has the air of playing with Lee, and Lee seems to think so, to judge from Mr. Lawley's last epistle to the Times. I have been expecting for a long time a movement of the combined army across the Appomattox from City Point, on the rear of Petersburg and onto Lee's flank or rear, as it may be. What is the use of Lee's extended lines, if we always attack the same points? Nevertheless, the election once over, I am willing to wait patiently if necessary; for the cautious game is probably now our sure play. . . .

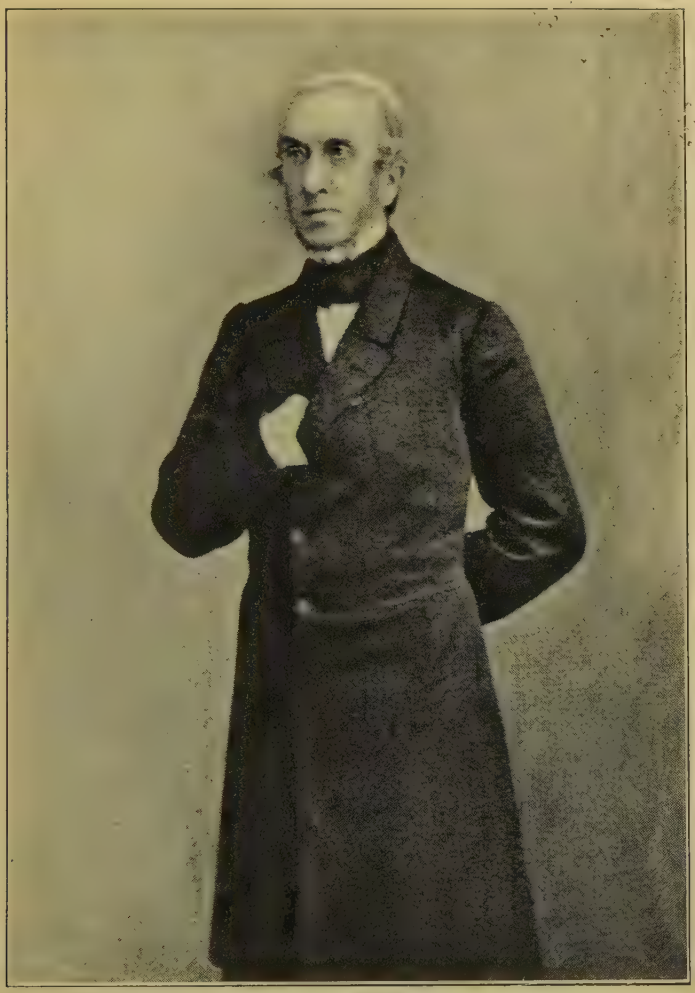
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HENRY ADAMS

Boston, November 14, 1864

. . . . . .

I AM disposed to believe that I have just witnessed the most sublime moral spectacle of all time. As you know I got home in time to throw my vote and found myself one of some 5000 superfluous majority in the solid city of Boston. Think of it! The state of Massachusetts,

as the result of four years of war and bloodshed and taxes and paper money, reviews her action and declares it good, and reordains the ministers of that action by a majority hitherto unknown in her annals. I never saw a more orderly election. I never saw people after an election settle down to its results with so little discussion, exultation or noise. All seemed to breathe more freely when the result was known, but there was a sober serious tinge in the general feeling not usually noticed. We exult very much over Massachusetts and her verdict. She has not left treason a hiding place in her limits. I cannot but attribute the unanimity of that result to Mr. Everett's manly and decided course. For the influences which led to it do not seem to have gone beyond the State, and the most surprising changes are to be found in the strongholds of the old Bell-Everett party. He seems to have carried with him the bulk of his party, and left to the opposition only its stock leaders and organ. I delight and triumph over some of the dead in this struggle, e.g. R. C. Winthrop. During the last fifteen years our old Commonwealth has been not infrequently sorely tried. Few of her children were silent when Sumner was assailed, and fewer still when Sumter surrendered. One of these few was Winthrop. In our moments of anger and sorrow and exultation he could not find his voice, or even make a sign; but at last, when the traitors within struck hands with the traitors without, and it seemed possible that the nation might soon cashier its own good name, then, at last, Winthrop found his voice and his strength, and spoke forth in company with



ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP

Rynders and Wood; he made haste to affiliate himself with traitors, and, verily, he has his reward.

Thus you see we are very gay over the election, and make out to count the living and the dead. We do not see that it has left us anything to be desired. We have the popular majority, two-thirds and over of Congress, and not one single State Executive, except New Jersey, that is not in harmony with the Administration. I do not see why now the rebellion should not be crushed out. This election has relieved us of the fire in the rear and now we can devote an undivided attention to the remnants of the Confederacy. As for you and for most of us, it is a new and not unnecessary lesson. Here we have for months been deploring this election. We have regarded it as an indisputable misfortune and considered its occurrence now as an incident from which much evil might ensue and no good could. The clouds we so much dread have in this case indeed been big with mercy. This election has ratified our course at its most doubtful stage and it has crushed domestic treason as no other power could have. It is very pleasant to us to think how cheering these tidings will be to you. Abroad this election can hardly fail to produce a greater effect than any victory in the field or military movement. It is not only a great moral spectacle but a decisive moral victory, and the world, I should say, could hardly fail to admire the people who have achieved it. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Quincy, November 18, 1864

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The management of our finances now seems to me not only the greatest but the most inviting field for usefulness which this country affords. Are you acquainted with the present financial temper of the country? Do you know what the present condition of our finances is? My opinion is n't worth much, but the subject is one which interests me and, as I have lots of time, I'll write my impressions. In the first place, our people are now taxed to death, not for revenue, but for currency. A dollar represents fifty cents in goods. Bitter experience has taught them that it is better to pay an enormous tax for revenue and more for currency, than only heavy taxes for revenue and half their incomes for currency. I have one thousand dollars income. I could better pay $250 for revenue if a dollar was worth a hundred cents, than nothing at all with gold at 230. This an intelligent people begins to see. In other words a nation has at last learned that paper-money is not wealth and that, after a certain point, the best way to raise revenue is to put your hand in your pocket and pull out the coin. I want to see some bold, obstinate, common-sensed financier just follow out those principles and proceed to regulate our Treasury. If such a one would now take his stand and declare that he would have a dollar a dollar and not borrow another cent, but carry on the war by taxes and taxes only; that he would not ruin the nation by discounting its

paper with $7\frac{3}{10}$ interest at sixty per cent off; that he might tax us half our incomes, but he would make the other half gold; that he would not borrow another dollar now except at par — such a man might now be forced out of office, but his day would come and the country would return to him sooner or later. I think he would carry it through now. They say we now raise $600,000,000 a year. If so, this in gold would carry on the war. The trouble is we pay it out in depreciated currency for every munition of war. Prices once broken down to gold rates, our present taxes apparently would suffice. I believe the country would cheerfully pay the sum necessary to take the Treasury out of the market as a borrower, and if we contracted no more loans the greenback currency would surely rise in value without another effort of the Government. We should indeed have to face a currency contraction and commercial crisis; but surely that would be better now than presently and amid the strain of war could most readily be met and overcome.

This last election has given me a new and almost unbounded faith in the faculty of a free *and intelligent* people to manage their own affairs. It was conducted with so much temper and moderation, the issues were so fully discussed and, on the successful side, so wholly without clap-trap and buncomb, it has convinced me that our people, to come to correct conclusions, need only full and able discussions, time to think and honest and clear thinkers to guide. The popular mind is now ripe for a correct solution of our financial questions. Up to within a short time people had a sort of blind

belief in what Mill calls "currency juggles"; they thought that certain men could manufacture wealth out of printed paper; that national expenditure, credit and debt, in some mysterious way, differed from individual debt, credit and expenditure, and was subject to other and then unknown laws. A fearful expenditure and bitter experience have now made them expect some humbug in all that and to me it seems that they only need to have correct principles bluntly stated to redeem at once past blunders and present troubles. A year ago they were not ready for this and the man who had proposed it would have failed to convince. Now any man who does it will win everlasting honor.

The country begins to suspect that a nation no more than a man can submit to unlimited shaves on his paper and that after a certain point it is true economy to return to cash payments and that to do this you must spend only your income. The Government in this war has never had faith enough in the virtue and intelligence of the people. They have been afraid of their own measures and the people are to-day more willing to honor drafts and taxes than the Government is to impose them. The result has been most disastrous. To carry on this war we need not more than 400,000 men and $600,000,000 a year *really furnished*. By our timid system of drafts, with their quotas, and credits, and balances, and one year men and all that trash, and our ruinous system of loans and paper money, we have terrified the people by calling on them in one year for 1,000,000 men and we have made the war cost them

$1,200,000,000, all because our rulers either don't know how or dare not tell the truth.

I hope the Government now will come out fair and square and say: "This war costs now so much in men and so much in money as we *now* carry it on: as it *might* be carried on it would cost so much. Currency juggles and draft juggles are only swindles. Men and money are the sinews of war. Raised directly, they cost so much; raised indirectly, so much. All that cost in any case must come from you, but that difference is what you must pay if you want to cheat yourself into a pleasing idea that the cost does n't come out of you but out of somebody else. These are the principles on which finances and military strength depend and three years demonstrate their truth. Now choose ye!" These things need to be brought before the people and the Cabinet should do it, for the President, we know, is not equal to it. What a superb thing it would be to have some man at the head of affairs who could now lead this people, in the midst of the trial and excitement of war, back to correct principles; leading them of their own free will, and simply by pointing out to them their errors as proven by results in their own recent experience.

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, November 25, 1864

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John writes us that you reached Quincy on the Sunday previous to the election. Hence you had an opportunity to vote on that day. The result is now before

us. Its moral effect must be prodigious everywhere. I candidly admit, it has surpassed my most sanguine expectations. In the face of intrigues of every kind carried on for months between traitors both without and within the lines, in the face of the serious difficulties attending the maintenance of a terrible struggle, a large majority of the people, spread over the whole country, without geographical or sectional lines to mark a difference, have expressed their deliberate sense of the necessity of perseverance in the policy once commenced. This sentiment has so pervaded the nation, that not one branch of the government, but every part of it, whether federal or state, has been brought into harmony with it. Not an opening has been left for doubt or question as to the constitutional legitimacy of the decision. This is an extraordinary escape from what at one time looked like a portentous hazard. We owe it, under Divine providence, in some degree to the energy and fidelity of the armies in the field which have nobly co-operated to sustain the government policy by contributing the essential element of success. This most critical danger having been safely passed, I trust the moment is approaching when reconciliation may be expected to commence. The slave question must before long be removed from the path. The hope of independence as the instrument to protect slavery must die with it. What is there left to fight about? All the expectations so sanguinely entertained of a return to old compromises by the agency of General McClellan prove vain. Nothing is left but a new appeal to the sword attempted at every disadvantage in comparison

with earlier ones that have failed. Unless the people are stark mad, the issue must be peace or expatriation.

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, November 25, 1864

. . . . . .

THE election is over then, and after all that excitement, worry and danger, behold, all goes on as before. It was one of those cases in which life and death seemed to hang on the issue, and the result is so decisive as to answer all our wishes and hopes. It is a curious commentary upon theoretical reasoning as to forms of Government, that this election which ought by all rights to be a defect in the system, and which is universally considered by the admirers of "strong Governments" to be a proof of the advantage of their own model, should yet turn out in practice a great and positive gain and a fruitful source of national strength. After all, systems of Government are secondary matters, if you've only got your people behind them. I never yet have felt so proud as now of the great qualities of our race, or so confident of the capacity of men to develop their faculties in the mass. I believe that a new era of the movement of the world will date from that day, which will drag nations up still another step, and carry us out of a quantity of old fogs. Europe has a long way to go yet to catch us up.

Anything that produces a great effect in our favor on this side, usually produces a sort of general silence as the first proof of its force. So this election has been met on this side by a species of blindness. People

remark the fact with wonder and anger, but they have only just such a vague idea of what are to be its consequences, as shuts their mouths without changing their opinions. Only the most clear-headed see indistinctly what bearing it is likely to have on English politics, and I expect that it will be years yet before its full action gets into play. Meanwhile the Government is now stronger than ever and our only weak point is the financial one. May our name not have to stand guard on that! . . .

Henry Adams to Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

London, December 9, 1864

. . . . . .

Of course Sherman's march is creating great excitement here. The newspapers, one after another, and about every other day, prove conclusively that he must lose his army and fall a victim to "clouds of confederate cavalry on his front, flank and rear"; to "swarms of patriotic guerillas behind every bush"; to failure of supplies which are all to be destroyed as he moves; to the obstruction of roads, and finally to the army in his front. I will say however that the latest advices of the alarm existing in the rebel kingdom have made their friends here far less confident than they were. My consolation is that by this time the result must have been arrived at, one way or the other; and as I have as much faith in Sherman as I have in any individual of ancient or modern history or mythology, I keep a very stiff courage up and wait confidently the result.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Boston, December 11, 1864

. . . . . .

Meanwhile you will soon have the message and documents. What do you think of them? They strike me as excellent business documents, and the tone of the message in relation to slavery and conciliation I very much like. We are all tired of that eternal olive branch of conciliation. The rebels play brag and they outrage all nature. Now in public we must outbrag them, whatever chances of conciliation are kept open in private. And by the way, I am very curious to see the Diplomatic Correspondence of this year. Will the curious Scott Russell diplomatic fiasco see the light? I think it ought, if only to prove that we have ever been ready and almost eager to discuss schemes of pacification brought forward with even a shadow of authority.

One report, that of the Treasury, disappoints me mightily, and for reasons which I have already given you. It seems to be an able balance sheet. It proves that we are at the end of our tether and can borrow no more, and it stops there. We can't go on as we are, he clearly shows, and he has only to propose a continuation of the old measures. He does not state a single principle of sound finance, but he makes a stately onslaught upon "speculators in gold." Why not also on those in flour and pork? It is, to my mind, very ominous. The people are so weary of an inflated currency that they are far ahead of Mr. Fessenden, and yet he is Secretary, and we must wait to have him ruin his repu-

tation at the expense of our credit. I now very much fear that repudiation of some sort and to a certain extent is well nigh inevitable. We must have taxation and neither systems of finance or gold bills will supply its place. We certainly could retrench immensely — bounties could be cut off for one thing. We could raise more money by a somewhat lower tariff and then the income tax is all our own. For myself I would not grumble at giving one-third of my income for the rest of the war, and, instead of preventing imports by excessive duties, I would stop the consumption of luxuries by a war-tax of thirty-three per cent on all incomes above $5000 a year. You see I have gone crazy on the subject of taxes. I am tired of paying one-tenth of my income for revenue and one-half of it for currency. However, Mr. Fessenden thinks differently and he speaks from the high places. Of our other two national lights, Mr. Sherman is said to entertain the views which I express and your old friend, Thad. Stevens, as soon as he has fixed our currency, is going to regulate by law the rising of the sun, so that the days shall be of equal length all the year round. . . .

Henry Adams to Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

London, December 16, 1864

. . . . . .

Popular opinion here declares louder than ever that Sherman is lost. People are quite angry at his presumption in attempting such a wild project. The interest felt in his march is enormous, however, and if he arrives as successfully as I expect, at the sea, you

may rely upon it that the moral effect of his demonstration on Europe will be greater than that of any other event of the war. It will finish the rebs on this side for a long time, if not, as I believe, for ever. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Camp of the 5th Mass. Cav'y
Point Lookout, Md., December 18, 1864

. . . . . .

I did however meet Wilson [in Washington] and some of Grant's staff, and picked up some reliable military news which it is my object now to let you have. Wilson was in a state of great excitement over the Wilmington expedition and "confidentially" told me, as he was telling every one else, how two hundred tons of powder were going to blow all Wilmington and its forts high and dry; how Butler had 20,000 picked men, including Weitzel's black division; and how Grant had told him that, for assaulting works, black troops were inferior to none, if indeed not the best in the world. All that he had to say, however, you will get with its results in the papers. I met at the same time, however, Colonel Sharpe, chief of secret information on Grant's staff and an old acquaintance of mine. I told him I wanted material for a letter to you and then had a long talk with him. All that he tells me is reliable. In answer to my questions he told me, that Lee had now 55,000 men in Richmond and that Grant, now that Butler was gone, confronted him with 75,000. Lee is so "dug-in" that Grant cannot assault him and he has not sufficient preponderance of force to send a suitable moveable column

round into his rear. Lee is hard up for supplies. The Danville road is used only for Army supplies and on it they bring in about forty-five carloads a day, and the balance needed for the Army has been waggoned round our flank from Weldon. The citizens of Richmond depend wholly for supplies on the Central Railroad and hence the absolute necessity of Lee's holding the valley. On hand in Richmond there are about fourteen days' supplies and this amount cannot be increased. Meanwhile our friends in Richmond inform Sharpe that the rebel rolling stock is so reduced that on the Danville road they have some twenty-five engines and are never able to keep more than five in running order at any time; and they further say that if we can destroy the Central Railroad for thirty miles *thoroughly*, the material to repair the damage cannot be obtained in the South and Richmond must starve. Meanwhile Lee has sent two Divisions to oppose Sherman and replaced them by two small Divisions from Early, and Grant within forty-eight hours had ordered Sheridan to attack Early and, if successful, to try and press down and seize the Central Railroad. Meanwhile Grant, Sharpe says, considers that the Army of the Potomac has done its work for the year and that now it will observe Lee, and his (Grant's) winter occupation will be to take Savannah, Charleston and Wilmington, shut the confederates up, and organize a cooperative force to overwhelm Lee in Richmond in the spring, should he remain there. But he does not believe that he can remain there. Said Sharpe: "A few days ago I was reading him my letters from Richmond and

expressed my belief that Lee must dig out during the winter. You know how Grant sits and lets you talk and usually expresses no opinion? Then, however, he quickly looked up and said, 'Do you think so, colonel? Well, I think so too.'"

We then went on to the constitution of Lee's Army and in reply to my questions he told me: "Lee's present 55,000 is not at all the old material. It is all that he can rake and scrape — clerks, Government employees, detailed men and all. Of his old fighting stock he has about 22,000 left. Those men *we must kill* before the country can have peace. They are old soldiers and fierce slave-holders. Those men have got to be used up." For the rest, he told me Lee's Army does not amount to much. All the regiments from the South are maddened at being kept in Virginia while Sherman is loose at their homes. Accordingly the desertions come in about thirty a day from Georgians, Floridians and Mississippians. "Now," said Sharpe, "Lee's difficulty is this: Virginia has raised sixty-two regiments; of these Lee has in his Army fifty-five, and the rest of his Army is largely made up of North Carolinians. If he gives up Virginia and North Carolina, we shall then get the soldiers from those states, and those are the men he can't lose."

I asked him about Lee's means of recruiting his Army. He told me he had none; our armies overran the South and no more men were to be had. "As to their arming the negroes," he said, "that's out of the question. In the first place, let me tell you, in two years I have examined thousands of our men who have

escaped from them to us, and I never yet heard of the first case where a black man could n't be relied on to help them escape, and if they put arms in their hands, by ——, those devils would paddle over to us so quick they could n't catch them. Besides this arming the blacks would just disarm the 22,000 fierce rebels that Lee has left, for those are the remains of the men who fought for slavery."

Grant he assured me was now in excellent spirits. He wants more men, but he considers that, except in his present defences, Lee has n't got one week's fight left in him. Sherman has demonstrated that the rebellion is a shell. Thomas' victory leaves Lee only to contend with, and Lee's destruction is a question only of material and time, unless he leaves Virginia and retreats into the Gulf states. There he might yet, by rallying around his Army the remnant of Hood's, make a new front. Accordingly it is just as well to prevent his getting out of Virginia. Of forage, the enemy has none. Their cavalry has been sent down dismounted to Georgia. Of iron they have been so short as to be unable to manufacture shot requiring to be made of malleable iron. Finally, said he, "Lee can keep his Army just where it is, but he can't attack, nor can he fight a battle. Victory or defeat would be alike ruinous. As for Hood, they've got to get rid of him anyhow; for even if he wins, he is killing the rebellion by his very loss of men." The Army of the Potomac, he told me, was sadly reduced from what we had once known. "But people say it has accomplished nothing! This year in ruining itself in nine pitched battles, it

ruined Lee and one week's more fighting would have left him nothing to fight with. Meanwhile Sherman's Army is intact, and Thomas has made a new Army which can not only hold Hood, but has destroyed him."

Thus, you see, I have cast for you the military horoscope. What I have told you, you may rely upon, as it was told me by a man as well informed as Grant himself, and from it you may safely draw your inferences of the future. Charleston is left to Sherman, and Butler, if successful, is to press into the interior and operate on Lee's communications on one side, while Sheridan presses them from the other — the Army of the Potomac meanwhile watching him in his works. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to Henry Adams

Camp of the 5th Mass. Cav'y
Point Lookout, Md., Christmas Day, 1864

. . . . . .

Who is to succeed Mr. Dayton? Sumner would be the man, and I think he would like it and Seward would like to get rid of him in that place; but the Governor and Motley both coming from Massachusetts would probably stand in the way of that consummation. General Dix it seems to me would do as well as anyone and the Army could spare him. By the way, do you know I have renewed relations with Sumner? I happened to mention to Dr. Palfrey that I should rather like to, as I thought four years a good Statute of Limitations for old scores, and lately he has been saying complimentary things of the Minister. So, a few days

after, the Doctor invited me to meet L'Engel at breakfast at the Club, and there I found Sumner and Dr. Howe. Sumner has run more than ever to seed and now out-Sumners himself; but he was pleasant and cordial enough. He did *not* press me with any inquiries about the Minister or his family. I left a card on him as I came through Washington the other day. L'Engel I saw a number of times, chiefly at the Club, and called once on Mrs. L'Engel. He comes out to England in February, but she stays here until next Summer. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, December 30, 1864

. . . . . .

STURGIS came out one evening quite exuberant, and "What will you give for the news?" says he. It was that of Sherman's arrival at the coast, and Hood's defeat at Nashville. You may judge of our exultation. It seems at last that this war is going to come to its end. This last campaign will, I suppose, narrow the field of the war to the Atlantic States, and when that is done, the result is inevitable and must come soon. What a fellow Sherman is! and how well Grant is managing! The combinations of this war are getting so tremendous that there will be nothing left for us in a foreign war except to make the moon a basis, and to march our armies overland to conquer Europe. The result has thrown great consternation into the minds of the English, and with reason. This Canadian business is suddenly found to be serious, and the prospect of Sherman marching down the St. Lawrence, and

Farragut sailing up it, does n't seem just agreeable. They are annoyed at Dix's order. If they are not sharp they will find annoyance a totally inadequate expression for it.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Camp of the 5th Mass. Cav'y
Point Lookout, Md., December 31, 1864

. . . . . .

I am writing to you in the very last hours of the year. As it passes away I find myself looking back over its events. Whomever else it has mis-used and left the worse for its events, it certainly was a pleasant, kind and beneficent year to me. It came to me full-handed; it was to me, in my small sphere, a year of almost unmixed success. In it whatever I aimed at was accomplished. To be sure my mark was not high but I struck it. My sphere is so small, and now so isolated, that I doubt if even you can trace the causes of my satisfaction. It is worth going over my record, if only to renew pleasant associations. Just as the year began I was looking forward to my visit to you, so long the pleasant dream which made hardship bearable, as a thing hoped for long and now, perhaps, to be realised. While its realisation was yet a question, my Company, and mine alone of the regiment, enlisted anew, and when the dream was realised, I went home almost in triumph. Then came Europe and the rest from labors. When my vacation was over and the old life of hardship, now rendered doubly hard in contemplation and almost unbear-

able by contrast with the present, when this again stared me in the face, then I made one little effort, just pulled one little wire, and again my whole scene changed. The terrible campaign which killed so many of my friends and was one succession of increasing hardships and privations to those whom it spared, was to me a summer picnic and pleasure excursion. Presently, unsought by me and undesired, came offers of promotion. When accepted by me I did not come to my regiment empty handed. I brought them their horses, and again my attempt had been successful. Then, in October, I thought I would like to go home, and November saw me at Quincy. Now, as the year is closing, I have just gotten back, and I think you will agree with me that '64 came to me full handed and has been to me a pleasant and a prosperous year. The events of the coming year I, for one, seek not to foresee. So far my share of happiness and success has been allotted to me and I hope to go on in the faith that all blessings were not expended in the past, and that the power which has so well looked after that, will supply its cakes and ale in due quantity also in the future. . . .

1865

1865

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to Henry Adams

Camp of the 5th Mass. Cav'y
Point Lookout, Md., January 1, 1865

. . . . . .

I am back in camp and working out my salvation after a fashion. I have almost nothing to do and so enjoy a good deal of leisure. This would make my life unbearable had I not systematically gone to work to occupy myself. When I returned I brought back with me a number of books and these make my evenings something to look forward to. That I may be sure and enjoy them, I never open my books in the day time, but, until my lamps are lighted I busy myself with some sort of work. I write all my letters, transact business, study tactics, and in the afternoon drill the regiment; but when dusk comes, then comes my pleasure. At about five o'clock I have a bright fire blazing in my quarters, my lamps are lighted, and then I make myself a cigarette and feeling that I have earned my evening, settle down to my books. I never go out, and people rarely drop in on me, so that a long evening is given me from five to eleven o'clock. These I enjoy intensely. . . .

Henry Adams to Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

London, January 6, 1864 [1865]

. . . . . .

In one sense society is much more agreeable now than it used to be. I no longer feel any dread of conversa-

tion about our affairs. The name of Sherman has of late placed us who are abroad, in a very commanding position, and our military reputation is at the head of the nations. You can imagine that this relieves us of our greatest discomfort, and in fact we now receive compliments where we used to hear nothing but sneers. Even the Times is converted, and gives us a long leader full of praise of Sherman. The fall of Savannah is needed to complete the opinion of the world here, and I suppose Savannah will fall of its own weight very soon. Then the final struggle will begin, and these good foreigners will learn a new page in history. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Mother

Camp of 5th Mass. Cav'y
Point Lookout, Md., January 8, 1865

. . . . . .

You drew a wrong impression from my description if you concluded that our prisoners were harshly treated. War is cruel in all its parts — a horrid blessing sent on mankind in a shape curiously like a curse; and in all wars the purest form of squalid misery to which God's image is anywhere reduced has ever been found in the depots of prisoners. Our war is no exception to the rule, and yet our prisoners are treated with all reasonable tenderness and care. Their lives are not thought precious, but neither are those of our soldiers, and my experience and observation lead me to state as the conclusion of my best judgment that our prisoners of war at this point are, on the average the year round, as little exposed and as well fed and the wear and tear

on their vital powers is as bearable, as is the average with our own soldiers in active campaign. As to that pile of coffins which so harrowed you, it is almost gone now, but I must say I think your sympathies were most unduly excited. Nelson, you know, for years carried his coffin round in the cabin of his ship. If the sight of a pile of coffins is going to shock a man he'd better keep out of the Army. And, by the way, that very pile of coffins was the best possible evidence that men did not die fast; for where men die fast the prejudice in favor of coffins does n't last long. For instance, do you suppose coffins would be used if they were needed at the rate of ten a day?

However, impelled by your letter I thought on Friday I would look into the matter of our prisoners' condition. Accordingly I said to myself: "In Hospitals one sees misery, and so to the Hospitals I will go," and to them I went at once. I must confess, having done so, to a strong sense, when I got through, of pleasure and pride in the Christian spirit and forbearance of our Government. There was neither want nor misery there! I went through ward after ward, passing up and down the long rows of little beds on each of which lay a sick prisoner, with the long matted hair and wild look so peculiar to southern men. The wards were long, wooden buildings, one story high, whitewashed inside, warmed by stoves and scrupulously clean — regular military hospitals. The beds were small and of iron, and each bed had its mattress, coarse white sheets and pillow-case, and two blankets. Among all these thousands the deaths average two or three a day,

and I saw but few men who seemed very sick and but one who was dying. The ward-masters and attendants were themselves prisoners and in answer to my inquiries (for I came, you see, officially) all told me that they were very comfortable and had everything which could be expected. Evidently there was no misery or suffering there. I confess what I saw greatly surprised me. We could hardly take more tender care of our sick soldiers. After the horrors of the southern prisons, I doubt if our countrymen (well as I think of them) would support the treatment I have described. It is too much in the spirit of Christ for common men; but abroad it should be known in justice to this much libelled country. There was more for a liberal American to be proud of in that hospital than in the greatest achievement of our armies. There was to be found, and that too under circumstances of cruel aggravation, the true spirit of Christianity infused into war. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

Washington, January 16, 1865

I SUPPOSE the dating of this letter will surprise you a little, but so it is and here I am once more on my way home. I told you some weeks ago that I looked upon my return to Point Lookout at present as a mere experiment. Gradually I have become persuaded that the experiment was not a success, and accordingly I have broken up my establishment and am off to re-establish myself. I don't know that I am much less well than when I returned from Boston, but I certainly am no better. Accordingly I have now settled up all

my affairs in the regiment, broken up my household, packed up all my traps and am now on my way home for an indefinite period of time — certainly, I think, forty days and perhaps sixty. I shall get to Boston tomorrow evening and shall at once take steps to get myself put on some detached duty. From thence I shall write you more at length. . . .

The first news I saw this morning on arriving here was Mr. Everett's death, and it will go out to you by the steamer which carries this. He seems to me to have died well and in good time. Over seventy, thoroughly redeemed and standing well before his countrymen, his last public words were those of charity and good-feeling. I do not see that he could have lived longer for any benefit. He passed away on the very crest of the wave. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Boston, January 19, 1865

. . . . . .

How was the capture of Fort Fisher received in England? That was a blow and a surprise which will, indeed, be very sweet to you. It was meant for the English market. Your friends in Liverpool cannot well but squirm under that blow and the ship building interest of the Clyde will languish. As to the rebel loan, it is well that it is not largely held by very exemplary men. As bearing on your position I suppose this is the most important success of the war, after the capture of New Orleans. It strikes a staggering blow at the weak point of all English sympathy

with the rebellion and must go far to close to them the purse-strings of Europe. I am most curious to receive your reflections and feelings on the announcement of our success. How many more such vital blows as Thomas' victory, Sherman's march and the sealing up of Wilmington, can the Confederacy sustain and survive? Is there no end to the endurance of those people? I hope you will keep me informed of the state of English opinion, for I look all along to see the coming extinction of the rebellion first foreshadowed in European discussions.

As to General Butler, what a sad *fiasco* he has made! Ben Butler, of all men alive, to be extinguished in ridicule! His mistake was worse than a crime, it was a blunder, and by his published orders and unmilitary language he has accumulated upon ill luck every possible form of aggravation. It is hard to imagine how even his audacious vitality can survive such an ingenious muddle. He seems first to have cut his own throat, and then blown out his brains. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, January 27, 1865

. . . . . .

OUR plans are so indefinite and so liable to be knocked in the head by news from your side of the water, that I feel myself about equally balanced between the probabilities of going to Italy and remaining there till summer and then bringing the family home, or of not going there at all, but staying here to pack up our duds and take them home in advance of the rest of the party.

Mr. Mackay, the intelligent and gentlemanly New York correspondent of the London Times, has written to that journal, I am told, that Mr. Seward is to return to the Senate and our present Minister at the Court of St. James is to take the Secretary's place. I suppose this tale is only an appendage to that which transfers Senator Morgan to the Treasury, for I see no other means of giving Seward a vacancy. Thank the Lord, it can't be true, or else Mackay would n't write it; but it's an annoying idea to have on one's mind, and I am not sorry that our departure is postponed if it enables us to settle our projects before going, and eliminate these disturbing quantities from our equation. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

Boston, January 30, 1865

. . . . . .

THE more I think of the matter [national finances] the more persuaded I feel that my original impressions were correct and all my inquiries among business men here confirm my opinions. The Government is on the wrong track and the sooner it retraces its steps the better. I agree with you that this cannot be done at once, but I also believe that the new policy can be announced at once and that our future efforts should be directed through means distinctly avowed to the proposed end. The time has come for at least the enunciation of correct principles. A return to a specie basis for our expenditure is of course the end sought for. The means must be increased taxation and reduction of expenditure. Navy estimates could be reduced,

bounties cut off, and, if we could get back to gold, all pay of officials cut down. In gold, the cost of the war is not now more than seven hundred millions a year. All authorities tell me that the letting loose of a comparatively small amount of cotton would turn exchange in our favor, and I am also assured that wealthy individuals here now hold large amounts of gold or its equivalents in Europe — out of danger, as it were. In the light of recent successes, symptoms of a return to sound financial principles would again recall this capital.

If these facts are as stated, the end and the means to the end could at least be set before the country and effort could be directed in correct channels. We should no longer financially be drifting. The very enunciation of correct principles would probably tumble gold down prodigiously, and any day after gold once approximates paper, a lucky find of cotton and one big, staggering effort might enable the Government to resume payment in specie. This even attempted, and our borrowing brought within bounds, would so restore confidence in our credit that the very attempt would be half the victory. I may be all wrong, but as yet the experiment has not been tried. Fessenden, having done us immense injury by doing nothing in the very crisis of our fate, is soon going out. Who is to succeed him? The very naming of his successor will go far to tell us whether we are to emerge from revolution through bankruptcy, or are to prove equal to the emergency.

They are discussing in Congress the question of

retaliation of ill usage upon our prisoners of war. In the last Army and Navy Journal (that of the 28th) you will find my views on this subject in a communication signed by my initials. I hope you will look it up and let me know how it strikes you. I think the views will stand the test of humanity. If the rebels will feed our prisoners on turtle-soup, theirs should be fed on the same. If they give them a pint of meal a day, theirs should have no more, man for man. In a word the rebels should hereafter regulate wholly the treatment of prisoners.

Since I sat down to write this letter all my future prospects have undergone a change. As I was growling over the irregularity of mails, the door bell rang and Hull Adams rushed in in a tremendous hurry and then rushed out again, the bearer of an important message. Major General Humphreys, who now commands the Second, Hancock's old Corps, had, in a roundabout way in lack of a better, sent through Mr. Campbell and Hull a message to me to the effect that he will be glad to have me on his staff as Assistant Inspector General of his Corps. General Humphreys was Meade's Chief of Staff while I was at army headquarters, and is kind enough to say that he took a fancy to me, etc., etc. At any rate he has paid me a very high compliment. The position of Assistant Inspector General is generally considered the highest on the Staff — in a Corps it carries with it the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and my predecessor under Hancock was also Chief of Staff and made Brigadier General. It is a position which I formerly greatly coveted. I shall accept this

offer, at least for a time and return to a new and more influential life nearer Head Quarters. General Humphreys you must have heard of. He impresses me as one of the few able men I have met in the Army, and he is somewhat notorious as a tough old fighter. The whole matter is, of course, perfectly crude as yet, as I have neither answered, nor fully considered the proposition. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

Boston, February 7, 1865

. . . . . .

Reconstruction is looming rapidly up here and public opinion in New England stands in great need of guidance. The old Puritan vindictiveness is beginning to stick out strongly. Among Sumner's friends I should expect this, but I find it among those not his friends. Dana, Hoar and many others profess doctrines which, if they are carried out, will make an aggravated Vendée, Hungary or Poland of the South and will ruin us as sure as shooting. I find myself and my doctrines, of yielding any terms involving simply property and life but not principle, for the sake of good feeling after Peace, in a sad minority. I know that the mass of the people are neither vindictive nor lawyers and I am sure that they will go with me; but they've got to sweep over all the talent and standing of Massachusetts. On that point will Charles Sumner meet shipwreck, and it will be well if many better men do not go with him. However, people seem to me as ugly and vindictive as possible. They really don't want peace, unless with it

comes the hangman. They will insist upon it that this mighty revolution was, after all, only a murderous riot and that the police court and the constable are just about what it needs to quiet it. To this I can't assent, but public opinion is floating round very loose. I wish you were here to influence. Seward, I think, can be depended upon to be moderate, but the New England influences are all against him. He needs you in Massachusetts more than in London, and I think he can hardly fail to see that himself. If this be so, the time of your return is not far distant.

The only item since my last has been the episode of the Peace Commissioners, an episode which has met with no favor in these parts, in fact it seems to have met with universal condemnation. To this I cannot agree. I regard it as a step forward, an indispensable first step which had to be taken. As for dignity, I do not look to President Lincoln for that. I do look to him for honesty and shrewdness and I see no evidence that in this matter he has been wanting in these respects. . . .

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, February 10, 1865

. . . . . .

You ask me what effect the storming of Fort Fisher had in this country. I can only say in reply that coming as it did on the back of Sherman's victorious march, it has for the nonce made the London Times much more respectful. At the only soirée which I have attended, the first remark a very distinguished lady made

to me was to congratulate me that the war was coming to an end. She had never said so before. She then commented strongly on the blundering policy of the Times which has aimed at a disruption of the Union, whilst the true interest of England should have prompted them to sustain it. She is a woman of sense, and her own opinion is worth having. But her position places her in a circle where she gets the impressions of people of higher influence in the political world. The notion that the war will not last much longer is universal. It is much strengthened by the late reports of rebels and blockade runners from the southern states. I hear all and say little, rejoice inwardly and betray no emotion.

Singularly enough, however, the public sentiment, disappointed in its sanguine expectations of our ruin, is now taking a wholly new turn. It is whispered about that if the feud is reconciled and the Union restored, and a great army is left on our hands, the next manifestation will be one of hostility to this country. The various steps to rescind old treaty obligations, especially relating to Canada, which we have been forced to take, are cited as proof of our intentions to attack that country at once. Mr. Seward is as usual paraded as the rawhead and bloody bones before the imagination of the English people. Conscience looking back to the enormous extent to which the neutrality of the country has been abused by acts as well as expressions of sympathy with the rebels, doubtless prompts the fear of the effects of our very natural indignation. There are some who do not entirely suppress a wish that some decided course should be taken at once to

ward off all these dangers. A quarrel might yet help the failing rebel cause. If it must come, the wiser way would be to provoke it at once. The only thing needed would be a pretext. And that doubtless could be readily found in the mass of complaints accumulated during the struggle. It was very certain that we had the intention very soon to press a heavy amount of claim for damages done by the Alabama, etc., which never could be allowed. Why not take ground on that subject at once?

Such is the tone of the fighting cocks! But as yet they do not venture to crow loud. The politicians are wary. Parliament will be dissolved in July. And the elections will follow. No one cares about raising a new issue. There will be a very fierce personal canvass, in which individual popularity will tell so far in many cases [as] probably to turn the scale. So far as I can observe, I think there is even more timidity here than there is with our members of Congress in advance of an election. Hence I scarcely imagine the martial tone to be likely to be heard. Very certainly not, if nothing turns up to excite the popular passions on any question. After the seats are won and seven years of tenure are in prospect, the case may be altered. Then there may be bolder utterances. Meanwhile, however, events move fast in America. The thinner ranks of the rebel armies show no signs of recuperation. Their paper money is dear at the price of old rags, for it does not pay for the making. And the heart that upheld them is gone. This stage of the disease cannot last any great length of time. There must be some relief or the col-

lapse is at hand. I doubt whether the allies on this side will be able to stretch out a helping hand in season.

Such is the precise condition of opinion at the moment, caused by the last news of the storming of Fort Fisher! . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Mother

Boston, February 14, 1865

. . . . . .

Within this week a curious change has again come over my plans. In my last I was comfortably disposing of myself for a summer's enjoyment in a snug, pleasant staff place. The very next day I got a cool letter from Colonel Russell informing me that he had resigned and was on the point of leaving the regiment. This makes me full Colonel, and in so far is pleasant enough, but I regard it as decidedly a promotion down stairs as between the command of my regiment and the position I might have held in the Second Corps staff. . . .

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, February 17, 1865

. . . . . .

The Canada brought out the account of the peace commissioners from Richmond, and the coming out of Mr. Seward to meet them, with the President in the background. The effect was to create a general impression that peace was at once to follow. The consternation was extraordinary. The public funds fell. All sorts of securities, except the rebel loan and the United States stocks, went down. The price of cotton was

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HENRY STURGIS RUSSELL

lower by four cents a pound and hardly any could be bought even at that. You would have thought that a great calamity had befallen the good people of England. What would have happened, had the story lasted, I should not dare to say. Happily for the distressed nerves of our friends, the next day brought them a little relief. A steamer had come with three days later news. It was not so bad as they had feared. The conference had dispersed *re infecta*. There would be no peace. Hurrah. The papers of this morning are all congratulating the public that the war will go on indefinitely. The Times pathetically laments that it can foresee no end of it, excepting in the mutual exhaustion of the parties! *i.e.*, the very end which it most desires to see! Such is the spectacle of alternations of hope and fear about our misfortunes, which this people is doomed to present to us for some months to come! I do not envy the figure it will make with posterity. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

Newport, R.I., March 7, 1865

. . . . . .

WHAT do you think of the inaugural? That rail-splitting lawyer is one of the wonders of the day. Once at Gettysburg and now again on a greater occasion he has shown a capacity for rising to the demands of the hour which we should not expect from orators or men of the schools. This inaugural strikes me in its grand simplicity and directness as being for all time the historical keynote of this war; in it a people seemed to

speak in the sublimely simple utterance of ruder times. What will Europe think of this utterance of the rude ruler, of whom they have nourished so lofty a contempt? Not a prince or minister in all Europe could have risen to such an equality with the occasion. . . .

Charles Francis Adams to his Son

London, March 24, 1865

. . . . . .

On this side my situation seems at last to be getting easy and comfortable, so far as freedom from anxiety is concerned. A great change of opinion has been going on in the last few months, in regard to the chances of the issue. People feel the power of our position and the weakness of that of the rebels. They are also not without some embarrassment respecting the possible consequence to themselves of their indiscreet betrayal of their true sentiments towards us. This has led to a singular panic in regard to what will be done by us, after a restoration. A week or two since you could not drive the notion out of their heads that we were not about to pounce at once upon Canada. This was corrected by the first debate that took place in Parliament on that subject. Last night there was another, the burden of which was absolute faith in our desire to remain on the most friendly relations. At the same time £50,000 was voted for the purpose of fortifying Quebec in case of accidents. The case then stands logically thus. If they *do* believe what they say, the money is thrown away, as no fortification can be necessary. If on the other hand they do not believe it, and

that opinion is a just one, £50,000 will not go very far to putting Canada out of our reach. The fear that is implied is far more of a provocative than a resource in the dilemma.

Be this as it may, one thing seems for the present to be settled. That is, that no hope is left for any aid to the rebel cause. England will initiate nothing to help them in their critical moment. So far as any risk of an aggressive policy is concerned, it is over. Mr. Seward may now rely upon it, that if troubles supervene, it must happen very much by his own act. He has a right to exult in the success of his policy in carrying the country in its hour of peril clear of the hazards of foreign complications. The voluminous intrigues of the rebel emissaries have been completely baffled, their sanguine anticipations utterly disappointed. They have spent floods of money in directing the press, in securing aid from adventurers of all sorts, and in enlisting the services of ship and cannon builders with all their immense and powerful following, and it has been all in vain. So far as any efforts of theirs are concerned, we might enter Richmond tomorrow. This act of the drama is over. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to his Father

H.Q. 5th Mass. Cav'y, Sutherland St., near Petersburg, April 10, 1865

. . . . . .

Grant's great movement was already under way and General Weitzel, to whom I reported, ordered me to get out to the front with no delay. The regiment was

unarmed, lumbered up with surplus baggage and all disorganized by the rapid move from an old, permanent camp. Arms were to be drawn, stores turned in and the regiment forced to the front in a moment. To add to the trouble it rained incessantly all the two next days — bad enough for me; but that was nothing compared with the anxiety we all felt for the jeopardy in which the grand movement was placed. Thoroughly wet and knee deep in mud the work went on somehow and every official gave us all possible aid. Wagons, animals and arms were procured somehow. I went out to the front and selected a camp and the morning after I landed sent out one battalion. Friday noon it cleared away.

Meanwhile confusion in affairs regimental had become worse confounded and it needed all the head I had to keep things straight at all; but keeping cool and the assistance of first rate officers brought things round and Friday evening, having got ten companies sent forward, I broke up the receiving camp and moved out to the front. Here, in the deserted camp of the 1st N.Y. I found myself very comfortable on Saturday night, and the next evening the balance of the regiment arrived, and once more we were all together. I now found myself in command of all the Cavalry detachments north of the James — some two thousand men in all, of whom about 1000 were mounted. All Sunday reports of Grant's successes were coming in and we were anxious and expectant. I felt sure that Richmond would be abandoned as Atlanta had been, but Generals Weitzel and Devens treated my suggestion to that

effect so lightly that they quite put me out of conceit with it. However, the day, bright and warm, passed away and at night orders came to be ready to move at a moment's notice. The miscellaneous Brigade of which I had charge was the hardest body to handle of which I had any experience, being made up of all sorts of detachments and being without any staff or organization. I went to bed anxious, weary and disgusted enough.

At dawn I received a dispatch from my picket line that the enemy was not to be seen, and immediately after an order to move my command to the Darbytown road "and there await further orders." Then came vexations, for, without a staff, I had to get a column in motion. At seven o'clock, after fretting, fuming and chafing for an hour, I had the satisfaction of getting in motion at last. I had about one thousand mounted men and a battery. I got out to the Darbytown road, and by this time heavy explosions were heard towards Richmond, like the sound of heavy, distant fighting. Finding the enemy's lines deserted and no orders coming I concluded something was up and it was best to push ahead; so we went through the lines and took the Richmond road. Then came an exciting march, not without vexations; but nine o'clock found me in the suburbs of Richmond. Of my march through the city I have written the details to John and he will doubtless forward the letter to you. I am still confounded at the good fortune which brought me there. To have led my regiment into Richmond at the moment of its capture is the one event which I should most have

desired as the culmination of my life in the Army. That honor has been mine and now I feel as if my record in this war was rounded and completely filled out.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday we lay near Richmond picketing all the roads. My impressions of the city and its people I sent to John; but I also had to ride round a portion of the line of defences, crossing the celebrated Chickahominy swamp and visiting the scene of McClellan's old operations. The rebel earthworks are the strongest I ever saw and the city is wonderfully defensible. There, at last, however were those works, the guns still mounted and unspiked, with the ammunition beside them, taken at last without the loss of a man, flanked by great marches in Georgia.

Thursday afternoon I was surprised by an order to report with my regiment to General Hartsuff in Petersburg. I called in my pickets and made a moonlight flitting, leaving my camp at midnight. The regiment marched through Richmond at ten o'clock and found that conquered city quiet and silent as a graveyard. I believe I saw but one living being in the streets — a single sentry on his beat and I did not hear a sound. In fact all through the occupation the behavior of our Army has been wonderful. I have not seen or heard of any riot, blood-shed or violence. Of drunkenness there necessarily was a great deal; for, with an insane idea of propitiating our soldiers, the citizens actually forced liquor on them in the streets; but now those two cities are as quiet and orderly as any cities of the North. As for the usual scenes which have accompanied such captures abroad, there were absolutely none of them.

We found the slaves and the poor whites pillaging freely, but that was put a stop to and the soldiers, so far as I could see, behaved admirably. I got to Petersburg at nine o'clock and reported to General Hartsuff. He gave me until next morning to get the regiment together and rest it, and then sent me out here to cover the South Side Railroad.

Here I am on classic ground and see a good deal of the inhabitants. The rumor today is that Lee has surrendered. If this is so the fighting is over. Johnston must follow suit and there will hardly be another skirmish. Even if the rumor is false, however, I am persuaded the war is really over. For the first time I see the spirit of the Virginians, since these last two battles, completely broken; the whole people are cowed — whipped out. Every one is now taking the oath of allegiance. By the first of June you will not be able in these parts to find any confederates. The war is really over. These indications are new to me. In all former times these people might be broken, but they would not bend. Now they cower right down before us.

My present line runs right through both camps of the two armies. It is a curious region of desolation. I have ridden all through it and it seems to have been swept with the besom of destruction. All landmarks are defaced, not only trees and fences, but even the houses and roads. It is one broad tract, far as the eye can reach, dotted here and there with clumps of trees which mark the spot where some Head Quarters stood, and for the rest covered with a thick stubble of stumps of the pine. You ride through mile after mile of deserted

huts, marking the encampments of armies, and over roads now leading from nowhere, nowhither. Large houses are gone so that even their foundations can no longer be discovered. Forts, rifle-pits and abattis spring up in every direction, and in front of Petersburg the whole soil is actually burrowed and furrowed beyond the power of words to describe. There it all is, freshly deserted and as silent as death; but it will be years and years before the scars of war disappear from this soil, for nature must bring forth new trees and a new race of men must erect other habitations.

So much for my experiences, so far in the most interesting bit of campaigning it has yet been my fate to take part in. As you will imagine I have been and am happy and contented enough. This continual change and movement, without the crush and drive of a fierce campaign, is most delightful. It is also most fortunate; for to have been forced into the field at once would have utterly ruined my regiment. As it is, it has now an excellent chance. In a word, my usual good fortune has accompanied me. I seem once more to have landed on my feet in just the right moment and at just the right place. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, April 28, 1865

YOUR letter from Richmond was sent by John, as you desired, over to us. I read it with the greatest interest, and sent it off to your mother at Rome. It was a singular circumstance that you, in the fourth generation of our family, under the Union and the constitution,

should have been the first to put your foot in the capital of the Ancient Dominion, and that, too, at the head of a corps which prefigured the downfall of the policy which had ruled in that capital during the whole period now closely approaching a century. How full of significance is this history, which all of us are now helping to make! It is literally the third and fourth generation which is paying the bitter penalty for what must now be admitted were the shortcomings of the original founders of the Union. It was Jefferson who uttered the warning words, "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just." Yet even he in his latest years recoiled in equal terror from the opportunity then presented of applying at least a corrective to the fatal tendency of that moment. We have had it all to do at a period when the dangerous evil had reached the plenitude of its power and threatened to expand its sway over all. Practically the task may be said to have been accomplished. But at what a penalty to the generations now alive, and perhaps to their posterity!

And now comes the crowning abomination of this unholy spirit. With its physical power finally crushed, it strives to wreak its last vengeance upon the heads of those whom circumstances have happened to put forward as the leading instruments to bring about this change. Stupidly and blindly these puny devils bring on themselves by their own acts the danger of aggravating the very chastisement under which they are writhing. The magnanimity of the victorious nation was but speaking in the persons of Abraham Lincoln

and William H. Seward words of conciliation and kindness to the fallen, when they came in to substitute another whose bitter sense of personal wrong naturally mingles an alloy of vindictiveness in all his feelings, and to supply fuel to the popular fire which might in its progress burn them all from the face of the earth. Verily, the ways of Providence are past finding out! It looks to me as if it was not its will that mercy should be extended to these miserable criminals.

Yet there was never a moment when the position of the nation was more sublime than on that very Good Friday, the 14th of April, when this most atrocious crime was committed. The war had gone to the extent of disarming all further effective resistance by the rebels, and the question left to decide was only how best to soften the bitterness of defeat. The public voice was unequivocally for Christian charity, and the exercise of it had been agreed upon as a policy in the Executive Mansion by the Chief Magistrate in conjunction with the Commander in Chief of the forces. Even the most prejudiced of the English are reluctantly constrained to admit that this was the grandest spectacle seen in a popular government ever since the world began. Just at that instant comes in a whisper prompted by the father of all evil, "Let us knock down all this edifice by a single blow." And the blow was given.

But I doubt if it accomplished its object. It may however complete other purposes not contemplated by its author. It may fix the condition of immediate and total emancipation more firmly than before, and likewise call forth from all that is found worth saving

in the doomed community a sentiment of reprobation which may be the forerunner of a higher morality hereafter. The murder of Abraham Lincoln sets a stigma which will not be effaced or expiated except by long years of thorough reformation.

The excitement in this country has been deep and wide, spreading through all classes of society. My table is piled with cards, letters and resolutions. . . .

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to John Quincy Adams

H.Q. 5th Mass. Cav'y
May 2, 1865

. . . . . .

Now about my arrest and release, as I presume the whole family will desire the story I will send the facts to you and you can send my letter to the Governor. The subject is too disagreeable and too much of a bore to write many letters about it. Here is the whole story. At three o'clock in the morning of the 16th I received an order from General Ord, dated 13th, placing me "in arrest for neglect of duty in allowing my command to straggle and maraud," and ordering me to Fort Monroe for trial. I reported at the Fort at five o'clock that afternoon and remained there, apparently utterly forgotten and unnoticed until the 27th. I was well enough satisfied that nothing could come of it, for I knew what my orders were and what had been done by me; but it was both vexatious and annoying. I was, in fact, buried alive and could get no replies to any of my letters or communications. At last tired of waiting, on the 22d I resolved to force the fighting

somehow and sent in an application to be allowed to go to Richmond. Not waiting for an answer to that on the 24th I sent in another to be released, and, before I heard from either, on the 26th, General Ord came down to see his family at the Fort and I then requested a personal interview. This I obtained. At last, then, in the thirteenth day of my arrest, I had got my hand in. Whether I played it out or not, you will now judge.

As the result of my interview I was released from arrest and, the same evening, joined the General and his family on his boat to Richmond. General Ord treated me with marked attention and civility, though, of course, I did not refer to any matters of business, and, on getting to Richmond, he at once gave me an order exonerating me from all blame and directing me to resume command of my regiment. This I had n't the slightest idea of doing under the circumstances, and now the farce began. They had all gone off at half-cock on a parcel of verbal complaints of citizens against my regiment, and now they only had blind wrath to show, and lots of it, but neither facts nor evidence. Meanwhile it was my innings. My course was, not to defend my regiment, but, allowing all they said, simply to demand facts on which to punish officers and men. They had n't one to give. Gradually a noticeable change took place in my position. I became an ill-used, injured man to whom redress was due. Meanwhile, before my release, an inspection of my regiment, with a view to smashing it and me generally, had been ordered and had taken place the very day before my release. I had the Inspector's report hunted

up at once and submitted to General Ord. The Inspector submitted facts and the General in command asked for orders. *That report was at once referred to* ME by General Ord to *recommend what orders should be given.* This grew ludicrous. The next day I sent back the report endorsed, recommending simply that all questions and complaints in relation to the regiment be referred to me for investigation and settlement, and that no future complaints be received, except in writing, and all such be at once referred to me. The same day orders in accordance with my recommendation were issued. I was told to put the regiment in camp wherever I chose, and they promised me that I should n't be troubled any more. The deliciously ludicrous result was thus arrived at, that, after being under arrest a fortnight, the Inspector's report on the very facts on which I was to stand a trial was referred to me, and finally the facts themselves sent back to me to do what I saw fit about them. They had gone off at H.Q. on the half-cock and with just the usual result.

The whole difficulty seemed to arise from certain horse-stealing propensities of my men. They stole horses at just the wrong time and place. Meanwhile, in other respects, I must confess they are as hard a pack to manage as any I ever had to handle and a most inveterate set of stragglers and pilferers. They can only understand the sternest discipline and must be punished to enforce discipline in a way I never heard of in my old regiment. I no longer wonder slave-drivers were cruel. I am. I no longer have any bowels of mercy. . . .

Postscript

In May orders came for an expedition large enough to crush out all resistance in Texas. Colonel Adams, though reluctantly, determined to remain with his regiment, believing that he owed something to his position and that "it would not do for a Colonel to set the example of resignation in the face of a distant and dangerous expedition." A large cavalry force, under the command of Sheridan, was to reduce to submission or destroy General Kirby Smith's army. The regiment prepared for transportation and only awaited final orders, when Colonel Adams' health again broke down, through exposure, and on June 1st he set out for Quincy. After five days of trying experience he reached that place, much reduced in weight, wretchedly weak, unable to take up any work or project, mentally depressed and quite broken in spirit. For more than a month he remained in this state when a stay at St. Johns and the Isles of Shoals quite restored him. His military career was ended by his discharge, August 1, after an active service of three years, seven months and twelve days. He turned to civil occupations, practically beginning life anew. The rest is characteristically related in the "Autobiography."

THE END

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